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LEAFLETS OF MEMORY:

AN

Illuminated Annual

FOR

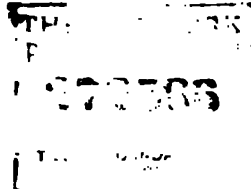
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EDITED BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

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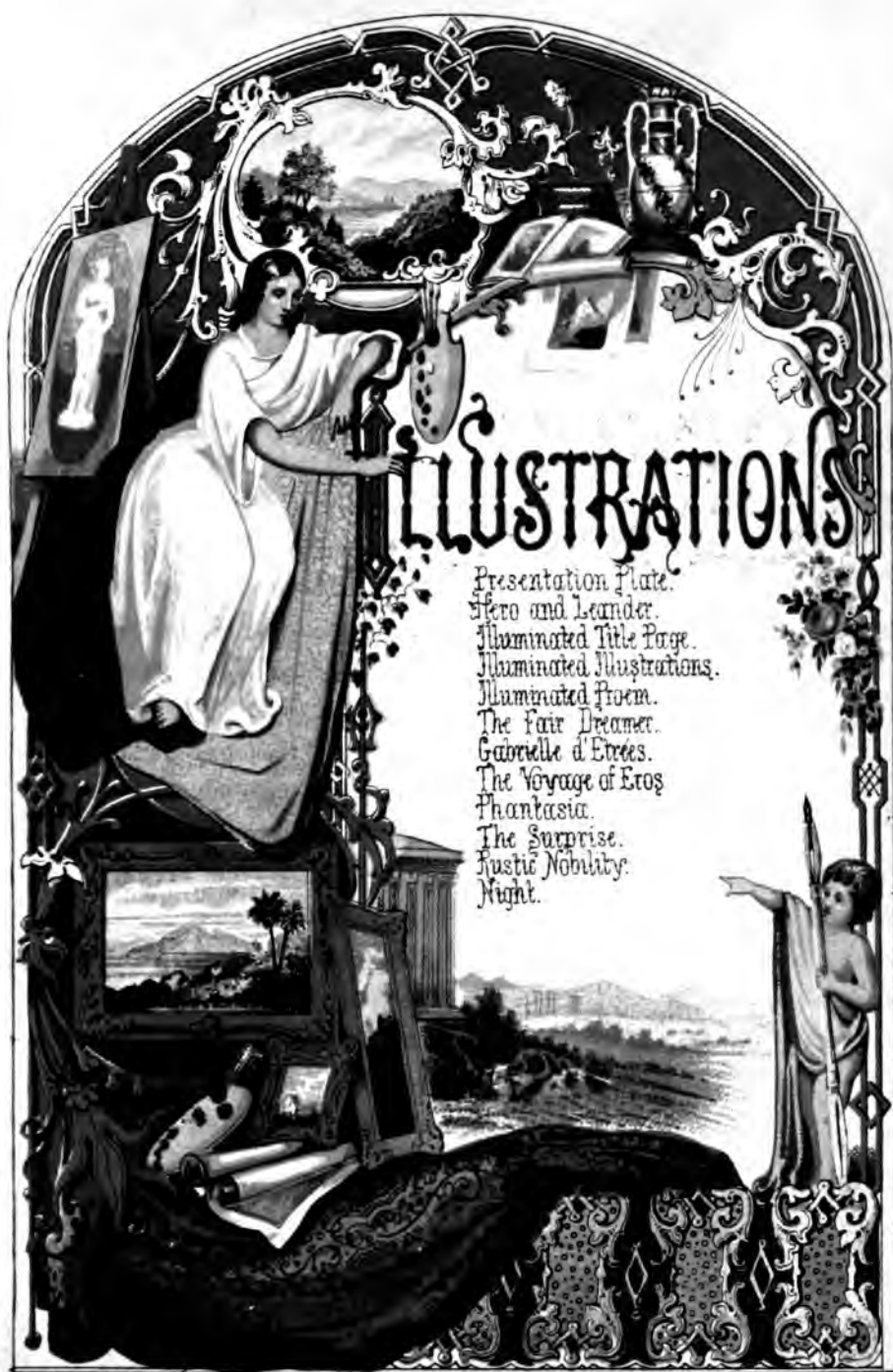
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IN presenting to the public the sixth volume of this popular series of Annuals, it is but an act of justice on the part of the publishers, to bestow proper praise on those who have been charged with the artistic embellishments of the volume.

Any compliment to the burin of Mr. Sartain, would be a work of supererogation—his reputation is as wide as the country; but we have great pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to Mr. Devereux, the designer, and Mr. Sinclair, the printer, of the Illuminations, which, like the embellished Binding executed by Mr. Altemus, are as novel and original in design, as they are beautiful in execution, and worthy of the literary matter they adorn.

It is the fixed determination of the publishers to avail themselves in future years, of everything new or excellent in American art, to place and preserve this work at the head of the literature of the country.





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Dugre, fr.

Printed by T. Sinclair.

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Leaflets

Memory

PRELUDE

ECHOES of olden days,
When the bold knight
Sang in his lady's praise,
Peerless and bright ;
Tones of the woodland horn
Heard from afar ;
Sighs of the maiden lorn
O'er her guitar ;

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Fe in colors by J. S. Hilditch.

Legends of mountain glen,
Where rove the free ;
Hopes of the young heart, when
Fairest they be ;
Fond words when sunset shone
Golden in light ;
Vows that the stars alone
Witnessed by night ;
Whate'er to memory
Dearest may be,
Such are the gems that we
Treasure for thee.

HERO AND LEANDER.

BY THE EDITOR.

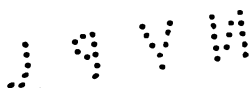
BRILLIANT and life-like as are the legends of Grecian mythology—whether they relate to the thunders of the cloud-compelling Jove in combat with the rebel Titans, the majesty of Minerva, the apotheosis of human wisdom still warped but not ungracefully distorted by human weaknesses and human passions, or Venus with her silly offspring, a goddess and a child eternally pleading the sex or the inexperience of boyhood, in extenuation of frailties that would be utterly inexcusable in a fully developed rational being,—brilliant and life-like as these pictures are, we feel that, in all of them, there lacks the dignity which should ever characterize the supernatural. They belong to an age of refinement and cultivation, it is true; but that age belonged to the youth of mankind. If more than two thousand years were requisite, with all the lights of inspiration, to fit the chosen people of God for the inception of the glorious doctrines of Christianity,—those which, when rightly understood, must ultimately elevate mankind to the true dignity of human nature—it were folly to suppose that less than half the time, with the unaided lights of human

intellect, would be sufficient to elevate the thievish savages of Athens, half tamed by Theseus, or the brutal robbers of Sparta, curbed by the iron bit of Lycurgus, to the perception of the truly lofty and the abstract good.

Yet it might have been imagined, with some show of reason, that the Greeks would have preserved marked traces of the grander, less fanciful, but more imaginative mythology of Egypt and the East, wherein are heard the echoes of those primeval teachings which the Eternal Father, in his inscrutable wisdom, continued, after the dispersion on the plains of Shinar, to one branch only of his infant family. Until the advent of Christianity, those echoes died gradually away; and throughout the heathen world—whether in the dark night of barbarism which overspread the East, or in the twilight which still diffused its feeble but beautifully tinted rays over the more cultivated West—the allegorical and poetical precepts of mythology became more and more the agents of corruption, social or political.

Still, in the Oriental world—where the patriarchal speedily sunk into absolutism, and the darkness of mere childhood spread deeper and deeper over the mind of man—the mythologic legends retained, and still retain with the least cultivated tribes, a species of metaphysical grandeur, the result of a peculiar indistinctness and obscurity, productive of the vast. They resemble the early dreams of childhood, whether national or personal, which people every shady glen and solitary forest with ideal terrors, vague and undefined—beings shapeless and invisible, but powerful, and, for the most part, vindictive and malignant.

In more polished Greece, the mother of the arts, on the



contrary, these legends underwent a series of metamorphoses, consistent with the genius of a people peculiarly alive to the beautiful, but wanting in all the sterner elements of human character; with whom patriotism was a local prejudice, or a mere selfish clannishness; bravery, an impulse; and love, an animal desire. Grace and the mere symmetry of external forms were, with the Greeks, *perfection*; and their mythology rapidly sunk, in regular gradation with their progress in the arts and letters, until the metaphysical was totally merged in the physical, and instead of the early mystical dreams of childhood, we recognise little else than the pert sensuality of audacious youth!

In neither of these schools can the modern moral poet find fitting ornaments for noble themes; and even when the attempt was made by the transcendent genius of Milton, the loftiest of modern writers, he plunged, at a single bound, from the sublime to the ridiculous. The glorification of the Archangel when combating with Satan, in the celestial conflict figured forth in "Paradise Lost," on the model of the Homeric battle of the gods, reminds us of nothing modern, so forcibly as the grandiloquent report of General Changarnier to the French Assembly, wherein he lauds the indomitable courage of the troops of the line and a portion of the 6th legion of National Guards, in their desperate charge upon an unarmed procession of petitioners to the legislative body of the nation, on the 13th of June, 1849. Still more invulnerable than the Styx-dyed Achilles, whom Mars himself could not injure, so long as he retained energy sufficient to face his enemy,—or if vulnerable, at least insensible to pain—

the Archangel is praised for courage, in conquering one deprived of every means of injury or resistance !

Only as personifications of human nature and its various forms and passions, then, the Greek mythology furnishes to the Christian world legitimate subjects for the pencil and the chisel, or the means

“ To point a moral or adorn a tale.”


For this purpose, the characters distinguished in domestic life are really more dignified than those invested with the iris-tinted robes of a poetical immortality.

In the statue which furnishes the frontispiece of the “ Leaflets” for this year, Steinhauser has chosen one of the most touching, because the most simple and perfectly *human* of Grecian legends—one, with which all races and nations sympathize—one in which there is more true dignity than in the wildest dream of mythology:—and nobly has he fulfilled his task.

In the atonic languor of the exhausted swimmer—in the look of manly love bent upon the beautiful face that has so often lured across the briny torrent,

“ The pride of Sestos’ lonely daughter,”—

a look in which the mind so obviously forgets the lassitude beneath which the body fails—we see the perfection of the art; and in the half-motherly, half-sisterly devotion with which young Hero smooths the dripping hair and supports the exhausted frame, shines forth the perfection of a love, of



the purest and least sensual cast. The Hero of Steinhauser is not the timid girl, trembling with the thrill of a new and scarcely understood emotion, but the affirmed and self-assured companion, who has long ago received such proofs of a well-based affection, that every doubt is banished, and the destined bride has calmly settled down into "the sober certainty of waking bliss." The Leander of Steinhauser is no boastful boy, proud of a gallant exploit,—no love-sick wooer pleading the dangers of the wave, to work upon the feelings of a heart already his—but a manly and a noble youth, thinking but lightly of the terrors of the voyage which brings him to his own. That "own," the languid limbs, however feebly, claim as a right: the form which they embrace is wholly his. There is here a severe chastity—a dignity which *exceeds* the classic; for, in almost every genuine antique personification of the passions, there is something of the sensual arising from the moral causes which, as I have before remarked, have given a physical character to the most spiritual dream of the Greek mythology. If Steinhauser has avoided portraying in the countenance of Hero the variety of intellectual emotion to which the circumstances of the moment might naturally give rise, this cannot be charged upon him as a fault, bound as he was by the nationality of his subject; for, the Grecian physiognomy, in the days of Leander,—nay, even at the present day, in those islands where the pure blood of the race has been most perfectly preserved,—possessed, and still possesses a far narrower capability of various expression, than that of many tribes, pronounced less beautiful in outline. Indeed, this very incapability is probably a necessary

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result of those fixed proportions which the world of art have adopted, rightly or wrongly, as exclusively consistent with the laws of perfection in form; all of which have been established upon Grecian dicta.

Let us episodically inquire, whether, if this surmise be correct, it is not time to consider how far the statuary should permit himself to limit the portraiture of the ethereal mind in the eternal marble by the rules arbitrarily laid down three thousand years ago, to regulate the outlines of ideal beauty? I ask this question with the greater interest, because young America—novel in genius, novel in opinion, novel in invention, in practice, and in thought; and destined at no distant day to become by force of numbers and intellectual power the arbiter of taste—has furnished, and is furnishing, in all departments of the arts, an undue share of those high spirits who are destined to figure as the *masters* of a bright *to-morrow*. It is not desirable that the arts,—perhaps justly considered as constituting the keystone of the arch of civilization,—should remain enslaved by antique opinion, (unless consistent with demonstrable truth,) now, that the moral revolutions of the last two centuries have freed us from the millennial reigns of the Aristotelian philosophy and the Galenic science. It is comfortable, at least, to live in an age when such questions may be asked, and such strictures uttered, even by the humblest, without fear of sharing the fate of Galileo.

It is a matter of national pride that, in days when the would-be emperor of a nation boasting itself the most civilized on earth, resident in a city that arrogates the name of the modern Athens, is directing his destructive engines with

more than Vandalic fury against the richest remaining treasuries of art, in aid of the views of the most savage people in the European world,—it is grateful, indeed, to the children of a land but recently a wilderness, to find the *chef-d'œuvres* of art seeking shelter from the enemies of human liberty, beneath the shadow of the “stars and stripes.” Science, the arts, and genius, know no geographical divisions. Their professors now do, and ever hereafter must, constitute a universal brotherhood—the people of the one undying, indestructible republic of the mind; but let us not forget that genius reflects honour on the race that gives it birth. In rendering the meed of well-deserved praise to the sculptor whose noble work supplies us with our frontispiece, our satisfaction is enhanced by the assurance that we have, of native birth, in addition to Powers, whose reputation is now generally established, an American sculptor yet but little known to fame, whose works, if we put trust in judgment far better than our own, give evidence of genius and skill that need not blush before the loftiest effort of modern art.

The “Leaflets” may not be made the receptacle of a puff; but, when some true American Mæcenas shall be found to rise so far above the current of popular prejudice as to see and acknowledge merit to the manor born, this artist will require no praise of ours. A few years will suffice to place him where, if any ask for proofs of his ability, he will but be required to utter “*Circumspice!*”

JUNE.

27 1 2 1 3 2 2 1 1 2

The birds are singing all around,
From every hill and tree.
In all this bright and sunny world
Seems full of melody.
And hearts and voices vibrate with
The summer tones of glee.

The streamlet dances in the sun,
When sparkles on its tide,
As bright as beams from beauty's eye
When flashing in its pride
On dew drops glistening in the grass,
The forest lake beside.

The willow with its drooping form
Is hanging o'er the stream ;
Each gentle bough upon the wave
Is seen with imaged beam,
As memory paints each joy and grief
Upon the sleeper's dream.

The children on the springing turf
Are sporting 'mid the flowers,
With songs that fall upon the heart
Like spring-time's early showers
Or music heard far o'er the sea,
On evening's moonlit hours.

The nights, so full of poetry,
Are soft and dreamy now,
And thousand bright and gem-like stars
Fall on the watcher's brow,
Or light the lovers as they breathe
The oft repeated vow.

The mountain top is dimly seen
In morning's purple light,
As one by one the shadows flit
Like spectres of the night,
And day, unbound by misty robes,
Is beautiful and bright.

The valleys with their cottage homes
Sleep like a dream of love,
And many a happy heart is there,
Pure as the trusting dove ;
For woman's smile is tinting all,
Like sunlight from above.

The wild vine clings around the oak
With many a graceful fold,

And fleecy blossoms scent the air
With wealth of sweets untold,
While sunbeams flicker through the leaves
Like flakes of falling gold.

'Tis June, bright June ; and every heart
Beats with a wilder thrill,
As from each scene of loveliness
Our spirits drink their fill,
And days and hours go singing on
Like to a summer rill.

SELF-SACRIFICE.


A TALE OF THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

DURING the Revolution of February 1848—we will not call it the last; for, before this tale will be printed who can say how many revolutions may occur in France?—the following incident took place.

Marie Foulois, a handsome girl of eighteen, worked in the *magasin* of a *lingère* in the Rue Vivienne at Paris. Marie was an orphan, but had been well brought up by her parents, one of whom she had the misfortune to lose when in her sixteenth year, and the other survived but a few months. The good principles they had implanted in her mind had been too carefully cultivated to be effaced when they were no longer on earth to protect and cherish their child.

The modesty and good conduct of Marie, certified by the *curé* of her *paroisse*, procured her a place in the *magasin* of Madame Vaucher, one of the most respectable women of her class in Paris, and in whose establishment Marie, by her steadiness and ability, joined to good temper, and a



most obliging disposition, soon made herself a general favourite.

She had been two years employed in the *atelier* of Madame Vaucher when the revolution of February so unexpectedly broke out. By her prudence and economy she had been enabled to save, during that period, forty francs, a sum that in her eyes appeared a little fortune. Marie lodged with an old and infirm woman, and a friend of her mother, towards whom she evinced the kindness and attention of a daughter, and by whom she was tenderly beloved.

"I never had a child," would the old Madame Dupont say to her friends; "but Marie could not be more dutiful and affectionate to me were she my own. Look at her bird and her little pot of flowers; they are the sole pleasure she allows herself, and I do verily believe that she would dispense even with these were it not that she found out that I have a foolish liking to birds and flowers. *Que voulez-vous, mes amies?* One must like something in this world, and birds and flowers are all that now remind me of my youth; when, a happy girl in my mother's cottage in Normandy, I was awoke at daybreak by the carol of the birds, and, opening my little casement, could smell the flowers sparkling with dew, and, like myself, all the fresher for the repose of the night. Ah, those were happy days! But I must not repine. Many are those who have less consolation in old age than I have, and this good child Marie is not the least. Ah! she is the chief of the blessings lent me. Let her come home ever so tired from her day's hard work, she is sure to be in a good humour, and seldom comes without

bringing some little *friandise* for me ; a cake or two of chocolate, a *gâteau de Nanterre*, or a few *gauffres*, and she will put her little hand over my lips to stop my reproaches for this extravagance, and *will* make me eat her gifts, and coax me, and smile so lovingly in my face that there is no resisting her. Then, she rises with the lark, while I, like a sluggard, am still sleeping ; and she will brush and clean my room until it looks so tidy and fresh as to be fit for a queen, and light my fire, and make my *café au lait*, and feed her birds, and water her flowers, so that when I awake all is ready, and so quietly and nicely done, that one might think that only some good fairy had effected it. Ah, who that looks at her pretty little hand and taper fingers could imagine all they do : but Marie puts on a pair of thick gloves for her *gros ouvrage*, that her hands should not be spoiled for the fine work assigned to her at Madame Vaucher's."

"Yes, she is indeed *une bien bonne enfant, la mère Dupont* ; and what beautiful hair she has ! *Ma foi !* a queen might well be proud of such long silken tresses."

"And if *la chère Marie* is proud of anything she possesses, it is these same silken tresses. She takes such care of them, plaits them so nicely, and winds them around her little head just for all the world like a profusion of gold thread on a small ivory roller."

"The truth is, *commère*, Marie is a very pretty girl, and so all the neighbours say ; and so modest, so unlike most other girls of her age and station, that no one ever could suspect her of the least *légèreté de conduite*."

"I should as soon suspect her of evil as that image of the Virgin there," said Madame Dupont, pointing to a small

white *biscuit* statuette of the Virgin Mary. "She is so pure, so innocent, that an evil thought never entered her head."

"There are some natures, *mère Dupont*, that escape the contagion of sin, just as others do the maladies that attack those around them, and Marie is one of those."

"Ay, you are right, and the persons with such natures are precisely the least prudish. Innocence and prudery are incompatible, though many mistake the second for the first. Modesty belongs to innocence as naturally as thorns do to the rose, and are given for the same cause—to protect it."

"True, indeed; and prudery is only a counterfeit for modesty."

"Of certain *convenances*, *par exemple*, Marie is quite ignorant, and I often wish to instruct her, but I dread to offend her *pudeur*, and so remain silent. To make you comprehend my meaning, I must tell you that when poor Jean Mortier, the old *portier* of this house was ill, I used to go and act as *garde malade* to him in charity, for the poor old man had no friend to perform this duty towards him. Some time after, young Duval, the tailor on the next floor was very ill with a fever, and—would you believe it?—Marie went to his chamber, bathed his burning brow with cold water, bought some fruit and *tisane* to refresh his parched lips, and came and told me of it only after he got well, saying she would not do so before, lest I should be afraid of her catching the fever. I said that young women never acted as *gardes malade* to young men. 'But why not to young as well as to old men?' demanded Marie; 'hu-

manity dictates it to one as much as to the other, and the Sisters of Charity make no distinction.' Some one came in just at that moment, and interrupted the conversation; and I never after had the heart to renew the subject. Her mind is so pure, that I did not like to sully it even by a knowledge of the evil motives sometimes attributed to good actions."

This dialogue between Madame Dupont and her friend took place only a few days before the 24th of February, 1848; and Marie was returning on that memorable day from the *magasin* where she worked to her home, when, having reached the *Boulevard du Temple*, and in front of *Le Jardin Turc*, amidst the tumultuous scenes that were passing around her, she beheld an officer of the *garde municipale* assailed, and on the point of being put to death by a group of armed men who encircled him. Marie, fearless of the danger that menaced her own person, rushed between the victim and his foes, and exclaiming, "*Oh! ne le tuez pas; c'est mon frère!*" flung her arms round the wounded officer. His assailants, melted by her courageous and touching appeal, spared the life she sought at their hands,—nay, more, in pity to her feelings, one of them assisted her to remove her supposed brother to her humble home. The wounded man held his peace, deeply sensible of the goodness of her who had saved his life, yet still fearful of the result; while Marie's whole thoughts were occupied with the dread lest Madame Dupont, in the surprise of the first moment of seeing the wounded stranger, should reveal the fact of his being wholly unknown to her. Luckily for the poor officer, that worthy woman was absent

when he was supported into her apartment; and the man who had assisted to convey him to it having instantly departed, Marie's fears were over. A poor chamber on the same floor, which happened to be empty, was immediately engaged by Marie for her *protégé*. She hastily made up a bed for him in it, applied wet bandages to his wounded arm, and, before Madam Dupont returned, had installed him as comfortably as circumstances would admit of. Loss of blood had so weakened the wounded man, that he was nearly insensible when the old woman saw him; and hers was too good a heart to admit of her pausing to lecture Marie on her imprudence, when she beheld a fellow-creature lately snatched from a violent death, perhaps only to meet a lingering one. She assisted Marie to nurse him, and did not offer a word of advice, when she saw that excellent girl open the coffer that contained the savings of her hard-earned salary,—the forty francs, her sole fortune, and day by day, with liberal hand, expend a portion of it in procuring all that was deemed requisite for the sick man.

The *magasin* of Madame Vaucher, like most others, was closed. No work was to be found, trade was at a standstill; and while poor Marie was disbursing for another the fruit of her long-practised economy, there offered no chance of earning anything to supply its place, or even to enable her to purchase the strict necessities of life. How little do those who madly subvert thrones and governments, know or think of the misery they draw on the poor! of the hundreds—nay, thousands, thrown out of bread by the want of employment! How light seem all the evils resulting from even a bad government, compared with those which inevi-

tably follow its subversion, among which, positive want of daily food is not the least!

Marie scarcely allowed herself a morsel of bread, so fearful was she of encroaching on the scanty and fast-declining fund appropriated to the wounded man. At length the fund was exhausted. She then parted from her bird with a deep pang, and the few *sous* its sale produced enabled her to keep the gaunt wolf Hunger from the sick man for one day more. Next followed the gold cross, the last gift of a dying mother, for which she received not above one quarter its value, on the pretext alleged by the purchaser, that "such was the quantity of similar ornaments to be disposed of by the poor, and the scarcity of money, that even gold itself, except in the coin of the realm, was so depreciated, that he would rather not buy crosses."

Many were the tears shed by Marie, before she could make up her mind to part with this long-treasured ornament, which was invested with a sacred character in her eyes, as a symbol of the suffering Saviour of the world, and the present of her lost mother. But to see the man whose life she had saved, without sustenance to support his weakened frame she could not bear; and as she knelt before the image of the Virgin and prayed, she felt a holy calm enter her heart in the consciousness that, as she had acted towards the wounded stranger, so would her departed mother have done.

Not a word of reproach escaped the lips of Madame Dupont, though she too, through the generosity and devotion of Marie to her *protégé*, had to undergo many privations hitherto prevented by the care and attention of that good

girl to her comfort. "*Pauvre enfant !*" would she say, as she marked the hollowness of Marie's cheeks,—the effect of anxiety, joined to insufficiency of food. "*Pauvre enfant !* may Heaven reward her !"

And now Marie had parted with everything she possessed, save the faded dress she wore. What was she to do? where was she to turn? In this fearful dilemma a thought struck her, and she received it as an inspiration from the holy Mother of Pity,—that Madonna who had drained the cup of human misery to the very dregs. She would sell her bright and profuse silken tresses! She had lately somewhat neglected this beautiful hair; it no longer looked as shining and wavy as usual, and she sighed as the notion suggested itself that this temporary neglect might deteriorate its value in the eyes of a buyer. She unbound and brushed it, and in a short time it resumed all its pristine beauty. As the wavy mass of pale gold floated in wild luxuriance over her shoulders and back, falling to the ground, tears filled her eyes, and she murmured, "*Pauvres cheveux !* how often have my blessed mother's hands brushed and braided you !"

She wiped her tears away, and hastened to the next *coiffeur*. Her voice was tremulous as she asked him if he would purchase her hair.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you come at an unfavourable time. Many want to sell hair, few want to buy. In some months hence there will be a greater demand, for, I warrant me, this revolution will turn many a head of hair gray; and then people—especially the female portion—must have *perruques* or *bandeaux*."

"Then you don't wish to buy, monsieur?" said Marie, timidly, and with an expression of deep disappointment in her countenance, not unobserved by the *coiffeur*.

"Why, in the best of times, mademoiselle, I never was given to buy a pig in a poke. You have not shown me your hair."

Marie took off her bonnet, drew the comb that confined her hair from it, and the wily *coiffeur*, in his admiration, for a moment forgetting his cunning, exclaimed,—

"*Ma foi ! quelle belle chevelure ! C'est dommage* that the revolution, which has ruined me—as it has done every one else—prevents me from making you an offer."

"Ah, monsieur, I do so want to sell it!"

"*Très fâché, mademoiselle ; mais que voulez-vous ? La revolution a gâté tous les métiers.*"

Marie bound her tresses around her head, resumed her bonnet, and was leaving the shop, when the *coiffeur* observed, that "as he felt quite sure no one in his trade at Paris would make her any offer at all, and as she seemed so very desirous to sell, he would, bad as the times were, and merely from a wish to oblige her, give her ten *francs* for her hair, a great sum—a very great sum—after a revolution."

Marie accepted the offer, seated herself in a chair, and in a few minutes beheld her beautiful tresses severed from her head, and placed on the *comptoir* of the *coiffeur*. The ten *francs* were counted out to her, and she put on her bonnet without daring to cast a glance at the mirror. But the bonnet now fell over her face and rested on her shoul-

ders, no longer sustained in its proper place by the profuse tresses which so lately graced her head.

"*Pauvres cheveux !*" murmured Marie, as she pinned two large plaits in the bonnet, and, once more putting it on her head, turned out of the shop.

"*Ma foi ! j'ai fait une bonne affaire ce matin !*" exclaimed the *coiffeur*, as, taking up the hair, he weighed it in his hand. "*Mais c'est superbe—magnifique ! C'est comme de l'or pur ; je n'en ai jamais vu de plus beaux.* And it will bring me gold, too, for this hair will make four *magnifiques perruques des dames*, and two or three *bandeaux lisses*, which I shall sell for—let me see : the four *perruques*, at one hundred and fifty *francs* each, will make thirty louis ; and the *bandeaux*, at forty *francs*—supposing the hair to make three—will amount to one hundred and twenty *francs*. Yes, yes ; I have made a profitable bargain this morning. *Ma foi !* if the revolution has ruined trade, it at least furnishes us with an excuse for only giving a half quarter of the value for what we buy."

"*Malheureuse fille !*" screamed Madame Dupont, when Marie entered the room ; "what has happened ? how strangely you look ! Why you are not the same !"

And the old woman, pale and agitated, approached Marie, and forcibly removed her bonnet, for the poor girl struggled to retain it, lest the sight of her disfigured head should prove too great a shock to her friend until she had prepared her for it.

"*O, mon bon Dieu ! miséricorde ! miséricorde !*" cried the good old woman, bursting into a passion of tears. "Ah, cruel girl ! how could you ? Your beautiful hair, the

growth of eighteen years!" and here her sobs impeded further utterance. "But how pale you are, my poor child!" resumed she, in a few minutes. "You are ill, very ill; I see it in your dear face."

And Madame Dupont was right! Poor Marie had felt very unwell for the last two or three days; but, unaccustomed to ill health, she attributed the general *malaise*, lassitude, and weakness that oppressed her, to the anxiety she had lately endured, and hoped that when she had procured a little money by the sale of her hair, her anxiety for others being for the moment relieved, she should get better. Now a violent pain in her head, accompanied by a throbbing in her temples, had increased so rapidly that she could no longer dissemble her indisposition. Madame Dupont, greatly alarmed, declared she would go to the next apothecary's for some medicine, nor could the efforts of Marie to dissuade her from this measure prevent her.

"Yes," thought the poor girl when left alone; "I feel that I have a grave malady. Perhaps I am about to die. If I remain here, the ten francs will soon go in the doctor's stuff my good friend will insist on having for me. She will starve, and my poor invalid die of want. *Hélas!* I should have liked to die here where I have been happy," and she looked around with tearful eyes; "but God has willed it otherwise."

She took a piece of paper, and with a trembling hand wrote a few lines to Madame Dupont to say that she was going to a neighbouring female hospital, where she knew she should be well taken care of by a *Sœur de la Charité*, who had often spoken to her, while at home she should be

only a burden and a heavy expense; and wrapping the ten francs in the paper, she addressed it to Madame Dupont, and placed it on the table. She then stole gently into the little room where the wounded man lay half asleep, in a sort of dreamy consciousness of what was passing around him. She uttered a prayer to the Almighty for his recovery, and the tremulous yet sweet accents fell like mournful music on his ear. He opened his eyes, and gazed with intense interest on that pale but still lovely face,—on those tearful, upturned blue eyes.

“Restore him to health, merciful God!” prayed she, fervently; “and vouchsafe, in Thy infinite goodness, to preserve the life that, as the humble instrument of Thy holy will, I saved!”

Marie then hurried from the room before her *protégé* could thank or question her, and with limbs that almost refused to bear her weight, sought the hospital. Fortunately, the good Sister of Charity with whom she had formed an acquaintance was there when she entered; and had her mother been her nurse she could not be more tenderly watched and cared for than by this admirable person. So satisfied was Madame Dupont, shortly after, when she arrived, that Marie had a much better chance of recovery where she now was than had she remained at home, that she wept for gladness. To the good sister Angélique the poor woman opened her whole heart. She related the incident of Marie’s having saved the life of the wounded man,—of her having expended all she possessed in nursing him,—of her selling her bird, her mother’s cross, and her beautiful hair; in short, she left nothing untold.

And she revealed the simple tale to no unsympathizing ear. The Sister Angélique heard her with intense interest to the end.

"And this wounded man is still beneath your roof?" demanded the *religieuse*, anxiously.

"Yes; he is still unable to move."

"Oh, if it should be he!" exclaimed *la Sœur de la Charité*.

"What do you mean?" inquired Madame Dupont.

"Question me not now," replied Sister Angélique. "This dear child must be my first care."

The prescription of a skilful physician and the tender care of sister Angélique, in a few days baffled the fever that had seized poor Marie, though it left her so weak as to be reduced to a state of infant helplessness.

"Her head must be closely shaved," said the physician, the first day of her entrance in the hospital.

"It is closely cut already," replied Sister Angélique, and she sighed deeply.

"Nevertheless, it must be shaved, that blisters may be applied; and should she recover, as I trust she will, the operation will restore the growth of her hair. We are often compelled to sacrifice the finest *chevelure*; and had this patient still possessed hers, it must have been taken off."

"*Pauvre garçon!* This sentence will be some consolation to him," murmured the Sister of Charity.

"*Le pauvre garçon est son futur; n'est-ce pas, ma bonne sœur?*" inquired the doctor, smiling.

"*Peut-être,*" answered the Sister Angélique.

"*Ah, l'amour trouve toujours de la miséricorde dans le*

cœur d'une Sœur de la Charité !" observed the doctor, with a sly glance.

" *Comme toutes les maladies,*" replied Sister Angélique.

This good woman had hastened to the wounded man, as soon as she could leave Marie; and to her unutterable delight, discovered that he was no other than a nephew whom she dearly loved, and whose absence, since the 24th of February, had filled her with the deepest anxiety and grief. She had believed him numbered among the dead; and now to find him slowly but surely recovering, afforded her the most heartfelt satisfaction.

"It is only within the last two or three days that I have become conscious of my situation," said Edmond Vigier. "I know not how long I have been here, or how I came. I only remember that, when endeavouring to defend my life against four assailants, a girl rushed in between me and them, and, clasping me in her arms, exclaimed, '*Oh! ne le tuez pas: c'est mon frère.*' She saved my life! I have an indistinct, dreamy sort of recollection of a slight, fair creature, hovering around my bed, moving with noiseless step, and scarcely breathing; and once I heard her pray for me in such sweet and touching accents, as I never can forget. I endeavoured to speak to her, but I could not articulate a word; and she glided away before I had recovered the power of utterance."

"*Cher enfant!* you know not the anxiety you have caused me, the tears you have made me shed! And to engage in a combat with four men! Oh, it makes me shudder to think of it!"

"I sought not the combat; I only tried to defend my life,

or sell it as dearly as I could. I could not forget that I was a Frenchman, *ma bonne tante*."

"It would be better to remember you were a Christian, Edmond, and avoid scenes of warfare and bloodshed."

"To fight and give and receive wounds is as much the duty of a soldier, *ma chère tante*, as to nurse the wounded is that of a *Sœur de la Charité*."

"You must, however, fight no more, Edmond. By the death of my poor uncle, Bonvoisin, who passed his life in hoarding money, I find myself a rich *héritière*. Poor man! may Heaven pardon him his sins. He who refused to bestow any charity on the poor, alleging that none of them underwent more privations than he did, bequeathed all his large fortune to a Sister of Charity! While I believed you dead, my dear Edmond, I said to myself, 'If my dear nephew lived, I should have rejoiced in transferring this wealth to him; to me it can now afford no pleasure, save that of succouring the poor.'"

"How like you, *ma bonne tante*!" and the nephew raised his aunt's hand to his lips, and fondly kissed it.

When Edmond Vigier had regained his strength, his aunt revealed all the sacrifices that Marie had made for him. The sale of her bird and her mother's cross greatly touched his feelings; but when informed of the sacrifice of her beautiful hair, his heart was so melted that he could not restrain his tears.

"Oh, my beloved aunt!" exclaimed he, "find out the shop, and buy back the hair at any price. It may not yet be too late to save it, and I would give all I possess to have it."

La Sœur de la Charité found the shop, purchased the hair at twenty times the sum paid for it to Marie, the *coiffeur* declaring that it was only to one of her religious calling that he would dispose of it for so small a profit.

When Sister Angélique entered the chamber of her nephew, and placed the long and wavy tresses of pale gold on his sofa, he pressed them repeatedly to his lips, and bedewed them with his tears.

"How can I ever repay such goodness—such divine pity?" said Edmond. "*Oh, ma tante*, what beautiful hair! was there ever such hair seen before?" and he gazed on it with intense admiration. "What a sacrifice to make, and for a poor wounded stranger!"

"Remember, my nephew," observed the Sister of Charity, gravely, "that if the hair had been much less beautiful, the sacrifice would have been just the same, and quite as praiseworthy."

Edmond, however, seemed to be of another opinion, though he did not venture to contradict his good aunt; and when, a few minutes after, she too gazed on the hair, and, half unconscious that she was giving utterance to her thoughts, said, "Yes, the poor boy is right; there never was seen such beautiful hair before," he wound his arms around her, and pressed her to his breast.

Marie was now sufficiently restored to health to be enabled to leave the hospital, and with Sister Angélique removed into a most comfortable abode provided for her by that admirable woman. There she found the good Madame Dupont established; and the following day Sister Angélique presented her nephew, and demanded for him the

hand of his dear Marie. The meeting was a most touching one; and Marie smiled through her tears when Edmond restored to her her bird and cross, both of which he had with great difficulty traced out and purchased. The bird joyfully flew to its mistress, and perched on her finger; and as Marie pressed the cross to her lips, she recognised with delight the little epigraph, "*Ne doutez jamais de la miséricorde de Dieu,*" which proved its identity.

In three days after, Edmond Vigier was united to Marie in the presence of Sister Angélique and Madame Dupont; and although four months have now elapsed since their wedding, the honeymoon is not yet over,—nay, more, it promises to last for more years than it does weeks after the generality of marriages. Edmond has had the pale golden tresses placed in a glass case in his nuptial chamber, and often does he kiss the small head whence they were severed, and he observes with pride that his Marie will, in a few years, have as fine hair as before; for already is her head covered with short, crisp curls, which he compares to molten gold.

SONG.

IMITATED FROM BERANGER.

I FEEL I ought to love thee more,
For thou hast deigned to smile on one
Whom twenty years have hobbled o'er
Since first his twentieth summer shone.
What then?—I have not now the heart,
The springing heart—all youth—all glow,—
That could of old the charms impart,
Beaming for me on Mary's brow !

To grace thy course, the tutored steed,
The gorgeous car, their aid prepare ;—
My Mary's step had equal speed,
Light as the bird that cleaves the air.
Around thy gilded halls, alas !
A thousand mirrors light diffuse ;
Mary had only one ;—but 'twas
The very same the Graces use.



Thy brilliant sallies yield thee still
The applauding circle's wild delight ;—
Mary could boast no wit at will,—
She scarce could read—she could not write.
But then, whene'er her faltering tongue
Her lack of learned lore betrayed ;
Love lent her eloquence—or hung
His veil o'er every fault she made.

No draperies hid her airy bed—
No carpets hushed her footsteps fall—
But still the blush of morning shed
For her its earliest light o'er all.
Her genius was not bright as thine,
Not hers thy beauty, hers thy truth ;
But what can match the spell divine—
The first impassioned dream of youth !

SONNET TO MY MOTHER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

BECAUSE the angels in the Heavens above,
Devoutly singing unto one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "mother,"
Therefore by that sweet name I long have called you;
You who are more than mother unto me,
Filling my heart of hearts, where God installed you,
In setting my Virginia's spirit free.
My mother—my own mother, who died early,
Was but the mother of myself; but you
Are mother to the dead I loved so dearly,
Are thus more precious than the one I knew,
By that infinity with which my wife
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

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THE FAIR DREAMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE day is past. Save where the last gray tints of the long summer eve linger along the west, or where the rays from the bright lamps within the hall, struggling forth into the gloom, serve but to render the surrounding darkness still more palpable, night reigns supreme,—night in its most majestic presence. No moonlight silvers the surface of the river, glances from the forest foliage in pearly sheen, or tessellates the carpet of dead leaves with ever-changing shadows. But the stars, the sleepless and eternal, the voiceless but all-seeing stars, are there in their undying power. At every pane and portal—through every crevice in time-worn roof, or age-eroded wall,—wherever sounds of human joy or suffering are heard,—wherever scenes of human virtue or frailty may be witnessed, those eyes of Omnipresence still look calmly down.

Nor is their knowledge of the present only. Where *now* the Gaul detroys what the Goth spared, have they not seen the palace of the Cæsars? Where *then* the palace of the Cæsars overlooked the seven-hilled mistress of the world, have they not gazed on the wolf-nurtured twins, whining

and puling in their savage lair by the yet unnoted Tiber? The birth, the infancy, the youth, the manhood of the nations,—nay, even of mankind—are they not present to those silent sentinels, treading their unwearied and unvarying round before the gates of Heaven? Even when humanity shall be but a memory or a surmise,—a half-heard echo vaguely ringing through the deserted aisles of the vast tomb of ages,—when, in the march of infinite existence, the giant pulse of nature beats once more, and nobler and more perfect beings, treading with loftier mien the renovated earth, shall gather from the dust of a lost race the stony relics of what once was man, wondering as we wonder now, over the remnants of a former world,—still shall those ever-watchful ministers take note of every passing act on this strange, jarring theatre of strife.

Though the invincible and insatiate Death has heaped the earth fathoms deep with the remains of those who once were breathing, sensient, soul-fraught images of Him by whom this glorious pageant was designed,—though the earth's millions, swarming now above the graves of their progenitors, form but a feeble vanguard to the innumerable hosts still sallying forth from the dim portals of the future to renew the bootless struggle,—the stars outnumber all. For each that is, or has been, or shall be, those eyes of the Omnipotent may furnish forth a guardian or accuser.

Such are the thoughts that elevate, while they almost overwhelm the soul of the fair dreamer, as, turning from the richly illuminated antique page of an astrologer—one of those high enthusiasts, who sought to penetrate the mysteries of philosophy before Bacon lit the torch of science,—

she fixes her eyes on vacancy, and listening unconsciously to the voices of the night, tosses her falcon soul unhooded from its perch, and leaves it free to mount on the broad wings of the imagination, beyond the flight of time, and the unmeasured bounds of space.

There are, who, from such flights fall Icarus-like, quenching their singed wings in the sea of unbelief. She is not of that mould. Pure as the star that overhangs her brow, and seems even now to shed upon her its calm silvery light as with a sister's sympathy, well may she claim her kindred with the skies ; and her high-reaching soul, piercing beyond the wheels of the vast universe, to gaze upon the spring that gives them motion, shall soon return all humbly to its rest, offering in fitting faith, upon the unstained altar of her heart, the quarry which it seeks beyond the stars;—ETERNAL TRUTH!

DO YOU REMEMBER ?


A SONG.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Do you remember,—do you remember
The days of long ago ?—
The rock-crowned hill, the bubbling rill,
The fountain's laughing flow,
The leafy shade of the greenwood glade
Where children played so long ago ?

Do you remember,—do you remember
The days of long ago ?—
The sunny light of childhood bright,
Undimmed by tears of wo,
The joyous hours, the budding flowers,
The roseate bowers of long ago ?

Do you remember,—do you remember
The days of long ago ?—
The place of graves where the hemlock waves,
And willowy weeds droop low ;



Where cold winds moan with unearthly tone
To the spirits flown so long ago.

Ah ! I remember,—ah ! I remember
The days of long ago.
The winning grace of one fair face,
Her glance now cold as snow,—
Our hearts estranged,—our fond smiles changed,
Since when we ranged so long ago.

Ah ! I remember,—yes ! I remember
The days of long ago.
The sunny skies,—the laughing eyes,—
How swift the mem'ries flow,—
The marble tomb,—the fearful gloom,—
The dark pine's plume of long ago.


Ah ! I remember,—well ! I remember
The days of long ago.
The golden days whose jewelled rays
Still in my memory glow ;
Though bitter tears and boding fears
O'ercloud the years of long ago.

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "LETTRE DE CACHET."

"TRULY judge ye, and wisely, Dame Cisley," said Master Weltwell, the asthmatic tailor of Greenwich; "'tis a kirtle of most rare device; and, with its party facings, and hanging sleeves, would do honour to the fancy of the mistress of the robes herself;" and straightway flinging the silken *vertugadin* over his thin arm, he proceeded to drape the skirts and adjust the plaits; to the admiration not only of the blinking Cisley, but of the fair maiden destined to bear their burden on the morrow's morn—Maud Glanvil, sole child to the verderer of the royal park, and queen of the coming May.

The verderer's daughter was indeed as worthy of her elective honours, and of the murrey-coloured kirtle destined to their embellishment, as any damsel who hath tripped over that well-trodden greensward before or since. Her father's long and faithful services, as forest keeper to the noble family of Warwick, had procured her the distinction of boasting the Countess herself as her godmother and gentle protectress; and when, upon the decease of her husband, that lady had been gifted, through the friendship of



Elizabeth, with the stately mansion of the Black-Heath Court for her future residence, she had profited by its vicinity to the palace, to advance still further in the favour of her royal mistress; among the first fruits of which, were the preferment of her *protégé* to be verderer to the queen's majesty, and his removal, with his lovely daughter, to the lodge at Greenwich.

The venerable dowager who, despite her age and infirmities, retained a most decorous reverence for courtly ceremonial, was somewhat startled and scandalized on perceiving that the mere atmosphere surrounding a royal residence, was insufficient to soften the asperities of her 'squire of the greenwood, and to polish the bluntness of his country speech. "I can fly a hawk, rein a nag, wind a horn, if need be, with any courtier or courtier's man of them all," said the rebuked verderer; "and how, madam, would it aid me, in striking a fat hart for the queen's mess, or may be, a bold stalker of the queen's deer, that I could wriggle my body like a snared ousel, or mince my rude outspcak into daintiness, like a court usher? May it please you, gracious madam, to fashion the learning of my sweet wench, Maud, according to your ladyship's good liking; but take Diccon Glanvil's troth and word, that 'twere as easy to bend the gnarled oaks of Ardenne into the sallow's pliancy, as find in him the making of a fawning lick-platter, or court-knave."

To the education of this motherless girl did the Lady Warwick, thus urged, direct her admonitions; and assisted by the mild nature and sprightly intelligence of her pupil, the task became equally pleasing, and fruitful of flattering effects. Maud, during her father's frequent absence from

the lodge, was assuredly in safer keeping under the observant dowager's keen eye, than in the wardship of the "high gravel blind" Dame Cisley; and in the demeanour of the many ladies of high estate frequenting the Heath Court, and still more in the grave commentaries of her lady-godmother, she had precept and example united under her observation; so that her graceful gentleness and tuneful speech soon rivalled the ideal of her preceptress. Thus sweetly gifted by nature, and trained in courtly schooling, Maud Glanvil, the verderer's heiress and the Lady Warwick's nursling, became the loadstar of rural attraction among the striplings of the neighbourhood, and had been named by common acclaim to the coveted distinction of queenhood, in the May-day pageant annually exhibited in the park, for the recreation of the queen's highness. Nor was she, although perhaps less emulous of the honour than many of her rivals, altogether indifferent to the fashioning of her robes of taffeta, or to the promised loan of "jewels, chains, and ouches," vouchsafed by her kind godmother for the occasion.

"I tell thee, damsel," said Weltwell, as he fitted on her tires, the evening preceding the ceremony, "I tell thee there hath not been a like triumph toward, since the French duke was feasted at Whitehall. Thirty years have I wrought with shears and stitchery in the good town of Greenwich, yet never did I see such preparation. Every loyal housewife of the highway hath drawn from chest-board or garner, some hanging of arras, some fragment of brocade, wherewith to garnish her casements: all the rushes of the brook, all the strewing herbs of the garden, have

been stripped to freshen her majesty's passage from palace to park. The town is all astir, Dame Cisley ; the river is alive with craft, and not a jolly waterman but hath donned a new vest in honour of the May. Viols are tuning here ; citharnes are thrumming there ; not a show, nor a mummer, nor a juggler, but is wending Greenwichward. But yesterday, i' sooth, I was braved at my own shopboard, by the dragon of Wantley, who was over curious in the shaping of his scaly slough ; and to-day there came me Maid Marian, lacking a scarlet kirtle for her part in the show, who would have fain had me abandon the furred symar of our worshipful bailiff of the landing stairs, in order to serve her beggarly needs ; and by'r Lady ! bold Robin of Sherwood was hard upon my ears when I rebuked the vain quean's presumption."

The doughty tailor, whose loquacity had been intended to relieve the tediousness of the lacings and bucklings, and adjustments necessary to the perfecting of his performance, now paused,—*not* for a reply,—but in order to give ample space and verge enough for the animated burst of gratulations by which he expected his labours to be rewarded.

"'Tis a pranksome garb, and a dainty," said the duenna, peering through her barnacles ; "but, truth to say, my young mistress shows fairer and more maidenwise in her rust-coloured farthingale with velvet cuffs, than in all this gaudy gear."

"A goodly piece of judgment,—thou mole, thou sand-blind driveller !" murmured the indignant tailor, turning to the gentle Maud, secure of a more favourable verdict. But

the sight of her listless brow struck him with a dismay that burst into a paroxysm of exclamation.

"Now, God ha' mercy, damsel! what would'st have? Here, on the eve of May,—thou to be queen of the sport,—and endowed with vesture worthy of a queen in right earnest; and yet thou sighest as droopingly, and lookest as coldly on the prospect, as if—Ah, ha!" said the tailor, interrupting himself, "I read the riddle now; thou fearest that the base, cowardly, and treasonable attack of this morning will deter her majesty's grace from honouring the revels with her presence. Tush!—I tell thee the ruffian is in safe keeping in the fort; and Elizabeth, blessings on the name! hath too much confidence in her people's love to fear that such a caitiff could boast confederate or accomplice."

"Attack—ruffian—imprisoned in the fort!" exclaimed Cisley.

"How—who—what means thy news?" faltered Maud.

"Ye lack not the woman's ware of curiosity, I perceive," said the tailor, assuming the importance of a secret-keeper; seeing which, I marvel that these tidings, which have set court and city in a ferment, have been so slack of reaching your ears."

"We have few guests," answered Maud, "and keep no—"

"Nay," interrupted Weltwell; "if ye would needs know my news, rather listen than be a prater; and to be brief,—for the Lady Rich's tunic still lacketh its cross-chain on the skirts,—to be brief, fair Maud, know that as our gracious princess was taking, this morning, her diversion on the

river, a shot, a murderous bullet whistled past the royal barge—grievously wounding one of the rowers.”

“God’s pity!” ejaculated Maud, “can this thing have chanced; and to a sovereign beloved like Elizabeth?”

“Those who are fond of hearing their own argument,” observed the tailor, “affirm that the scathe was directed against the French envoy, the *Sieur Simier*, as I think, who was of her grace’s company, and on whom her hasty favour hath drawn some vulgar misliking; but the ruffian, whose boat was speedily overtaken, protested that he had aimed, on his own quarrel, and in his own defence, at the Earl of Oxford, who, sooth to say, was seen of many, skulking muffled in a barge hard by.”

“Didst thou, did any hear the name of the offender?” murmured Maud Glanvil, growing pale as death.

“Woltstane, or Wollaton; ay, Hugh Wollaton he called himself; and the halberdiers had much ado to save him from dismemberment by the enraged mob, as they conveyed him to the Westgate-fort.”

“And well I wot,” shrieked gossip Cisley, “the villain had little need of limbs who could employ them on such a godless errand.”

“Heaven shield him,” said the disrobed queen, sinking into a chair, “for with him my hopes perish!”

“How now? what a coil’s here!” exclaimed Wentwell, opening the casement in pity to Maud Glanvil’s blanched cheeks. “I pray thee, mistress, to forbear such unseemly sayings.”

“Fetch me my muffler, good Cisley,” said Maud, rally-

ing her strength, "reach thee thy mantle, dame ; for I must to the Heath Court, and that presently."

"By our Lady's grace, not I," said the old woman, doggedly. "My master's pottage is simmering for supper ; the moon riseth not until the midnight—to-morrow's rufflers be abroad, junketing and rioting :—and I stir not forth from the lodge."

"Master Weltwell, thou servest my noble godmother ; wilt thou pleasure her, by protecting me on my way?" persisted Maud.

The valiant tailor was bewildered. He had a kind and fatherly interest in his fair petitioner ; he entertained a due reverence for a lady who numbered twenty blue-coated badgemen to be liveried at her cost ; "but then," said he, thinking aloud, "how if I involve myself in the recusancy of the traitor Wollaton—how if I entangle my poor body in *mispersion* of treason ?"

But Maud ended his dilemma by the earnest grace with which she wrung her white hands ; and without farther expostulation, Master Weltwell conducted the weeping girl in safety, even to the portal of the Heath Court.

"Thou comest to claim the performance of my promise," said the Lady Warwick, to whose *ruelle* the fair Maud was readily admitted. "I had not forgotten thee, sweetheart ; see, the casket stands labelled by my tiring mirror ; and had I not been tormented by a grievous pain, by sore sickness, Maud, I had thought to send for thee, to advise concerning the ordering of thy morrow's masking. But what is here ?" continued the old lady, raising the head of her *protégé* from

the coverlid in which it was buried. "Speak out child; what hath chanced?—thy father"—

"Is well, madam," answered Maud, attempting composure. "But myself am in a grievous strait, and pray your counsel and protection."

"Take both, my poor godchild," said the dowager, kindly; "and speak out, Maud, and frankly."

"I am a most unhappy maiden," she began, "and in nothing more so, than that while your ladyship's grace hath been my chiefest source of happiness, my sole fountain of honour, it hath also wrought me shame and peril."

"Good faith, the girl is distraught;" thought the amazed Countess.

"You may remember, madam, that when last summer your ladyship lay, as now, helpless upon the bed of pain, I was permitted to mark my grateful devotion, by ministering to your service during your long sickness."

"I remember it, thankfully, maiden."

"And that during my 'tendance, the notice, the unseemly notice bestowed on me by your kinsman, the young Earl of Oxford, attracted the observation and reproof of your ladyship; and roused the indignation and affliction of my most unhappy self."

"Of which I marked my sense, good Maud, in forbidding him my presence, dismissing him my house."

"From my *father's*, alas! your ladyship could not, or did not exclude him; and the dutiful affection borne by my parents to every branch of a house that hath been their stay and furtherance, hath still blinded my poor father to the

intention of the young lord's visits; the frequency of which hath proved their last peril."

"Ha!" exclaimed the dowager; "hear I aright? The blessed saints forefend that thou should love my nephew."

"*Love him!*" retorted Maud, something warmly, "who seeketh my ruin—who would bring my old father's head in shame to the grave;—think better of me, madam! No;" she continued, in a milder, yet a hoarse tone, "I have no love to waste on him, or any; for long ere we quitted Ardenne—even before my poor mother died, she had bestowed her blessing upon my troth-plight with—with—a neighbour's son."

"Hugh Wollaton, as I think?"

"The same, madam; who, being yet in his 'prentice-time, although with a surety of succeeding to his uncle's thriving trade, cannot yet win my father's consent to our marriage; and since we came to Greenwich—I would say, alas the day! but that it drew me anigh to my kind godmother—all mention of Hugh is distasteful to my father's ears. Your ladyship's favour, and his own advancement, have caused my hand to be sought of many suitors; some of a degree superior to that of Hugh; all, unhappily, to our own;—and my father hath been so set up with the praises of his child, and the projects insinuated into his credulous heart by my Lord of Oxford, Sir Wilford Dudley, and others of the courtiers, who haunt our lodge, in pretended admiration of his woodcraft, that he hath already forbidden me to renew speech or vow, with my kind, generous Hugh."

"Of which interdiction, his absence insures the efficacy. Is it not so, pretty Maud?"

"Pardon me, gracious madam ; Master Wollaton having gathered, by means to me unknown, tidings of my father's obduracy, and of the importunities to which I have been exposed by his unsuspecting simplicity of heart, resolved to bring the matter to issue ; and arrived last week at Greenwich."

"And thou didst speak with him, girl, in disobedience to thy father's command?"

"Nor that alone," replied the weeping maiden. "I told him *all*, madam ;—that I had been cruelly insulted by the Earl's wanton recklessness ; that I even feared to stir beyond the limits of my home, lest I should provoke his licentious boldness. But, as I spake, my father burst in upon our interview ; reviled us both for disobedience ; and at length, stung by my Hugh's remonstrances, he smote him with violence, and drove him from our dwelling."

"My poor child !" said the old lady, taking the trembling hand of her god-daughter, "say on—what hath ensued—where tarrieth the youth?"

"Once, and but once, I have since encountered him. We met—forgive me, noble lady—by stealth, last night, in the labyrinth of the Court."

"That was ill done," observed the prudent godmother.

"He came but to bid me a farewell ; and pray me to forbear, if possible, to-morrow's pageant ; for he had discovered—so said he—the Lord Oxford's settled plan for carrying me off by stratagem."

"He *dare* not—he *could* not so far forget himself and me!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Obedient to Wollaton's request, I have kept close house

this day," continued Maud Glanvil, sorrowfully. "But, alas! madam, mischief hath been astir; and that with cruel activity. The precious safety of the queen's majesty hath been endangered, as doubtless your ladyship hath learned; and the innocent cause of the evil—the prisoner of the Westgate-fort, is Hugh Wollaton himself!"

"And the shot was levelled at my graceless nephew?"

"At a ruffian wearing his cognizance, and in self-defence—in a death-struggle;—forgive us, madam!" faltered the trembling maiden.

"Would I had no greater offenders to pardon," said the Countess, gravely; "or rather, would that my sister's son had less claim to my mercy; so might I exert my best endeavours in Wollaton's behalf, by unfolding the truth. But, however unworthy, Edward de Vere is my kinsman," said the old lady, as a tear quivered upon her withered cheek. "This is no common matter," she resumed, after a pause of consideration. "'Twill be bruited in the common ear of England; 'twill be made the watchword of party; the fable of history; and, perhaps,—yet heaven avert it,—a signal of bloodshed. The excesses of my misgoverned nephew have so often drawn upon him her highness' displeasure, that were not an innocent life endangered by thy silence, Maud, I should pray thee to forbear accusal; but our gracious sovereign's peril will have wrought the people to a demand for prompt vengeance, and the insult suspected towards the Duke of Alençon's minion, will have roused the indignation of the queen—whereupon, the affair brooks no delay. To-morrow, hie thee, as was thy purpose, to the May-game pageant; prank thyself gay, and smile thy best, my

child!—nay, wince not at the word ; for *his* sake must this be done.” Maud Glanvil wrung her hands.

“The queen,—I know it,—will grace, as is her wont, the Mayshaft; and thou, as crowned warden of the feast, must of need attract her notice. Then, girl, is thine auspicious hour,—then, Maud, go boldly to thy duty;—throw thyself at her royal feet,—speak thy wrong, and Wollaton’s innocence, simply and briefly; and my life on the issue, Elizabeth will right thy cause.”

“How, madam! address myself to the queen’s majesty, and in presence of the assembled court?”

“Asks it less bold presumption to address the King of kings?”

“Alas! alas!” said Maud, “I would I were in my grave!”

“Rather, hie thee home, that sleep may calm thee for thy coming trial. Therefore, good night, my gentle girl; abandon not thy cause, and Heaven will bless it and thee!”

The day-dawn came, and brought the waiting gentlewoman of the Lady Warwick, and the promised casket; but with them came no accession of confidence to the trembling May-queen—so that ’twas a toilsome task to lace the trim bodice over her panting bosom.

It was a morning as pure and bright as ever sparkled with the freshness of May; and grove and garden-ground, shrubby labyrinth and open parterre, seemed flushed with the year’s gay youth. Gem-like cones of bloom glistened upon the lilac trees,—golden streamers waved from the laburnums, as if in mockery of the fading hue of the apple-blossoms with which they mingled. In the bolder landscape of the park, the half-foliaged elms unfolded their tiny

shells of verdure,—the tender green of the young lime-leaves quivered above,—the profuse blue-flowers of the wild hyacinth seemed hovering, like a vapour, over the earth below ; on which, where the hawthorn trees stood in sheeted whiteness of bloom,

Da' be' rami scendea
Una pioggia di fior' sovra 'l suo grembo,

and the united sweetness of a thousand honied blossoms, and the freshness of the springing grass, crushed by a thousand footsteps, were dispersed by the buoyant gushes of the summer air, which never “smelt more woefully.”

Along the secluded path of a deep avenue of chestnuts, the fair queen of the May was stoutly ushered by her exulting father towards the goodly tent, framed of fir poles and interwoven branches, in which her throne was erected. As she approached the Maypole, round which a fenced ring was apportioned to the pageant of the day, she was preceded by her company of maidens of honour, in milk-white array. Friar Tuck stood aside, and the hobby-horse suspended his caracolings, to look on such a galaxy of loveliness, and the joyous multitude sent up as prolonged a shout in their honour, as if Elizabeth herself had been at hand. Some there were indeed among the crowd, who blamed the listless bearing and reserved silence of the unhappy Maud,—and whispered, that her father's daughter queened it too loftily ; while Master Weltwell, regardless of the praise lavished upon his handywork, did lay his finger upon his skinny lips, and imply a world of mystery.

From the earliest morn, chambers had been at intervals

discharged from the numerous forts adjoining the river and the park; and now a loud salvo announced that the procession had left the palace. Expectation, in the guise of many a buxom dame and sturdy burgher, was a-tip toe; and soon the trained bands, with their steel shirts of Almaine rivet, and morions glancing in the sun, gratified the general expectation. Next in the procession, and heralded by a pursuivant at arms bearing their banner, came the goodly company of the gentlemen pensioners,—the flower of the English youth,—closely followed by the two pages of the queen; and after a space, shining like a constellation, appeared the brightness of the maiden queen, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, whose velvet housings, brodered with pearl, swept the ground. While acclamations of “Long live Elizabeth—happily may she reign!” burst from the populace, she bent on either side her stately looks of proud affability, and the assembled people threw themselves upon their knees as she passed onwards.

Arrived at a grassy knoll commanding a view of the pageant, the queen dismounted; her kinsman, the bluff Lord Hunsdon, holding her bridle-rein,—the Earl of Leicester receiving her offered hand upon his bended knee; and, as she touched the earth, a clamour of exultation was sent upward to the sky by the mingled voices of tens of thousands of spectators, aided by the roar of cannon, the braying of trumpets, and the larum of drums! Elizabeth, who found a welcome music in the din, looked round upon the courtly train of baron’s bold and gorgeous dames by which she was now encompassed, and pointing to the shouting multitude, exclaimed, “And yesterday ye urged my doubts of

the loyal love of my people!" Then, motioning with her hand, that the sports should commence, she bade her court dispose itself for better enjoyment of the scene; and guarded by her gentlemen-pensioners, and officiously haunted by Patch, the court-jester, she stationed herself in stern dignity on the summit of the knoll. But it was not her discomfiture of the preceding day which imparted so severe an air to the royal countenance, for she had never favoured the May-game festival with a better grace; and it was surmised that, while a politic deference to popular usances dictated her annual attendance, the remembrance of her unhappy mother's attainder, consequent upon a similar celebration, rendered it a distasteful task.

Elizabeth, who had now forfeited all title to that pride of youthful beauty, which might have excused the flightiness of devotion she loved to exact from her courtiers, looked, it must be confessed, upon the day in question, a very paragon of unloveliness. The unfeminine harshness of her prominent features—the cankered keenness of her gray eyes—her tawny hair, and stiff erectness of figure, formed a marvellous contrast with the graceful sweetness of her rival of the greensward: a contrast so readily discerned by her majesty's acute perception, that she immediately courted the disparagement of the surrounding courtiers, by her bitter comments on the untutored demeanour of the "sceptred Dowsabelle."

"Even weeds have their value," said the Earl of Oxford; "for their baseness teacheth men to measure the sovereign beauty of the rose; nor doth the meanest star twinkle in

vain, since its feebleness revealeth the all-outshining glory of the queen of night."

"Even as our cousin Hunsdon's honest roughness," quoth Patch, "sets price on the nimble-tongued loselry of a De Vere. *Gare les faitours!*—and God mend all."

To have been adulated by Shakspeare and Spenser,—flattered by Sidney and Raleigh, served by Burleigh, by Buckhurst and Bacon, affords, perhaps, some title to those exaggerated honours which have been lavished on the memory of Elizabeth—the spoiled child of English history: but posterity is a dispassionate judge; and despite the factitious lustre shed upon the reign of the maiden queen,—or, as runs the clap-trap phrase, "the golden days of good Queen Bess,"—we are enabled, even through the inflated eulogies of contemporary writers, to detect the craftiness,—the cruelty,—the licentious vanity,—the insane arrogance, of the self-assumed Phoenix. The nips and bobs, with which she "sorely pinched" her ladies of honour,—the unchristian pride, with which she exacted knee-worship from all approaching her,—the relentless virulence which urged her persecution of the ladies of the house of Grey, for having presumed to give legal heirs to her crown,—the coarse spirit of vituperation, which exposed her most tried and ancient servants to opprobrious insults,—the levity which betrayed her into unseemly familiarity with her favourite, Dudley, even in an audience of state—are, perhaps, sufficient causes for distrusting the feminine qualifications of "the fair vestal, throned in the West." But, when we consider the fate of that loveliest monument of human frailty, the sister and rival, who had screened herself from

rebellion under the protection of a British queen,—when we recall the bloody destinies of Essex, Norfolk, and a numberless brotherhood,—the unsparing use of torture, which, contrary to the law of the realm, disgraced the early annals of her reign,—her hollow and insolent dealings with her parliament,—the foul indifference marked towards the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the persecution of the Huguenots, by her, quickly thereafter becoming sponsor to the child of the French king,—the vindictive spirit which prompted her to strike off the hand of a gentleman and a scholar, who had ventured to set forth the monstrous disproportion of her marriage with the boy-duke of Alençon,—the baseness which sought hospitality from the master of Euston Hall, in order to detect and punish his secret adherence to Papistry,—and, finally, the parsimonious abstinence of Elizabeth from all public acts of munificence, and her greedy exactions from the generosity of her courtiers, are facts whose united atrocity may counterbalance a zeal, sometimes doubtful, for the interests of the Reformed Church; a judicious selection of the ministers of her arbitrary will; a brilliant tact in the art of government; an intrepid spirit, and dignified carriage.

The revels were now at their height. The queen of the May, having won all hearts to her praise by the trimly featness with which she executed her duty of leading a galliard and a coranto in the ring—a featness which called down the applause of Sir Christopher Hatton himself,—was proceeding to re-enthroned herself in the tent, when some idle speech among the crowd, that her majesty was ill-minded to prolong her courtesy and witness the

sports to an end, renewed her terrors and impatience. As she stood, perplexed and tormented by the importunate homage of her little court, it chanced that Sir Wilfred Dudley, one of the vain gallants who had long pestered her with his assiduities, approached, to tender her some of those practised flatteries which his tendency to *parler Euphuisme* rendered more circumlocutory than the critical juncture of her affairs might well endure.

"Sweet sovereignty!" said he, "if a simple subject may hope to penetrate the guarded portal of thy distrustful hearing—"

"Good Sir Wilfred," interrupted Maud, "you have oft-times made vaunt of your will to do me service—"

"And therein, sweet harte of the greenwood! to pleasure mine own best liking."

"I ask not your motive—care not for it now; but if ever you would win my gratitude, guide me through yonder armed bands to the feet of the queen."

"To her majesty's very presence?—For an eyass, that but now leaveth the mew, damsel, thou soarest high."

"You refuse me?—nay, then," said Maud, slipping beneath the ropes, and directing her hurried steps towards the knoll; "I will bear mine errand in single boldness."

But the fantastic gallantry of the Euphuist would not permit him to abandon the championship of a maiden in distress; and, quickly overtaking her as she reached the opening into an over-arching alley of lime trees, he held out his hand for her support with all that distortion of affectation which characterized his postures. "Mistress Maud!" said Sir Wilfred, negligently flinging aside his


mantle, in order to reveal the richness of his Spanish doublet; "I hasten to propose a league of amity between us,—of which the terms are, present protection on my part, fairer interpretation on thine. Advance, bright humility!" continued he, with a tender air, as they passed the spot on which the Earl of Oxford lay, in listless weariness, on the grass. "Advance, queen of Idalia!" he repeated, simpering and mowing like a jackanape, when he perceived the indignant regards of his rival fixed upon his familiar attitude.

But, if it be true, that

The lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;

the evil thoughts of De Vere had surely deserted his savage bosom at sight of the loveliness of Maud, which, in her fair and stately array, showed even more touchingly than was its wont. The swan-like throat, set forth by her standing ruff,—the arch simplicity of a brow, on which the flush of exercise, and the paleness of terror, varied alternately,—the informing intelligence of soul, which, brightening her eyes, taught her, "dolphin-like, to show above the element she lived in." Even the uncertain tremour of her step, might have induced him to forbear one look injurious to the spotlessness of "saintly chastity."

Maud Glanvil had now approached within a few paces of Elizabeth—within play of that fierce battery of looks, so terrible to her enemies; and yielding unconsciously to the awe natural to her position, she folded her hands on her



bosom, as if to still the wild beating of her heart, and stood rooted to the earth. The queen, attributing the unformal action of her rival of the Mayshaft to some mummery imposed upon her by her part in the pageant, exclaimed, as she graciously beckoned her nearer approach, "What would the majesty of May, from her royal sister of England?"

"Your highness's clemency," faltered Maud, falling on her knees, to kiss the gracious hand extended towards her.

"And shall *we*, whom one of our wisest clerks hath hailed by the title of Mercilla, shall we deny our grace to an offender so fair—so helpless?"

"'Tis not for myself I sue," said Maud, gathering courage from the affability of the queen, "but for an innocent prisoner."

"Then *justice* might surely serve the turn," replied Elizabeth, still smiling; "an enthroned sovereign should know that *clemency* regardeth the guilty. The name, gentle queen, of thy prisoner."

"Hugh Wollaton of Ardenne, madam; now most unmeetly confined in the Westgate-fort."

"How!" exclaimed the astonished princess, in her shrillest tone, as the reality of her petitioner's alarms and mission became apparent, "have we treason near our person? Must we—who, at bed and board, waking and downlying, are still thwarted and harassed by our cares of state—must we be pursued, even in our hour of idlesse, our season of recreation, by the importunities of our rebel subjects; look to it, my lords—Leicester, Cumberland, Montjoy: and thou, sirrah! who art the chief cause of the mischief," said she, bending her frowns upon the discomfited Sir Wilfred,

whose forlorn figure Master Patch was diligently portraying upon the buckler of a man-at-arms by his side, "how gat this bold damsel to our presence? Go! minion," she continued, with an angry gesture, to the trembling May-queen, "go hence, ere thou be thrust out with shame, and leave the assassin of thy sovereign to the justice of her privy-council."

"Now, God help me!" said Maud, throwing up her arms distractedly. "For in man or woman, hope is none."


"An't please your grace," said Lord Hunsdon, too unsolicitous of royal favour to shun the path of honesty, "this wench is of the Lady Warwick's household; her godchild, if it remember me, or at least, her diligent handmaid in the hour of suffering; speak, girl! bringest thou no token from thy lady?"

"Alas! none, sir," answered Maud, with patient humility; "my gracious mistress could scarcely move in the suit which criminales a De Vere."

"How now?" demanded Elizabeth, sobered from her first explosion of resentment, "a *De Vere*, sayest thou? Stand up, and mince not thy words; *what* cause, *what* De Vere, minion? dally not with thy queen!"

But there were tears now stealing down the pale cheeks of the unhappy girl, which at once impeded her utterance, and moved every manly heart present in her favour.

"And now I think me, yonder traitor of the fort did also involve my Lord of Oxford's name in his declarations," resumed Elizabeth; "what, ho! some one call hither the Earl. Yeoman of the guard—bring him instantly to the presence."



"Force needs none, madam," said the bold Earl, who had been an unseen auditor of the whole; "I am not used to be a loiterer at my sovereign's bidding, even though it tend to confront a peer of England with the nameless puppet of a village masking."

This taunt, and the presence of her persecutor, roused the spirit of the injured Maud, far more than the encouragement of queen or courtier; and standing forward with modest grace, she related, in succinct but earnest terms, her tale of patient suffering and undeserved insult; appealing so sweetly to the womanly sympathy of her royal judge, that despite the preconceptions of Elizabeth, the force of truth and simplicity went directly to her heart; kindling all the indignation of her sex, and the intemperance of her Tudor blood.

"Thou wert well to brave me but now, with thy rude insolence, my worthy lord!" said she, to the unabashed Earl; "thou frontless offender! who dost dare pollute the very purlieus of our court with thy filthy libertinism;—go from our presence; thou shalt hear further of our judgment, touching this matter:—yet stay," she resumed, amending her hastiness, "hast thou ought to urge, my lord, against this damsel's accusation?—what hath the flower of chivalry, who must needs wear Elizabeth's favour in his cap, to reply to the ingenuous murmurs of maiden modesty?"

"Nothing, madam;" replied the insolent Oxford, whose wit, and splendid profusion, and travelled elegance, had often blinded the queen's detection of his unexampled excesses, "Edward De Vere hath a ready answer for the peer who questions his honour; but for the imperious

mandate of a woman, albeit a queen, or for the whining of of a peevish wanton,—good faith! they must abide his silence.”

“We are outfaced, methinks, and by a foul traitor!” exclaimed Elizabeth, with kindling eyes. “To the Tower with him,” said she, addressing herself to the Earl Marshal.—“To the tower with him; my royal word be your warrant.”

The consternation now became general.

“Break up the sports, there,” said the queen, resuming her wonted state; “and see that this maiden be had in safe keeping. We retire on the instant.” A general movement ensued, which screened the royal party from vulgar observation; till, followed by the shouts of the populace, it re-entered the palace gates.

On the following day, Elizabeth of England sate in stern judgment within her chamber of audience. Some few of her chosen counsellors surrounded her throne; and at her feet, in modest self-possession, kneeled the graceful figure of Hugh of Ardenne.

Disrobed of her gaudy vesture, her pallid cheeks half veiled by the long unbraided tresses which overhung her white robing, the gentle queen of the May stood humbly in the distance, with her tearful eyes fixed upon the judgment-seat; while her perplexed father, the hapless Diccon,—in the guise of a fowl, whose chicks have betrayed their alien nature by committing themselves to another element—stood helpless and restless by the side of those perilous waters, whereon his child had launched herself in his despite. Elizabeth herself, who had lost

something of her severity in the interest of the scene, held within her grasp two letters; the one a testimonial from the Countess of Warwick of her heartfelt faith in the veracity of her godchild; the other, an early love missive in the handwriting of the bold De Vere; which, by its implications, certified his own guilt and the purity of Maud Glanvil.

"These documents," said the queen, placing them in the hands of Sir Francis Walsingham, "do but justify our previous insight into the matter. It is time that the guilty met their award.

"Rise up, youth;" continued her majesty, addressing young Wollaton, whose fair person and discreet address had found favour in her sight. "Thou art convicted, by thine own showing, of having practised against the life of a nobleman of this realm, and thereby endangering the safety of thy liege sovereign—silence, sirrah! thy vindication hath been heard. Thou hast sworn, and the evidence of sundry avoucheth, that this outrage arose in thy self defence, against the retainers of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who fell upon thee with superiority of numbers, inflicting divers wounds on thy person, in the progress of a scheme of abduction, laid against that of a free British maiden, daughter of our verderer of Greenwich. Have I heard rightly, my lords?—Prisoner; are these things true?"

Hugh Wollaton replied by a lowly obeisance of assent.

"For these crimes and misdemeanours," said the queen, "we adjudge thee"—Maud Glanvil pressed forward with an imploring air,—“we adjudge thee, in consideration of

thy known loyalty and deep provocation, to a term of six months' imprisonment within the limits of the royal park ; which thou may'st improve, an' it like thee," continued the princess, with a grim smile, "by renewing thine attempts to win the sanction of yonder weather-worn woodsman to thy courtship of his daughter. And Maud—see thou set no more of my courtiers' brains a-gadding, by those looks which have condemned the bold and misproud De Vere to a year's banishment from our court. Let thy future bearing keep pace with thy past discretion, and thou shalt never lack the countenance of Elizabeth!"

Thus ended the sorrows of the verderer's daughter.

"And what said the queen's majesty as touching the fashion of thy masking suit?" said Weltwell to the happy Maud, when, some weeks afterwards, she recounted in his presence the chances of her royal audience.

"I'sooth, but little, my friend in need. But my kind godmother hath bidden me seek at your hands a goodly garment of three-piled Genoa for myself, and another of stout kersey for—for Wollaton."

"Of a bridal fashion, as I guess?"

Maud gainsayed not the opinion ; and when, in process of time, the said vestments were appointed to figure in a wedding junket at the Heath Court, they were commended, for shape and substance, of all present, including the point-device Euphuist himself.

A VISION OF THE STARS.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

For ever gone!—the world is growing old!—
Gone the bright visions of its untaught youth!—
The age of fancy was the age of gold,—
And sorrow holds the lamp that lights to truth!
And wisdom writes her records on a page
Whence many a pleasant tale is swept away,—
The wild, sweet fables of the dreaming age,
The gorgeous stories of the classic day.
The world is roused from glad and glowing dreams,—
Though roused by *light*, awaking still is pain,
And oh! could man renew their broken themes,
Then, would the world at times might sleep again!
Oh! for the plains—the bright and haunted plains—
Where genius wandered, when the earth was new,
Led by the sound of more than mortal strains,
And gathering flowers of many a vanished hue!—
The deathless forms that, on the lonely hill,
Came sweetly gliding to the lonely breast;
Or spoke, in spirit-whispers, from the rill
That lulled the watcher to his mystic rest!—

The shapes that met his steps, by green and glade,
Or glanced through mid-air, on their gleaming wings;
That hovered where the young, wild fountains played,
And hung, in rainbows, o'er the dancing springs;
Or drew aside the curtains of the sky,
And showed their starry mansions to his eye!—
Oh! the bright tracks by truth from error won!
The price we pay for knowledge—and in vain!
For half the beauty of the world is gone,
Since science built o'er fancy's wild domain!


A dream of beauty! such as came of old,
To him who lay and watched the hosts of light,
As, one by one, their fiery chariots rolled,
In golden pomp, along the vault of night;
'Till, as another and another deep
Sent forth a spirit to the shining train,
Their myriad motion rocked his heart to sleep,
But left bright pictures in his haunted brain,—
Where forms grew up, and took the starry eyes
That gleamed upon him from the crowded skies!—
A dream, like his to whom the boon was given
To read the story of the stars, at will,
And, by the lights they held for him, in heaven,
Talk with their lady, on the Latmos hill!

A vision of the stars!—the moon, to-night,—
Her antlered coursers by the nymph-train driven,—
Rides in the chariot of her own sweet light,
To hunt the shadows through the fields of heaven!

And oh! the hunting grounds of yonder sky,
Whose streams are rainbows, and whose flowers are stars!
The shapes of light that, as they wander by,
Do spirit-homage from their golden cars!—
The meteor-troops that, as she passes, play
Their fiery gambols in their lady's sight;—
And planet-forms that, on her crowded way,
Throw silver incense from their urns of light!
Lo! Perseus, from his everlasting height,
Looks out to see the huntress and her train;
And love's own planet, in the pale, soft light,
Looks young as when she rose from out the main!
And,—plying all the night his starry wings,—
Up to her throne, the herald of the sky,
From many an earthly home and hill-top, brings
The mortal offering of a young heart's sigh!
Around her chariot sail immortal forms,
Or darkly hang about its shining rim;
And, far away, the scared and hunted storms
Leap, from her presence, to their caverns dim!
On—onward, at her own wild fancy led,
Along the cloudland-paths she holds her flight,
Where rears the battle-star his crested head,
And bares his burning falchion through the night!—
Where, hand in hand, the brothers of the sky
Sit, like twin-angels, on some heavenward steep;—
While, far below, with urns that never dry,
The mourning Hyads hang their heads, and weep!—
Where brightly dwell—in all their early smiles,
Ere *one* was lost—the sweet and sister seven,

Like blessed spirits pausing from their toils,
Or some fair family at rest, in heaven!—
Where,—swifter than *her* steeds, that never tire,—
Some comet-shape—those couriers of the sky—
In breathless haste, upon his barb of fire,
On some immortal message, rushes by!—
O'er the dim heights where, circled by his train,
And wearing on his brow his sparkling crown,
The planet-monarch holds his ancient reign,
And, from his palace of the clouds, looks down,
With stately presence and a smiling eye,
On his bright people of the boundless sky!—
'Mid northern lights, like fiery flags unfurled,
And soft, sweet gales that never reach the world;—
'Mid flaming signs, that perish in their birth,
And ancient orbs that have no name on earth;—
Hailed by the songs of everlasting choirs,
And welcomed from a thousand burning lyres!

Oh! for the ancient dreamer's prophet eye,
To see the hunting-grounds of yonder sky;
To hang upon some planet's wheeling car,
And tread the cloudland-paths, from star to star;
To climb the heights where old Endymion
Held lofty converse with the lady moon,—
Or, lifted to her chariot of the sky,
Look on its dwellers with a mortal eye,
And through its fields, in that bright vision, driven,
Walk, for one night, amid the hosts of heaven!



DIANA OF POICTIERS, AND PRIMATICCIO THE PAINTER.

“GOOD Heavens, madam, are you hurt? By the beauty of woman, I hope not,” said a reasonably well-featured and handsome man, somewhat advanced in years, as he raised from the ground a lady who had been accidentally dismounted by the sudden curvetting of the milk-white palfrey on which she rode.

The exertions of the lady, and the assistance of the speaker, whose morning reveries, it being yet scarcely two hours after day-break, had been interrupted by the event, soon replaced her in her saddle. “*Grace a Dieu*, no;” said the lady, hastily adjusting her veil. “*Grace a Dieu*, no; and many thanks to you, sir, for your timely courtesy, which, did I know whom I address, I would find a fitter opportunity of expressing.”

“Madam,” said the stranger, “my name is Primaticcio, an indifferently well-known artist, attracted to this neighbourhood, by a desire of beholding the magnificence of the Chateau d’Anet, of which fame speaks so loudly; and I have taken up my residence in the village of Dreux, till chance shall throw me in the way of some one with power and inclination to gratify my curiosity. But, madam,


would you confer an obligation upon me, by informing me whom I have the honour and happiness to meet thus betimes?"

"'Tis a small boon for so great a courtesy," replied the lady, "and shall be as you wish, but not at present. Suffice it to say, I am called *La Grande Sénéchale*, and am in high favour with the Duchess of Valentinois: where shall I send to you, should an opportunity present itself of showing you the beauties of the chateau?"

"My present residence," replied Primaticcio, "is the Poitiers Arms, where I shall most anxiously await your commands."

"Adieu, then, Signor Primaticcio, my servants will be here anon, and there will be little good in making them acquainted with this affair. Adieu!" Thus speaking, she laid her finger upon her lip, in token of silence, and gracefully bowing her head in return for the doffed bonnet of the artist, the fair equestrian pursued her course.

This event, which occupied less time in action than in recital, plunged the artist into profound thought for the remainder of his walk; and his mind was busily engaged in meditating upon the change of his condition since the day, when, as the favourite painter of Francis the First, his praises were sounded by all, and his society courted by the whole throng of nobles who formed the brilliant court which boasted for its head the "King of Gentlemen," as that monarch was fondly called by his dependants; and in considering whether he had done justice to himself in instantly withdrawing from the court on the death of his beloved patron, and thereby not affording to his successor a



similar opportunity of befriending him, should he have been so disposed.

Occupied by these reflections, and heedless of the direction in which he was wandering, he unconsciously bent his steps towards the little auberge, where he had slept the previous night. The appearance of breakfast speedily banished thought; and after having finished his repast, the artist determined not to leave the auberge, lest in his absence a communication should arrive from his fair friend at the chateau, requiring his immediate presence there. Seeking, therefore, amusement in the exercise of his pencil and in the beautiful scenery which surrounded his present picturesque abode, he contrived to while away the day so pleasantly and so rapidly, that he was surprised when the gray tints of evening, darkening into night, warned him to retire to his welcome, though humble bed.

At the first dawn, Primaticcio arose; and though he himself scarcely knew the motives which influenced him, he walked towards the spot which had been the scene of the previous morning's adventure. On his arrival there, he leaned his back against a tree, and mentally reviewed the whole of that extraordinary occurrence: he, however, had not long been thus engaged, before he was aroused by the approach of *La Grande Sénéchale*, attended by two servants, wearing the colours assumed by the Lady Diana—black and white.

Primaticcio recovered from his surprise in time to salute her as she passed; while the lady, waving her riding rod in return for the salutation with which he greeted her, contrived at the same time, unobserved by her attendants,

to let a neatly folded billet fall at the feet of the astonished artist ; and it was with great difficulty he could restrain his anxiety to become acquainted with the contents of her epistle, until the lady and her attendants were out of sight. The moment he could do so with safety, he snatched the billet from the ground, and read as follows :

“ *La Grande Sénéchale*, mindful of her promise to Signor Primaticcio, has made arrangements which will enable him to view the Chateau d’Anet this day. As, owing to the presence of the King, who objects to its inspection by strangers, it is a task of some difficulty, she was not enabled, as she wished, to accomplish it yesterday. If Signor Primaticcio will, at noon, be in waiting near the five oaks on the left hand of the great gate of the Park, *le joli Henri* will join him there, and conduct him through the apartments. The mention of *La Grande Sénéchale* will enable the Signor to pass the Porter’s Lodge, and silence all inquiries which may be addressed to him.”

“ A very agreeable and lady-like communication, and courtesy is yet something more than a name in *la belle France*,” ejaculated the artist, as he placed the letter in his bosom, and prepared to retrace his steps to the Poitiers Arms.

The interval between breakfast and midday appeared an age to Primaticcio, who was at the spot at the appointed time. “ The lady has shown exquisite taste in the choice of a waiting-place,” he thought ; “ but surely that is the great clock of the chateau striking twelve, and *le joli Henri*—” —“ Is here, Signor Primaticcio,” said a voice behind ; and on turning round, the artist discovered a

young man clad in the habit of a page, the colours of his dress being the same as those of the attendant who followed the lady in the morning.

"*Allons, monsieur*, we have no time to lose," said the page, and hastily crossing a small open space between the clump of oaks and a little wood which apparently led to the house, showed no disposition for further conversation till they turned off through a small gate, of which he had the key, into what appeared to be the private garden of the chateau. Meanwhile, Primaticcio, who at first sight thought he recognised in the face of his conductor features which had long been familiar to him, shrugged his shoulders when the likeness which his companion bore to the late king, suggested the possibility of his being the offspring of one of those amours in which Francis so notoriously indulged.

They had now arrived at the chateau, and the page, having warned the artist that they must make as little noise as possible, and be careful lest the king should meet them in any of the apartments, led the way by a private staircase to the armoury, and from thence through the splendid suite of rooms which the royal lover had built and furnished for his beautiful and accomplished mistress.

Primaticcio, who was delighted with the taste and judgment shown in all the arrangements, expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration; but his praises were little heeded by the page, who greatly annoyed him by the disrespectful terms in which he spoke of the monarch and the fair partner of his abode. At last Primaticcio could bear it no longer: "Young man," said he, "you have


spoken repeatedly of him who is both your master and my sovereign, in language which it becomes not you to utter, nor me to hear ; and of a lady whom, before you reached my knee,"—here the page bit his lip—"I knew for the possessor of many of the most amiable qualities which adorn the sex. Prithee, no more ; such conduct is both uncharitable and ungrateful."

From this time both were silent till they arrived at the private door of the library. "The king is here," said the page, gently turning the lock, and motioning the artist that he might enter and view the apartment from behind the arras. Scarcely had he done so, attracted by the voice of some one reading aloud, when the page suddenly closed and locked the door. The artist knew not what to do, for should he be discovered by the king, his ruin would be inevitable. But the danger of his situation prompted him to peep through the arras, and reconnoiter who might be in the apartment. He did so, and beheld the celebrated Diana of Poitiers negligently reclining on a sofa, and playing with a fan of peacock feathers, while the poet Ronsard recited to her his last production. In a few moments an opposite door opened, and the king, magnificently attired, entered the room. On his arrival, the poet discontinued his reading, and at a signal from his majesty prepared to leave the library by the door near which Primaticcio was concealed. As he lifted the arras, the king's voice, inquiring who had dared to intrude so unceremoniously into his presence, proclaimed to the affrighted painter that his endeavours at concealment had been fruitless. Cursing the treachery of the page, and dreading

lest the resentment of the monarch should fall on the lady who had been the innocent means of placing him in his present predicament, he almost sunk with fear. He was, however, soon relieved from his embarrassment by hearing the voice of *La Grande Sénéchale* exclaim, "Come forward, Signor Primaticcio, you have nothing to fear but the resentment of the page whom you so properly took to task."

Here was an *eclaircissement*,—his unknown friend proving to be the beautiful Diana of Poitiers, and *le jolî Henri* no less a person than the king himself.

This event proved a fortunate one for Primaticcio; at the command of the king, he painted a portrait of the heroine of his morning adventure, with which the monarch was so pleased that the artist became as great a favourite of his, as he had been of his father; and often, when he was in a sportive mood, would Henry relate to his courtiers the adventure of Diana of Poitiers and Primaticcio the painter.



NIGHT REVEL.

BY IGNATIUS L. DONNELLY.

WHY desecrate with mirth the solemn night?—
She, like the widow kneeling in her wo,
Spreadeth her sable garment o'er the earth,
And her dark tresses in deep shadow flow,
And her cold eyes rest on the ground below,
Blind to the beauties slumbering at her feet;
While from her heart the tides of sadness flow
In sighing breezes—mournful bearers, meet
For her deep passion-pulse, silent and strangely sweet.

And when the distance soothes the watch-dog's bay,
Until it comes upon the list'ning ear
With all its hoarseness gently smoothed away,
Floating around us softly calm and clear;
Then bows the soul with awe, but not with fear;
Then sweet Reflection walks with Memory,
While quiet Joy supplants the day's loud cheer,
And Contemplation, with the pensive eye,
Drapes with her magic hand the starlit dome on high.

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THE FAIR GABRIELLE.

BY THE EDITOR.


OF all the beauty sacrificed, from age to age, beneath the basilisk glance of power and the soul-degrading dogma of the divine right of kings—of all that has been doomed to moral suffocation among the roses of Court favour—perhaps none ever exceeded that of *Gabrielle d'Etrées*; and ably has the artist portrayed, in the accompanying plate, the first scene in her short career, through love—pride—suffering—to the bowl!

Who that looks upon the modest maidenhood of that sweet girl, tendering to her monarch the hunter's stirrup-cup, under the eye of her awe-struck father, would deem it possible that at that father's instance, she could be brought to yield up all most dear to the heart of woman—her maiden fame, her social rank, and even her earliest dream of love—because a monarch smiled!

Why brooks that father the bold hand that sweeps aside the veil, and the still bolder gaze bent on the downcast features of the daughter? Why, but that some busy fiend, like the witch-tempters of Macbeth, is whispering in his ear, a catalogue of coming *honours*!

Who brought this royal curse to blast and to infect the quiet groves of Cœuvres? The Duke de Bellegarde, the chosen of the heart of *Gabrielle*! A silly vanity, while the wine flowed freely, induced him to contend, even in the presence of his king, for the superior charms of the fair provincial, above the brightest dames of courtly Paris. And where is the lover now? Alas! the *august* brow of royalty has deigned to smile upon the object of his choice, and lo! the duteous subject bows and disappears!

In this age, and in a country where man has risen to a knowledge of his rights and the true dignity of God's image upon earth, there are those who would denounce in unmeasured terms, the Mephistopheles of this rural scene; but let us not be violent and hasty in condemning errors belonging to the times and system, rather than the man; nor let us suffer ourselves to smile with too much bitterness upon the terms which history applies to greatness in a half-enlightened age. The chief actor in this episode of a *glorious* period in the history of France, was Henry of Navarre, the pride and flower of chivalry, the first soldier of his age; the *sans peur*, and almost *sans reproche* of the sixteenth century. Reared amid scenes of massacre and blood—himself the victim of the Italian treachery of the worst of queens, and the persecuted of the most corrupt of churches—sleeping to dream of the stiletto, and waking to avoid the bowl—was *Henri le Grand*, of France, the father of his people, and the arbiter of Europe, the prince of a thousand virtues and a single weakness.—Shall we bestow a stronger term on that one fault which, educated as he was, and living where he lived, it would have been miraculous had he escaped?



Alas! both *Gabrielle* and *Henri*—monarch and victim—were alike the slaves of that stern triple-linked despotism of mind, body, and estate, beneath which Europe has been bound for many a weary age. In vain did *Gabrielle* pray—in vain did *Henri* struggle to amend the wrong. The cool, statesman-like rectitude of Sully, and the convenient *virtue* of the Papal father, though lightly smiling at the *venial error*, were outraged by the bare idea of its *correction*; and to prevent that awful consummation with its positive results, the loveliest daughter of France—“was not!” He who had lured her from the happy shades of private life, was doomed to a more public, but not more violent death.

Now, when the world, thank Heaven! begins at last to witness the approach of brighter days,—now, when the dry land begins to rise through the great sea of blood and crime, upon which the darkness of superstition has slept, or the storms of absolutism raged for so many centuries—we may look back and weep, unchecked by moral doubts, over the sad history of those victims of an age of riot and fanaticism—over him, than whom France never knew one nobler, and her, than whom she can boast few more beautiful and pure.

THE BROKEN HEART.

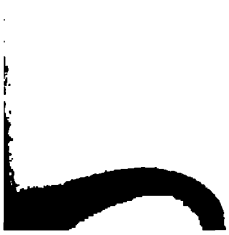
A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Yes—I have seen thy once-loved maid—
Scarce had she seemed a thing of wo,
If but by common eyes surveyed ;—
Still round her lips the soft smile played,
Still on her cheek was that pure glow
Which thou wert wont, in other days,
To paint with such enraptured praise.

Yet, though her smile was loveliest still—
Though still the rose was on her cheek—
Oh ! I had augured less of ill,
To see her eyes, unconscious, fill
With tears, a wounded heart that speak.
The sufferer, who in tears can grieve,
Time yet may heal, or art relieve.

But when her smile an instant fled,
Then showed the sickness of the heart ;



Then round that hectic flush was spread
The ashy paleness of the dead ;

I saw it with a shuddering start ;—
Too well it told, that nought could save
The victim destined to the grave.

She spoke—but not of thee or thine ;
Her words were penitence and prayer.
She seemed to suffer—not repine.
O ! Henry ! had the deed been mine,
That doomed to death a form so fair,
I should have read, in every eye,
The record of my infamy.

I would not—dared not—breathe thy name !
I stood before the dying maid
In consciousness of silent shame !
She knew not why, nor whence, I came :
Thy parting words I left unsaid :
By one whose thoughts were all of heaven,
How could I doubt *thou* wert forgiven ?

Henry ! thou hast a beauteous bride—
Rank, fame, and fortune are thy own—
But not for these, and all beside
That ministers to human pride—
Not for a sceptre, or a throne,
Would I have done so foul a deed,
Or doomed so fond a heart to bleed.

Farewell ! thou art no more my friend—
The love of years is ended here,
That else with life alone could end ;—
How could my heart's affection blend
With aught so frail and insincere?
How could I think of that lost maid,
Nor fear to be, like her, betrayed ?

THE LAST OF THE STORM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

AT a very early hour of a July morning, an admirer of the picturesque stood alone upon the top of a hill, upon a spot best calculated to give him a bird's-eye view of the town in which he was a temporary resident, together with its adjacent scenery. The prospect he commanded was indeed most pleasing, notwithstanding that some blotches occasionally offended the eye, and produced disagreeable associations in the mind.

The extensive "haunt of men," containing twenty thousand souls, peeped out, here and there, about a mile distant, through groves, gardens and orchards, mixed up with its outskirts, and through more rural foliage between him and them. The river that ran under its bridges from a remote hill-source, widened as it approached the stranger; uplands sloped from behind it; and all around, to a great distance, the country was spotted with villas and mansions, and relieved with masses of trees, rich and abundant for an Irish landscape, though somewhat meagre if compared with a parallel scene in perfected England. Beyond them, from twenty to forty miles off, towered blue mountains—shapeless, ex-

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cepting in the general outline—blank—pale—the mere spectres of what in reality they were. Upon their peaks alone the rising sun had begun to shine, whilst all the rest of the picture remained untouched by his beams, though visible in their promised advent;—not vague in twilight, but distinct and fresh, however cool, and, as it were, unjoyous in the reflection rather than in the presence of godlike day. A white mist curled up, at different points of the wide-spread slopes, the river running gray and dim, and showing only black wrinkles where at noontide it was wont to sport its dimples, and interweave its maze of little lines of light.

The dark spots of this fair view remain now to be noticed. Part of the suburbs of the town consisted of dingy ruins: cabins and small farm-houses beyond them, also appeared half burned,—no cattle grazed or sauntered, or reclined in their trampled pasturages,—few, indeed, could be seen over the whole landscape; in other fields, hay had rotted, and wheat and barley were going to decay for want of the sickle; many mills upon the brink of the river, or of its tributary streamlets, showed signs of recent and present idleness; and before one of them, which the stranger knew had lately been converted into a temporary barrack, a sentinel was passing. These, and other things, seemed to indicate that civil war, not yet quite subdued, had recently visited, in its bitter wrath, one of the fairest districts of his country; in fact, it was the end of July, 1798.

“But the storm is about to pass away,” said he, “never again, I hope, to gather on our hills and desolate our plains;—a few weeks more, and in this town and county, at least,



we shall be amenable to our own civil magistrates, and not to the arbitrary administrators of martial law ; a few days more, and our sisters, wives and daughters need not tremble through the livelong night, cowering together like wood-pigeons from the hawk ;—a few days more, and you, dearest Bessie, now dreaming of me (you will say so at breakfast) in yonder garrisoned town, may be permitted to accept of my protection.”

Indulging the last feeling, he employed himself, lover-like, in trying to make out, among the different groups of houses that broke through the foliage in and beyond the town, the identical roof under which he imagined his fair dreamer to slumber, when he heard shrill cries from a by-road that skirted the hill upon which he stood, although its convex sweep was so abrupt as to hide that road from his view. Suddenly the cries were hushed—and then came a clashing of weapons from the same quarter. Indifferent to the danger of interfering, in such times, in an unknown quarrel, he hastened to the road ; not indeed by plunging directly downwards from the spot on which he had been standing,—this being impracticable,—but rather by running along the hill’s ridge towards the town, until he gained a path winding obliquely over its bosom, and tardily ushering him upon the road, at a point considerably above the spot he was so anxious to gain.

Before he was half-way down, the clashing ceased, as the cries had previously done. He stopped to listen in the *bosheen* ;—horsemen approached him, yet hidden by a turn of the narrow road. Prudence now qualified his first chivalrous ardour, and he secreted himself behind a fence.

Presently, two Hessians, belonging to a regiment quartered in the town, came slowly up to his hiding-place. They were conversing in their own language, with which he was acquainted, and their first words strongly interested him. They came close—he held his breath to catch every syllable they uttered, and just as they passed, he ventured, for a reason drawn from their discourse, to glance observantly, though cautiously at them. He now perceived that the face of one was bleeding profusely, while the right arm of the other was bound up, and hung disabled at his side. Soon after clearing his ambush, the Hessians trotted briskly towards the town. He then jumped over the fence, and, greatly excited, ran along the road in the direction they had taken. He arrived at a stile, leading into a pasture-field, which belonged, as he was aware, to a farm-house distant some fields more from it, and skirting a little retired hamlet—almost the only one in the immediate district still free from the visitations of civil war. The mark of horses' hoofs on the dust near the fence recently impressed, made him pause at this spot. He vaulted over the stile, and remarked, even during his quick transit, that it was bloody. At the end of a path running from it, he saw two cows standing together holding down their heads; a pail, overturned, was near them, and beyond them were some men and women, with eyes bent upon the ground. A few bounds brought him into the midst of the group, and he now saw what he had expected—the poor owner of the pail lying senseless, if not dead, on the grass; her head bruised, and a severe wound in her neck.

He called on the bystanders for an explanation—one and

all, they professed complete ignorance of the accident. They had only heard screams at some distance; and when, after waiting for each other to advance in a body, they arrived on the spot, they saw no one—nothing, in short, but the poor girl lying there, her pail upset, her milk spilled, and the two cows standing over her; and “*she* could not yet spake for herself, if it was the Lord’s will that she was ever to spake agin at all;” but one of the women surmised that “Brown Beck, the young cow wi’ the sharp horns, that now and then was a giddy, cross-grained cow, might have done the mischief, for as sorry as she now looked on the head of it.”

The catechist did not regret the ignorance of the peasants, and with praiseworthy caution resolved not to make them wiser on the subject. He only assisted in conveying the wounded milk-maid to the farm-house, having first despatched a messenger for a surgeon. The girl moaned when they stirred her, but gave no sign of consciousness. Her new friend saw her laid on a bed, and taking the dame of the house aside, soon convinced the good woman’s understanding that, till the arrival of a surgeon, she alone ought to sit by the sufferer’s couch, and hear her explanation; if, indeed, she should be able to give one by that time. —The next instant he was on the road to the town.

In the suburbs he met the surgeon proceeding to visit his patients. It was most advisable to make a confidant of this gentleman, also; accordingly, our young acquaintance stopped him, repeated much of what he had said to the farmer’s wife, obtained the assurances he wished, and walked quietly forward.

It did not surprise him to observe, at the entrance of the town, groups of people looking around, as they conversed in a low tone, and turned their heads and eyes in the direction which the two bleeding Hessians must so very recently have taken. But he was startled—though expecting something of the kind, too—when, as he gained the main street, drums beat to arms, trumpets sounded to the field, and soldiers of every description, regulars, militia, and the local yeomen, hurried, obeying the summons, to a well-known place of rendezvous.

He was received at the friend's house in which, for many months, he had been a visiter, with a welcome which suggested that his family had expected his return, in some alarm. His host, and his host's son, stood at the back of the servant who opened the door, and shook his hand warmly. A voice yet gentler than theirs, whispered his name through a half-open door in the hall, and he disappeared into the apartment, to answer the summons as became him; nor did he lead Bessie Gordon to the breakfast-parlour until he had made her the exclusive confidant of his morning's adventure, detailing every circumstance very minutely, for her satisfaction and assurance.

Breakfast was nearly over, when he asked—"And now, my good friends, what is the meaning of the excitement in which I find you all?"

"Has no one told you, as you came along, Harry?" said Mr. Gordon. "No." "Then you have yet to hear disagreeable news. Two of the Hessians of our garrison, on their way to General Sir A. D. with despatches, this morning, have been attacked by a body of rebels, who, unfortu-

nately for me, seemed to be composed of my tenantry about Killane."

"Ay!" cried Harry, drily.

"Ay, indeed, and the two poor fellows are badly hurt; and Sir A. D. is going to march out almost the whole garrison, to burn every cabin of the hamlet, if he cannot meet with the treacherous rascals."

"Ay!" repeated Harry, his brow knitting and his cheek reddening, to the surprise of his host; "and have *the two poor fellows* described the appearance of the rebels, sir? Were there any *women* among them?"

"Why, yes, as is almost always the case; one of whom, the men think they have wounded."

"Ay!" still cried Harry, rising sternly, while a party of horse trotted up to the hall door, and then a loud knocking resounded through the house.

"The General," resumed Mr. Gordon—"following up his intimation to me, even sooner than I expected."

"What intimation, sir?"

"That, before he proceeded to Killane, he would require my opinion as to those of my tenantry there most likely, from symptoms of previous disaffection, to have headed the insurrection this morning."

"Mr. Gordon," resumed Henry, while they heard the General and his party ushered into an adjoining room, "there is now no time to inform you why I am very anxious to stand by your side during this interview, but I particularly request you to afford me that privilege."

"Henry Lane," answered his host, "your expression, when you came home, just now—the preference I know

you have for that morning walk towards Killane—your manner at breakfast—your present request—all convince me you can say something about the matter in question—is it so?”

“It is, Mr. Gordon.”

“And you *do not fear* to stand by my side?”

His young guest scouted the notion.

“Although your old enemy, Kirk, is at the General’s elbow?”

“Although the devil, instead of a dear friend of his, were there, Mr. Gordon.”


They entered the General’s presence together. He was a sharp-featured man; having a military air certainly—but one of an inferior kind. A scar through his lips, and down his chin, argued, indeed, effective service; but it also added to the ungente expression of his countenance, and did not combat the presumption that fitness of natural character, rather than high achievement in the field, had recommended him to his late and present situation of despotic chief, judge, and all but executioner, at a terrible and merciless crisis.

At his right hand, stood Mr. Sheriff Kirk—also, Captain Kirk; the second title having been conferred by a command in one of the yeomanry corps of the town. He wore, of course, his military uniform, and did not lack the air of a soldier. Nor were his cool gray eyes, his yellow cheeks, and his steady mouth, evidences of a merely civil energy of official character. A few words more, glancing at his previous history, are required, for the knowledge we need to have of this individual.

‘Ten years before, he had kept a very humble shop in the

town. A large reward was offered for the apprehension of a notorious robber. Mr. Kirk courageously issued into the country—returned with the highwayman—got the reward—and never afterwards knew a poor day. Under the patronage of the noble person who dispensed corporate honours, he rose rapidly in the world. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, no man could be more active in discovering hidden traitors, and dragging them to justice; some said, indeed, that on the principle of “sure hide, sure find,” he might be supposed to be peculiarly adapted for the service. In the field, as a yeomanry officer, his zeal was equally conspicuous; for instance, after a skirmish with a band of United Irish, in a village some miles distant, two of the retreating peasants ran for shelter into a thatched chapel on the roadside, and Mr. Kirk pursued them, sword in hand, and despatched the superstitious rebels on the steps of their little altar.

Henry Lane, when his host presented him to Sir A. D., wondered at the coldness of the General’s bow. The undisguised sneer of Mr. Kirk did not surprise him. Upon his arrival, as the visiter of his father’s oldest friend, Bessie Gordon was from home, and, amid the mixed society of the town, a daughter of the Captain-sheriff received at his hands more passing gallantry than perhaps fell to the lot of the young ladies around her; but Bessie came—looked—and conquered; and, in consequence, Mr. Kirk and his “darling child” chose to consider themselves ill-used people. But we dare say the gentleman felt even more keenly a second injury. Henry Lane had snatched from his gripe an inno-



cent man, from whose condemnation as a rebel, Mr. Kirk had expected to reap peculiar advantages.

Mr. Gordon preferred his own and his young friend's request, that Harry might be permitted to remain during the interview about to commence. The General and Mr. Kirk exchanged very expressive glances; and while, to Henry's increased amazement, the former said, "Certainly; though we could not suppose the young gentleman would be so anxious about it,"—the latter, almost to his consternation—smiled.

"In fact, sir," resumed Sir A. D., "our principal business here is—making as little noise as possible—to desire you to consider yourself a prisoner."

"On what account?" asked Henry.

"Why, sir, we hope you may be able to tell us something of the insurrection of this morning;—you were observed on the road to Killane, hiding behind a fence, when, as is presumed, you found yourself likely to be overtaken by the retreating Hessians."

Henry Lane now asked another, and a very impolitic question; one that seemed almost to imply guilt; instead of at once communicating the information it was his duty to submit. But his curiosity to ascertain who had observed him, when he felt convinced the Hessians had not, threw him off his guard.

"Observed! by whom?"—he demanded.

"I regret to say, by me, Mr. Lane," continued Captain Kirk; "I happened to be in the fields, at your back."

"Then you dogged me, like the spy and informer you are, sir," said the accused, giving way to youthful passion.

He was severely checked by the General, and advised to speak more to the point. Much grieved and alarmed, his old host whispered him to be cool and collected: this, as is sometimes the case with persons in his situation, only made him less tractable. He vociferated;—he gesticulated;—he unbuttoned his coat, violently;—and there was an exclamation from the General and his prime-minister, as both pointed to a large bloody stain on his waistcoat. Henry had received it while assisting the unfortunate young woman to the farm-house; had buttoned his coat over it, as he returned to the town; had almost forgotten it, since; and had now unconsciously disclosed it. Feeling aware how much it must tell against him, he became silent and confused, and, to the scrutinizing eyes which observed him, appeared really guilty.

“Pray, Mr. Lane,” continued Sir A. D., “inform us, at last, if you please, why you concealed yourself from the Hessians, and in what manner your waistcoat became soiled.”

Courageously rallying, Henry said frankly what he had to say. The General and Mr. Kirk again glanced at each other; and the former, shaking his head, expressed his regret that, in the very improbable story submitted—and so tardily submitted—he saw little that ought to keep the matter from the ordinary test of a court-martial.

“Very well, sir,” said Henry, “only send for the poor girl, and if she is able to attend”—(and his blood grew chill at the thought that she might be dead, without having uttered a word!) “I can laugh with scorn at the result.”

The General believed that, whether she could attend or

not, Mr. Lane would hardly be benefited; it was already in evidence from the two Hessians, that they had wounded one—and only one—of the motley rabble; that one, a woman, and, necessarily, the witness appealed to; and any convenient story she might tell, was scarcely worth the trouble of sending for; particularly as a despatch to Killane must put the rebels on their guard against the intended attack; “and,” continued Sir A. D., “as we only wait the closing of the present case to march for their position.”

Well aware of the prompt manner in which the General had hitherto deemed himself compelled to “close” such “cases” as “the present,” Henry again began to exclaim against his mode of proceeding. “What! is an innocent man to be destroyed by the very villains he seeks to bring to justice?”

Mr. Gordon, quite terrified, raised his voice in entreaties for time and cool investigation. A whisper from the Captain-sheriff disposed of his appeal; and that gentleman then stepped out, and returned with two dragoons, who placed themselves at either side of the prisoner.

“In the name of common sense!” still conjured Henry, “how can I be supposed capable of the absurdity laid to my charge? My father’s loyalty; as well known as are his rank and high character—my friends here; the first in your town—free from all taint,—how can suspicion fall on me? *I* a rebel! *I* join with rebels in the field!”

“Mr. Lane may recollect that his late zeal on behalf of a known and marked rebel, might not have left *motives* quite unsuspected,” said Mr. Kirk.

“Silence, paltry fellow!” cried the accused; “and now,

Sir A. D., I have but one remaining appeal to make from your court-martial—from even your order for a court-martial—from yourself, personally—and it is to the distinguished man who has been publicly appointed to succeed you in your command over us all; understand, therefore, distinctly, that I protest, in his name, against your authority, and demand to be left—a prisoner, if necessary—for *his* disposal.”

“You will understand, in return, sir, that, although the gallant individual to whom you allude has, indeed, been nominated to relieve me of my painful responsibilities, I retain, even with his assent, the full powers they confer, until he personally requires a transfer of them at my hands,” answered Sir A. D.

“But accountable to him, surely, for the use of what can be but delegated power, since his appointment,” urged Mr. Gordon.

“You mistake, sir,” said the General.

“He is expected this very day,” resumed Henry.

“He *was*; but he is not, Mr. Lane. Two men of our garrison—of whom you know something—brought me a despatch from him a few hours ago, stating that, from a great anxiety to cultivate anew an old friendship, he will stop and sleep at Lord N——’s, on the road to us. And so I have answered all your demands at length, and, out of respect to your host, perhaps without considering the situation in which I am placed. Now, please to attend us to the court-house.”

“Come, then!” cried the prisoner; “and how could I have hoped better from a man, whose cruelty, and not whose honourable services, procured him his present butch-

ering commission ; and who dare not stand an appeal to the dignified commander, at length selected to rescue us from his despotism of blood ?"—

"My old friend's son !" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, extending his arms, as Henry was led out after the General and Mr. Kirk. A shriek reached them ; and ere he could embrace the father, the daughter was clinging to his neck.

"Fear nothing, Bessie—I am innocent."

"I know you are," answered the poor girl ; "but is that a reason why I should fear nothing ? Is that a reason why I should forget the sights we have unwillingly seen through the side panes of the old bow-window above stairs ? Oh ! Harry, remember the horrible day when, in less than an hour after he was dragged from our table, we beheld poor young S—— led to their rooted gibbet, opposite their court-house ! But *you* must be saved !—how—how—what is to be done ?"

"I will go out to General K——," stammered Mr. Gordon, who, since Bessie's appearance, had stood with his back against the wall ; and while he spoke, he fell. His daughter, screaming again, flung herself down by his side. The dragoons gained the hall with their prisoner ;—she flew to him ;—they forced her back ; and a second time she was at her father's side, now as insensible as he ; and Henry, accompanied by her brother, proceeded to the court-house.

Lord N——'s mansion, at which General K—— was spending the day, was about twelve miles distant from the town. An hour and a half after the occurrences related, he stood with his old friends before the steps of their hall-door,

his hands behind his back, his gray head bent towards his breast. The urbanity of a gentleman, and the light of a good heart, cast a dignity over his massive and hard-marked features. A female galloped up the avenue, seated on a spirited little steed, as was evident from the animal's fiery though graceful motions. She wore a lady's riding-habit, but her head was bare; and when she swept nearer, her golden hair appeared flowing down her shoulders and around her face, young and fair as the morning; but like morning when its hues are washed out by tears. She must have caught a view of the persons she wished to see, at some distance; for, she waved her light whip before they could hear her voice; and when the words she had long been uttering grew at last distinct, they pronounced his name.—He stepped forward.

“For life and death, General K——! for life and death!” she continued; “and not a moment—and not a word to spare;—order your horses, sir!—you are deputed to act for heaven, this day—you alone!—Come, sir, come!”

Amazed, admiring, sympathizing, and much excited, he prayed an explanation.

“Not if you mean to *act*, not if you *will* discharge your great duty! not if you shrink from murder done in your name!—Your horses, sir!”

Overpowered by her contagious vehemence, he gave the order required.

“The carriage!” said Lady N——, whose pale cheeks and streaming eyes bespoke the excitement in which she observed and listened. The carriage was in waiting, to take the party a ride through the grounds.

"Thanks!" said the General; "and it is better, if this young lady must—"

"Must and will go back with you!" interrupted Bessie Gordon, jumping from her saddle, and, almost stumbling, she was at the carriage door before he could offer his arm. The next moment they were whirled off, attended by the aide-de-camps, who had been ready mounted to accompany him on a very different excursion.

In broken sentences Bessie now gave an explanation of her hasty summons. Henry's confidential communication to her before breakfast, enabled her to detail the whole of his case. Her companion listened most attentively. He inquired her lover's name. Bessie at last burst into tears as she gave it.

"Why, I know him," said General K——; "at least I know his father; and may have seen him, when a child, at his father's table; he must be saved, even if he were guilty,—but we shall see."

"The time, sir! the time!" sobbed Bessie; "and we go so slow!"—The horses were proceeding at full gallop.

The General spoke out of the window to an aide-de-camp, desiring him to push forward at the utmost speed of his charger, and announce his approach to the court-martial; and the young man, stimulated by his interest for the beautiful and wretched Bessie Gordon, as well as by zeal in the service of his beloved commander, soon seemed to substantiate Bessie's charge against the very best gallop the carriage horses could assume. They lost sight of him in a few minutes.

"Is it over?" was her question, addressed to the first

stranger she saw, as, an hour afterwards, the carriage rattled into the town; and twenty times she repeated it, although, either that it was not understood or heard, or that the people feared to answer her, no one replied. Approaching the court-house, she leaned out of the window to look at the hideous gibbet;—its rope wavered in the breeze—no more.

“Look, sir!” she said, catching the General’s arm, as she sank into her seat; “what do you think—*are* we too late?”

The carriage stopped—the door was instantly opened, and an officer of the garrison appeared at it, saluting the General.

“My aide-de-camp, sir?” asked the new commander, getting down.

“I have the honour to await you here with a verbal despatch from him,” replied the officer.

“Where is he, sir?” asked Bessie, jumping to her old protector’s side, who repeated her question.

“He has gone forward to Killane, sir, fresh mounted.”

“Then the court-martial *have* decided?” continued Bessie.

“They have, madam.”

“And Mr. Lane?”

“Has been marched out with the troops, to undergo his sentence, on the spot where—”

The officer ceased speaking, as Bessie dropped at his feet. He and the General raised her, and she was placed in her brother’s arms, who came running down the street.

“Fresh horses for us also, sir,” said General K—,

addressing the officer, as he pointed to his remaining aide-de-camps. While his commands were being obeyed, he walked up and down an open space before the court-house, his hands joined at his back, and his head bent, as was customary with him. Other officers of the residue of the garrison left in town, and several of the persons who, before the proclamation of martial law had wielded civil authority, approached to pay their respects. Suddenly he stopped, and glancing up at the gallows, said to the group generally, "Take that down ; its day is over." Then he resumed his short walk, and again stopping and scowling at the triangle which appeared in a corner of the space, added, "and down with that, too ;—*its* day had passed even before it was put up."

His horses were led out, and he and his aide-de-camps proceeded towards Killane, by the narrow hill-road upon which Henry Lane had seen the Hessians in the morning ; the officer of the garrison riding in advance to show them the way. On approaching the hamlet, they met the second officer, who had gone forward before them, standing over the sorry steed with which he had been supplied at the town ; the animal had fallen under him. After a few words they passed him.

"Shall we come up with them, sir?" asked General K—— of the officer.

"I should hope so, sir, unless they have marched at almost double-quick time ; yet, see there, sir ! and hear that !"—a wreath of smoke burst into the sunshine, beyond a quick turn of the road, and a cheer, simultaneously reached the party ;—"that must be the first firing of the

enemy's cabins, and the execution of Mr. Lane's sentence must have preceded it.

General K—— spurred forward, passing his guide, so as to be the first at the turn of the road ; and here he said, " You are wrong, sir,—the troops are still in motion towards their point."

It was so. Sir A. D., with his force, had not yet gained the thatched hamlet of Killane ; and the smoke that had been observed, arose only from a solitary cabin on the road-side, which, having been found deserted by the terrified inmates, was fired by Mr. Kirk's yeomen. Now within hearing of the rear-guard of the column, General K—— cried " Halt ! halt !" and desired his aide-de-camp to advance, who, obeying his command, repeated the magical word " Halt !" and added, in still louder tones, his commander's name. A halt quickly ensued, and the General galloped forward. Gaining the head of the line, he saw a young man, sitting on a horse led by a dragoon, his arms pinioned. Their eyes met ;—the General touched his old-fashioned cocked hat, and smiled.—Henry Lane, who, till that moment, had worn a firm brow and a flushed cheek, turned sickly pale, and would have fallen from his saddle, but for the assistance of his guards.

The veteran joined Sir A. D. and his staff, still more in front. The two Generals exchanged bows, and stood uncovered, as also did their attendants, while the whole line presented arms, and the trumpets and kettle-drums of the horse, and the bands of the infantry, played a salute. Now the little hamlet appeared in view, and from it came a wild and alarmed cry, in answer to the startling though cheering

burst of martial music; and presently groups of men, women, and children, of every age, were seen running before the cabins, in great terror and disorder.

"The enemy, I suppose," said General K——; "not in arms, though, and therefore scarcely worth our attention. Let us send out to reconnoitre, however, in hopes that they may deem us entitled to a better reception. Meantime, Sir A. D., I go towards the cabins."

Attended only by an aide-de-camp, he arrived at the farm-house to which the wounded milk-maid had been carried. The surgeon, still in attendance, pronounced her out of danger, and at last able to speak. General K—— heard, at her bedside, the communications she had already made to her mistress and to the surgeon. Of the latter, he inquired whether she could safely be removed to the town, travelling in an open litter, only as fast as the troops should march. The surgeon said she could; and then, giving the necessary orders, he left the farm-house.

In a contiguous field, he summoned back the reconnoitring parties, and learned from their report, that no enemy of any kind appeared in view. After this, he rode to the nearest group of peasants, who, with much entreaty, awaited his approach; told the terrified people to go home and keep quiet; and lastly, returned to the troops on the road, and ordered them to march back the way they had come.

At the entrance to the town he whispered to his aide-de-camp, who trotted briskly forward. Arrived at the public parade, he halted the soldiers and dismissed them to their barracks: he then desired Sir A. D., the officers who generally formed his court-martial, and the prisoner, Henry

Lane, to attend him to the court-house. As they proceeded up the steps of the building, Mr. Kirk, and many of his friends, exchanged eloquent glances at the disappearance of the gallows and the triangle.

The aide-de-camp, who had gone forward, met his General in the court, and pointed out the two wounded Hessians, one in the dock, the other at a side-bar.

"Have you kept them separate, sir?" he asked.

"Strictly so, sir," answered the aide-de-camp.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, "we require some additional information touching the rebel movement of this morning; and, without yet sitting as a court-martial, I wish to examine, in succession, these wounded men. Let one of them be led quite out of hearing. Let the other come on the table."

He was quickly obeyed. The Hessian selected as a first witness, again affirmed that he and his comrade had been surprised by a band of rebels, at Killane, that morning; and, after wounding one only of the assailants—a woman—barely escaped with their lives. General K—— put questions, requiring minute accounts of the details of the affair, and received certain answers which he desired should be carefully written down. He then seemed casually to inquire what conversation had passed between the witness and his comrade, upon the route home, after their escape;—the man hesitated. He raised his voice, knit his brow, and desired instantly a report of their whole conversation along the hill-road, whatever it was. The Hessian now gave answers, which were also committed to writing.

"Let him withdraw, and bring up the other—still keeping them apart," resumed General K—.

The second Hessian appeared in the evidence-chair. His general statement of the attack corroborated that of the first; but his account of the specific details, already described by his comrade, was a new story altogether. And when asked to recollect and repeat their discourse on the road homewards, he made it consist of topics, which did not remotely resemble, even in matter, those sworn to by his friend.

"Let them come face to face," was the General's next command. Accordingly, they confronted each other; heard read the extraordinary clashings of their separate testimony, and were called on to reconcile them if they could. The men were silent.

"Has the prisoner, Mr. Lane, any questions to propose to the witnesses?" asked General K—.

Henry said he would prefer to have them ask questions of one another, at his dictation. This was agreed to; and he proceeded fluently in their own tongue.

"The man whose sword-arm is disabled, shall say to his comrade, 'Hans, bad work you have done for me, and I for you, all about a silly girl.'"

The Hessians started at these words,—exchanged glances,—then looked consciously around,—and then bent their eyes on the table.

"If he does not speak, shall I give him the answer Hans gave *him*?" continued Henry.

"Do so, prisoner."

"Listen then, Hans.—'Ay, Quinton; but blame your

own greediness of the girl's smiles, by the side of an old friend.' ”

Again the Hessians showed agitation.

“I continue, sir, speaking for Hans and Quinton, alternately.”

Still the General assented.

“ ‘ Well, Hans, here we ride back to head-quarters, without a smile of hers to boast of, between us.’ ”

“ ‘ Ay, and in a plight we must account for, too, Quinton.’ ”

“ ‘ Oh ! the rebels have surprised us.’ ”

“ ‘ Der deyvil ! good !—but the girl may prate, unless her mouth is stopped.’ ”

“ ‘ And I think I’ve stopped it, Hans ; or, no matter ; she was one of the ambuscade—half wild Irishmen, half wild Irishwomen ;—so, let her tell her story ;—who will believe it?’ ”

“And such is the conversation,” resumed Henry Lane, speaking for himself, “which I overheard between these two men, upon the hill-road from Killane, early this morning.”

In answer to questions from General K——, he ended by describing his proceedings, after the Hessians passed him, down to the moment at which he left the farm-house.

“Place them at the bar,” said the General ; “and now we form our court-martial.”

The Hessians were formally arraigned, and the contradictions of their own testimony, coupled with Henry Lane’s story, were taken as evidence against them.

“I have yet another witness,” resumed General K——,

glancing at his aide-de-camp. The young officer withdrew, and speedily returned, ushering to the table a litter, borne by soldiers, on which lay the wounded milk-maid. Her cruel assaulters stared in stupid terror upon her reclining form. The surgeon stood beside her as, in feeble and hoarse accents, she deposed to the following facts :

While employed in milking her cows, two troopers, "with beard on their lips," stopped at the stile of the pasture-field, looking towards her ; it was "just the gray of the morning." Presently they dismounted, and separately crossed the stile ; one walking fast before the other, and both speaking loud and angrily in "a fur'n speech." She screamed, attempted to run, and fell, from terror. Nearly at the same moment they broke into open quarrel, drew their swords, and cut at each other. She fainted ;—on regaining her senses, she saw them standing, exhausted and bleeding. In a frenzy, she called out the names of her friends, and spoke as if many people were speeding to help her ; the troopers looked around ; again interchanged words in a more friendly tone ; came close to her ; desired her to cease screaming ; finally, beat her about the head, and stabbed her in the neck ; and further she could tell nothing.

"The prisoner, Lane, has had opportunity to arrange this improbable story with the cunning girl," said Mr. Kirk.

"Impossible," answered the surgeon ; "when I reached the poor creature, she was unable to utter a word ; and she must have been still more unable to do so before my arrival."

"She does not identify the men," resumed the sheriff.

"The men confess their guilt," said the aide-de-camp, who stood near them.

"Let them die before the sun sets, notwithstanding," said General K——, "and release Mr. Lane."

"Come home, Hal," cried young Gordon, grasping Henry Lane's hand.

"How is Bessie?" asked the liberated prisoner, on their way through the streets.

"In good hopes, since your return with old K——; and her father still able to congratulate you upon your escape from THE LAST OF THE STORM."

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

By the lengthening twilight hours,
By the chill and fragrant showers,
By the flowerets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the gray and clouded morn ;
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now and earthward tending,
Like man, full of years, and bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly, soon, shall withering be ;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love ;
By the meadows, overspread
With the spider's wavy thread ;
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,—
Summer, we perceive thy death !
Summer, all thy charms are past ;
Summer, thou art wasting fast ;


Scarcely one of all thy roses,
On thy faded brow reposes.
Day by day, more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining.
Though thy wan and sickly smile
Faintly lingers yet awhile,
Thrush and Nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song,
And, on every lonely height,
Swallows gather for their flight;
Streams that, late, in sparkling course,
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse;
While the gale's inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the valleys lone,
Sadly sighs, with mournful breath,
Requiems for sweet Summer's Death.

THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R. N.

How many people there are in this world who, after a career of extreme usefulness, and discharging every public and private duty with exemplary fidelity, may be said to live and die, comparatively speaking, unknown, except to the small circle surrounding them, who pay a just tribute to their worth. The *soi-disant* patriot, who would sell his country, if he could find a purchaser, and whose ideas are all centered in self, may easily become notorious, have his name in every mouth and in every newspaper, and give his dose of flattery to the public, in exchange for their tumultuous huzzas; but the man of high principle, who pursues the even tenor of his way towards that which is right, effecting great good in the moral condition of those around him, must be content with the applause of his own conscience, and the satisfaction which must ever arise from having unflinchingly performed his duty.

I do not know any instance in which the truth of the above observations has been more strikingly illustrated than in the useful but too short career of the officer whose con-



duct occasioned the little moral drama which I am about to narrate.

This officer was Captain W. Symonds, of the 96th; a son of Sir W. Symonds, the present surveyor of the navy. He was appointed head of the police in New Zealand, and was in constant communication with that wild and barbarous people, who have no scruples at murder and cannibalism. Their propensities to these practices are too well known to be disputed; I will, however, mention one or two circumstances, to prove their total indifference to the taking away of human life.

The New Zealanders are generally tattooed all over the face in a very remarkable and not inelegant manner; and they have a certain method of baking the head after death, by which the features are preserved so as to appear almost as perfect as in life. One or two of their heads were first brought home as curiosities by discovery ships and vessels afterwards resorting to New Zealand for timber. The masters of them found that it was well worth their trouble to bring home these preserved heads, as by them they realized a good sum in their own countries. In a short time these baked heads became almost an article of export from New Zealand; and the supply was always found equal to the demand; for, the natives waylaid and murdered each other to obtain this head-money.

I was told by a mate of an American vessel, that one day a very tall New Zealander, who had a magnificent countenance, came on board, and the master of the vessel, struck with his appearance, pointed him out to the mate, in the presence of the other natives. They took the hint, (if it

was intended as a hint,) and about ten days afterwards the head of this man, very well preserved, was brought on board to the master of the vessel to be purchased.

Eventually, these facts became so notorious, that to put an end to the vile practice, it has been directed by the Board of Customs, that New Zealand heads are not to be admitted upon *any* duty.

These remarks will fully establish the difficulties with which Captain Symonds had to contend, when he took upon himself the task of introducing laws and civilization among these cannibals; but it will be satisfactorily established before my narrative is ended, that, in a very short time, he did obtain, by his inflexible integrity and mild but decided conduct in his dealings with them, a most extraordinary influence over these savages. I cannot, however, leave Captain Symonds, and tell the story, without mentioning the occasion of this officer's being taken away from his sphere of usefulness. His death was occasioned by his usual good-will and kindness towards his fellow-creatures.

The wife of Mr. Hamilton, the missionary, was taken ill, and neither medical advice nor medicines could be procured; upon which Captain Symonds, although the weather was very rough, volunteered to go on board of the *Brilliant*, a vessel lying in Manatton Bay, to procure the medicines and bring them on shore. On returning from the vessel, the boat, which contained Captain Symonds, his friend Mr. Adams, two English seamen, and a native, was upset in a squall. The accident was perceived on board of the *Brilliant*, as it took place when the boat was about a mile distant from her; but the sea was so rough that no assistance

could be afforded. The two seamen sank immediately ; Mr. Adams swam for some time, but at last disappeared. Captain Symonds, who was a powerful and excellent swimmer, remained above water for an hour and twenty minutes, and at last sank when close to the land. The native only gained the shore. Thus perished a most valuable member of society ; and no one could be more deeply deplored than he was by those who knew his worth. He died as he had lived, in attempting to benefit his fellow-creatures. His life had been that of a true Christian, and his death was the same. Surely he will have his reward !

Among the numerous chiefs of New Zealand was one of the name of Te Waco. When this chief came to Kawia, Captain Symonds explained to him that they should, for the future, be guided and governed by the English laws ; and most particularly pointed out to him why they should not take the punishment of crimes and offences into their own hands ; but that every one should be fairly tried and condemned, before they were brought to justice.

Te Waco listened to the arguments of Captain Symonds, and afterwards made him a promise that in his own tribe, he would not only make known the English laws, but that he would enforce them ; and then he took his leave, and quitted Kawia for his own territory.

It was some time after this that Captain Symonds, as he travelled round the island, came to the abode of Te Waco, who resided on the river Waipa. After Captain Symonds had satisfactorily settled several outrages which had been committed by the natives on the settlers, Te Waco, calling a native girl to him, stepped forward.

"Hamoine," said Te Waco (for such was the name which had been given to Captain Symonds by the natives), "I promised you to acknowledge your laws, because they are just and good laws; and I will be true to my promise. This girl, who now stands before you, has committed a murder. I accuse her of it before you; let her be tried, and if found guilty, as she must be, let her be punished."

"Let me know the facts, Te Waco," replied Captain Symonds, as the chief paused in his speech.

"They are as follows, Hamoine. Her brother, who was married, loved the slave of another family. He had been forbidden intercourse with this slave girl, for we do not among ourselves permit this; but the facts became known, and her brother, aware that his life would be taken for what he had done, by the relatives of his wife, destroyed himself with his gun. This girl, his sister, loving her brother, and weeping for his loss, considered the slave girl as the cause of his death. She watched, and last night she discovered the slave girl on the beach, and to revenge her brother's death she has killed the girl. Now, take this young woman, and judge her according to your laws."

"Who are you?" said Captain Symonds to the girl, when Te Waco had finished.

"Te Waco is my father," replied the girl.

The reader may imagine the scene, and the surprise of the Europeans when this reply was given. There stood Te Waco, a man of a serene, highly meditative, and noble countenance, arraigning his only child of murder. His motives could not be mistaken. His daughter, a handsome and beautifully-modelled figure, stood before him, with her

arms folded across her breast. A tear was seen starting in either eye, and she occasionally gave a hasty look of reproach towards her father ; but when called upon for her defence, she proved herself not unworthy of her parentage, and pleaded her own cause with energy and firmness.

“My father would be childless,” said she. “He has lost his son, and would now lose his daughter, because your laws are good. But I do not know your laws. I have acted upon our laws, and a law which I feel here,” said she, placing her hand to her heart. “I loved my brother. I had but one brother, and he is dead. Who was the cause of his death? That slave girl, whom I met in the bush. I killed her ; for by our laws a life is due for a life. Now, you tell me, and Te Waco says, that the English law forbids this. It may be so, but our laws do not. Punish the English by the English law, if you please ; but I am a New Zealand girl, and I wish to live to take care of my father.”

Te Waco, who would not listen to this, made a reply, but the girl overruled his arguments. Captain Symonds refused to send the girl to Auckland, as Te Waco wished him to do ; upon which Te Waco stepped forward a few paces nearer to Captain Symonds, and folding his robe round him, drew himself to his utmost height, and said, “Hamoine, I promised you that the English law should be acted upon among my tribe. You refuse to punish this girl because she was ignorant. The fault must be mine, for she is my daughter. If, then, there is an excuse for her, there can be none for me, who knew what was right, and who made the promise. Murder must be punished ;

and if she is not punished, the punishment must fall on me. Perhaps it is better; she is young, I am old. Take my life for that of the slave who has been killed."

It was with great difficulty that Captain Symonds could persuade Te Waco that the ends of justice would not be answered by the substitution; but at last he was convinced, and taking his daughter by the hand, led her out of the court.

We read some instances of a similar nature in ancient history, and which are pointed out to youth as examples of heroism and nobility of soul: but I doubt if there can be found one more honourable to the parties than this simple narrative I have given of the conduct of a New Zealand chief.

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THE VOYAGE OF LOVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Queen of Beauty sat upon the Cytheran hills, listlessly looking forth upon the twilight sea. Born of the ocean foam, she was the daughter of the first crest of the first wave that broke upon the beach, when ancient Chaos awoke but to give her life and disappear, as the nascent breeze waved aside the veil of Nox,—dread mother of Sleep and Death. She was the offspring of the first and last embrace between primeval Disorder and the new-born Earth, still dripping with the briny streams of the dim, deep abyss from which she rose.

Near by, the Graces lay dozing upon the moist turf. They were weary of sporting with young Eros,* and he, their brother, was weary of gathering the many-tinted shells that strewed the shore and toying with the still

* Eros, or Cupid, according to Hesiod, was the offspring of Chaos and Terra,—while, as the constant attendant upon the Sea-born, he was and is usually considered by the poets as the son of Aphrodite. I have not hesitated, in this mythic flight of fancy, to confound these legends, and to treat the births of Venus and Cupid as simultaneous, in point of time and paternity, though still retaining towards each other the maternal and filial relation: for when or where can Beauty exist without Love, or Love in the absence of Beauty?

more beautiful flowers that already began to rear their delicate stems from out the virgin soil, loading the playful winds with odours. Love, Grace, and Beauty were sad, for they were lonely.

"Alas! of what avail," cried the Changer of Hearts, "are all my charms! An exile from the skies,—the scallop that bore me to these shores a wreck upon the strand,—here, there are none to worship or admire—to ask or to receive. Beauty in solitude is born in vain!"

"Blame not the Fates thus vainly, mother dear," said Aglaia, rousing herself and sisters as the complaint reached her ear; "it is undignified in the immortal, to pine at the inevitable. Have I not smoothed for thee the rugged mountain side, and shaped the curving lawn? Have I not traced for each brook and little streamlet its course through glen and meadow, that all may be pleasing in thy sight? And has my fond affection, then, been thrown away, that thou shouldst sigh and almost weep, and call thy home in this elysium 'an exile'?"

"And I," said Thalia, "have I not carpeted the meadow and the lawn with their bright green mantle, studded with flower-gems of a thousand dyes? Have I not spread the brown moss over the rough stones, and hung the rugged precipice with festoons of the ever-verdant vine, till thy light footstep springs elastic from the rock, and thy eye meets nothing but grace and beauty in glen or on mountain side, as thou wanderest among the scenes which Aglaia, our elder sister, has carved into grandeur, majesty, and wildness?"

"Yet more, dear mother," murmured the youngest of the

Graces ; “ have I not barred the brook with the strong dike, till the cataract laughs aloud to see the sun look forth from his chariot upon the sturdy pines which overhang its sides, towering from day to day, till the silly stream thinks, as it looks up from its shaded channel, that to-morrow, at least, the coursers of Phcebus must stumble among their summits? Have I not heaped the rivulet with bright pebbles, till the little rapid dances and sparkles, and the tiny cascade chatters and whispers coy nothings to the wild flowers on its banks? Have I not called the cat-bird to the alder, taught the bul-bul to build its nest in the weeping willow, and trained the many-tongued mino to make the groves resound with the names of Beauty, Love, and Mirth? Mother, dear mother, why shouldst thou repine, while all nature is glowing with nobility and grandeur at the magic touch of Aglaia, while verdure and freshness follow the footsteps of Thalia, and woods and vales rejoice at the command of thy own youngest born, Euphrosyne? Tempt not the Fates with weariness or wo, dear mother, in the midst of blessings such as these.”

Still Venus sighed. “ Oh! sire of gods,” said she, “ can it be that Beauty is condemned to waste itself in lonely selfishness upon this desert, though it be a desert of sweets and flowers? Within my breast, unutterable longings answer No! To *these*, who have the power of blessing, solitude may be endurable; but to me, doomed only to *receive* where my soul longs to *give*, this selfish happiness is worse than misery. Grant then, oh, grant, great Jove, some cherished object to fill up this aching void!”

“ Won’t I do, mother?” whispered a childish voice; and


Eros, who had stolen slyly and unperceived behind her, now stood at his mother's knee, his thumb, in childish bashfulness, gently pressed between his teeth, and his face bent humbly towards the ground, while his arch eyes, with sidelong, upward glance, looked pertly into hers; "won't I do, mother dear?"

"Come to my arms, my first born and my pride! But thou shouldst be a monarch. All things were made for Love. Hast thou not seen the stars look brighter, when they found the soft light of thy eye resting upon them? Hast thou not heard the birds pour forth their richest melody when the sound of thy footstep was heard in the grove? Were thy home above the stars, the gods themselves would bend them to thy sway! This is no theatre for thee—this lonely isle surrounded by the dull and trackless sea!"

"Mother, weep not for me!—I had a dream, a most delicious dream: perhaps it may prove true! and then—Do you not think there may be other islands—other flowery hills beyond this wide expanse of waves that hem us in, here, in our own bright Cythera?"

"There may be; yet beyond the shell that bore me to these shores, this island and the sea, immortal though I be, I know no other realm beneath the stars,—but, boy—thy dream?"

"I was tired of playing bo-peep with the bobalink among the tall reeds, watching the wild rose blushing at the kiss of the passing zephyr, and seeing the lily turn pale at the cold touch of the early dew-drop; so I cast myself at length under the drooping birchen bow, and fell asleep. Then came upon my spirit a vision of glory. I was in the midst



of towering mountains : peak above peak they rose until they seemed to invade the skies ;—on every hand stretched the deep valleys and broad meadows, far away—far as the eye could reach. But all was wild and lonely. Wherever I set my foot flowers sprung up from the soil, but there was none to enjoy their sweetness. I called for my sisters, and the Graces came. They festooned the forest with the vine and the ivy, and the birds came and sang among the branches ; but there was none to listen. My heart was heavy, and I started at the echo of my own voice. Why cast away love, I cried, where there is no sympathy,—why scatter grace and beauty where there are none to feel and to enjoy ?

“ Just then I saw upon a neighbouring hill-side, close by the opening of a deep, dark cavern, two beings framed like gods. Upon the brow of one slept majesty and might,—had they awakened, he had been a god,—the other, mother dear, was like to thee, but chilly and cold and heartless was her glance. They seized from the mountain-side fragments of the rough rock, and ever, looking towards the east, where Phœbus was tinting the morning clouds with the bright hues of the bow of Hope, they cast those senseless masses behind them. Then—wonder of wonders !—as they fell, each fragment started into life, and stood forth in the image of those who were the actors in this mystic rite.


“ A voice came from the cavern. I knew the thunder-tones of Minerva speaking her oracular prophecies. ‘ For these rude images of the immortal,’ cried the supernal voice, ‘ bloom the frail flowers that spring up in the path of Eros,—fit emblems of their transitory state ;—for these, the

Graces deck this nether world with ever-fading, still renewing charms;—these are the destined subjects of thy reign, and of the wave-born Aphrodite. Rouse thee, then, ever young, all-ruling Eros, and awake them to the consciousness of love !’

“The gods inspired me with a sudden thought. I shaped me a bow from the ashen bough; I gathered me arrows, of the tall reeds of the meadow, and steeped them in the sunbeams, as they struggled through the intertangled wild flowers overhanging the pure springs of the mountain glen, and fell upon the dancing ripple; then, hiding within the shadow of a vine-clad bower, I launched the unerring missiles at those moving images of living stone !

“Oh mother ! Had you seen the awakening majesty of each glorious brow—the love-lit glances of each gentle eye—you would not sigh that Beauty, Love, and Grace were born in vain. Mother, my dream is truth ! I would go to my kingdom across the sullen waves. The Graces shall adorn a young world with the brightness of the skies, and fit it for the dwelling-place of those but little lower than the gods, while thy all-conquering son reduces all to one wide empire of Love and Beauty.”

They are gone. The Graces have launched themselves upon the sullen waves. Young Love in triumph sits upon their shoulders, and spreads his downy wings to the laughing gale. The shores of Cythera are sinking beneath the distant horizon, and Aphrodite reclines mourning in loneliness upon the shore. But the dull waters have reflected



the blue glance of the boy-god, and roll on for ever, deep dyed with the heavenly tint.—The crested billows, dashed aside by the snow-white bosoms of the immortal sisters, have donned their livery of purity, and, emblems of their rounded limbs, the swelling waves are stamped with an eternity of grace. They reach the distant strand. Eros bounds lightly over the sands. Wherever his foot-print rests, bright gem-like pebbles glitter in the sunshine. He springs up the rocky defile, shouts from the mountain summit, flutters along the woodland stream, and skims the undulating prairie. Ever upon his flight, follow the hand-maid sisters. On every side awake the songs of joyous thousands, the carol of birds is heard on every tree—even inanimate things seem fraught with the spirit of harmony—Echo makes vocal the rugged precipice, and every grove resounds with the babble of rivulets, or the louder joy of the bounding cascade. The broad earth is but one broad theatre of love!

At last young Eros, speeding forth, conquering and to conquer, has made the circuit of our orb. Again the hills of Cythera rise in view,—again the Graces launch themselves upon the blue bosom of the deep, while the proud boy-god, with a time-nerved wing, skims like the albatross the swelling surge. The shore is gained, but where is the Queen of Beauty? “Mother! dear mother!”—But empty echo mocks the cry. Silly boy! Deemest thou that Beauty could remain at rest when Love, her first born offspring, was away? She has harnessed her swans—she has launched her natal sea-shell—and, led by the flowers that mark thy path of triumph, she has followed upon thy

track. Away, then, miscalculating Eros! Use wing and foot, impatient boy! Thou wilt not rest till Beauty comes to thee—then hasten in the chase, for none had ever greater need. Her path is the unending circle, and her foot is as the wind. Through glen and valley, over mountain and desert, the air rings with the distracted cry of Aphrodite—“Where is lost Eros—where?”

Thus, for five thousand years was Beauty pursuing Love, and Love in chase of Beauty: but Time and Destiny overrule the gods themselves. Five thousand circuits of the day-star, and the boy was caught at last.

“Ha! truant!” cried the goddess-mother; “by Hymen’s aid thou art my own once more, never again to part. Conqueror of all things though thou be, Beauty shall conquer thee.” She held the willing boy, and Hymen clipped his wings! Alas! too soon she found that Beauty owes half her charms to the pursuit of Love, and Love half his divinity to wings. The wave-born goddess now resides in a famed island of the west, where the three Graces trade as milliners, and Eros—alas, poor Eros! he is wedded to a daughter of Plutus. I met him t’other day returning from market with a basket on his arm. A laugh worthy of Euphrosyne was heard from a neighbouring window, and I thought that I observed his mantle somewhat discomposed, as if the remnants of his pinions gave a transient flutter, but Hymen, in the shape of a burly magistrate, was walking by his side, and, with a gentle tap upon his shoulder, quietly remarked,—“In England, sir, Love must preserve appearances.”—Alas, for the golden age!

ALEXIS PETROWITZ.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

ON the "*name-day*" of Peter the Great, the halls of the Kremlin were thronged with the flower of Russian nobility, assembled in honour of their sovereign. The Asiatic magnificence of the East and the European refinement of the West met, and mingled their varied splendours at the court of Peter the First, a prince, whose errant mind traversed the circle of civilization, gathering from all nations elements for the advancement, aggrandizement, and glory of his own.

The illustrious Czar glanced around his gorgeous court with an uneasy, questioning air; then turning to Prince Menzikoff, who, like a well-bred dog, stood ever at his master's side, demanded, "Where is Alexis?"

"The Czarowitz is ill, your Royal Highness," replied the favourite, while a sarcastic smile lighted his ferocious face.

"So you say, but so you do not believe," said the Emperor abruptly; "why do you not tell me what I know to be the truth, that Alexis scorns my authority, despises my projects, and avoids my presence?"

"'Twere useless to repeat that which your Majesty knows to be true," said the Prince, with his calm, cold smile.

Peter, irritated by his own reflections on his unhappy son, was provoked beyond his weak endurance by the covert impertinence of the minister: he dealt the culprit a blow which sent him reeling from the presence.

The joy of the nobles, at the disgrace of a detested favourite, was tempered with dread, lest the next manifestation of the Emperor's wrath should fall on themselves; but Peter stood calmly thoughtful, though stern, not deigning to entertain the court with further freaks of august rage.

The Russian nobles held themselves aloof from their moody master, but the ambassadors from abroad, secure in the protection of their respective courts, remained grouped around the Czar.

"Well, well!" said Peter, as though in answer to his thoughts, "the reign of Louis XIV. was a glorious one, but I have ceased to respect his memory."

"For what reason, sire?" inquired the Austrian envoy, who was nearest to his Majesty.

"Because," said Peter, "he took no care to perpetuate the glory of his kingdom after death. What shall I think of a monarch who leaves his realm to the mercy of an imbecile infant, and a corrupt regent?"

"But, sire, the laws of France regulate the succession, and Louis could not so far forget the father, as to wrest the kingdom from his son's child, to whom it rightfully belonged by the laws of the land."

"Yes, yes," said Peter quickly, glancing around on the

ministers as he spoke, I know the rock on which you all split!—succession,—succession,—bah! what folly! Be the eldest son ever so weak, or ever so wicked, he must mount the throne, though he ruin the kingdom. In the name of justice, how can this accident of birth compensate for the absence of every ingredient necessary to the character of a king? Sacrifice the child to the kingdom, I say,—not the kingdom to the child!”

“Ho, ho!” said Kolb, the secretary, to a Russian at his side, “thinks the Czar thus? I would not give much for the succession of Alexis.”

“Peter loves not his son,” whispered the other, “and we tremble for the fate of the Czarowitz.”

“Fear not,” answered Kolb; “nature is strong, and a father will not lift his hand against his son.”

“Zeal often overpowers nature. Abraham was ready to sacrifice his son to God; and the great Peter will not shrink if he think it necessary to immolate Alexis for the good of the empire.”

“Which is *his* god,” laughed Kolb.

Absenting himself from the festivities of the Kremlin, on the plea of illness, Alexis, at home, gathered around him a circle of his own. Having but little relish for the society which befitted his birth, the companions of his revels were selected from the dissolute priesthood and ignorant populace, by whom he was adored.

“Here’s to Russia,” cried one of this motley crew, waving aloft a brimming goblet. “Russia as she *was*, before the

Czar Peter—Russia as she *will be*, under the most noble Alexis.”

Alexis rose, and bowed graciously to his supporters. “You do me but justice, friends, when you suppose that my first act as Czar will be to restore Russia to her ancient state.” He was a tall, well-formed, and handsome youth, whose beauty was already somewhat marred by his excesses. His dark eyes glistened their approval, as Kurie Matuskin growled,

“Peter has lived so long abroad that he loves all countries better than his own.”

“Yes,” responded his neighbour, Kikin, “and from the time of his return, this great empire has been a great ape, imitating all countries and all customs in turn.”

“My father is blind,” interposed Alexis, “to prefer the society of foreigners to that of his own people, to admire the regiments of Europe, more than his own brave Strelitz; but, my friends, I will never be so foolish; and when I mount the throne, we will have none of the novelties of the Czar.”

Professions, such as these, are the insidious means by which ambitious aspirants seek to “steal the hearts of the people,” and are generally hypocritically made, and basely broken. On this occasion, there is every reason to believe the promises were made not only with sincerity, but without sinister motive. Alexis feared his father too abjectly, to think of usurping the throne, and only spoke of his succession as an event which would naturally transpire.


While the enlightened of his own and other nations appreciated and applauded the Herculean labours of Peter for the advancement of his country, that sagacious monarch

met with the most determined opposition from his people. With the blindness of ignorance, they clung to ancient errors, obstinately opposing every effort of reform ; and the active measures of the Czar, whilst they effected the advancement of his projects, served to render them and him more obnoxious to the people.

While Peter's plotting brain was busy with far-reaching plans for the advancement of his kingdom, he entirely overlooked the simplest and most natural plan of all. The son who would succeed him in the government of that barbarous people, and upon whom would devolve the completion of those vast designs, instead of being educated for his responsible station, instead of being admitted to the society of enlightened men, and impressed with the wisdom and importance of his father's undertakings, grew up neglected, amid the servants of the household, imbibing the lowest prejudices of a benighted people. It will be seen, then, that Alexis was sincere when he proclaimed his hostility to what he termed the "novelties of the Czar."

Peter became aware, when too late, that, in his devotion to the duties of patriot and king, he had entirely overlooked those of the father, but the knowledge of his own neglect did not render him more indulgent to the errors of his son. Indeed, those very faults, which were the consequence of that neglect, awakened all the ire of his imperious nature, until hate began to take the place of indifference.

That feeling may have had an earlier origin ; for, from the infancy of Alexis, many causes conspired to weaken his hold upon the affections of the Czar. The memory of his mother, Eudocia, whom Peter persecuted with most



vindictive hate,—the influence of his stepmother, Catherine, who, with all her amiability, could never forget he stood between her offspring and the throne,—his own character, so deficient in the strength, energy, and daring of his sire,—the representations of those minions of a court, who are ever quick to discern the friendless, and ready to kindle wrath against them,—and, above all, the insatiate malevolence of Peter's nature, that always required an object upon which to pour its venom,—all militated against the fortunes of the unhappy prince.

Had Peter's lot been cast in that England which he admired, his brutal instincts, like those of the dwarf Quilp, would have relieved themselves by daily belabouring a wooden image: but, vested with despotic power, in a barbarous country, the evil of his nature expended itself in severities upon living victims, and most frequently upon his unhappy son.

From an often suffering, and always joyless childhood, Alexis grew to youth; when, grasping with riotous hand the pernicious pleasures of a dissolute court, he sought to compensate his heart for the barrenness of the past. The Czar, he regarded with a mixture of intense hatred and abject fear by no means contrary to nature, and nothing was half so appalling to his mind as the presence of his sire.

To this presence he was commanded, on the day after the rejoicings; and he followed the messenger with a terror-stricken heart.

“Alexis,” said the Czar, with unexpected moderation, “I have sent for you on an affair of moment,—listen well to what I have to say. You behold in me a mighty ruler of

a mighty nation,—a ruler whose aim has ever been to elevate the condition and increase the renown of his people. To this end have I devoted alike the energies of my body, the powers of my mind, and the experiences of my life, and I have been repaid by eclipsing, in the glory of my reign, all who have gone before. But this is not enough,—Russia must not be elevated to an uncertain and fictitious greatness now, only to fall back to her original darkness when the support of my arm is withdrawn. When I am gone, I must leave my country to the guidance of one who will lead her steadily and wisely onward to the light. Are you fit to be that guide?”

As Alexis listened, he felt fired with something of the enthusiasm of his sire, but the concluding question awakened all his usual terror, and he faltered,—“I fear I am not.”

“And what is to prevent your becoming so?” pursued the Czar. “Abandon your low associates, apply your heart to the business, and study to fit yourself for government.” Had Peter paused here it would have been well for the new ambition which his words awakened; but he added, petulantly, “why of all men cannot *you* become of some weight and worth in the world?”

Poor Alexis! he knew he was ignorant, he believed he was worthless, but he felt a desire to overcome both; the obstacles he must encounter loomed gloomily before him, but he determined to grapple them patiently—firmly:—but the eye of Peter would mark the struggle! Would *his* hasty spirit as patiently abide the result? The thought of his angry and exacting father chilled the ardour of his resolutions, and Alexis shrank from assuming the responsi-

bilities which would give him importance in the Czar's eyes, and expose him to his wrath. "Well?" demanded Peter.

Alexis was fast deciding that the throne of Russia was not worth the trial, and those irascible tones fixed his wavering thoughts.

"I know I am weak, and incompetent to succeed your highness; I beg that my brother may inherit the crown."

"Go! then, go!" cried Peter, with undisguised disgust, and his son gladly availed himself of this ungracious permission to depart.

"Worthless imbecile!—That I—I should be the parent of such a son! Ho! Menzikoff!"

The Prince, who had been restored to his master's favour, and deemed it expedient to forget his violence, entered at the summons.


"Alexis has renounced his right to the succession, and the Czarowitz Peter shall mount the throne when I—"

Peter paused. Amid projects, plottings, and complicated cares, how could he contemplate the period when there should be "no more device!" The brain, busy with the roar of life, findeth no hour in which to say, "I am content to die."

"When your Majesty abdicates?" suggested the minister.

"No, Menzikoff; while I live, I shall not desert my post. But when Peter *the First dies*, Peter *the Second* will fill the throne."

Thus spoke the man of indomitable determination; but the Great Disposer of events thwarted his iron will, while confirming the prophecy it prompted. "May it please



your Majesty, Alexis is submissive to his royal father, but will he continue his obedience to a younger brother?"

"I see what you fear, responded the Czar, and will provide against it. Every step must be taken to secure the throne, and Alexis must retire to a monastery." With these words Peter turned to his escritoire, and indited a letter to his son, filled with cold rebukes and reproaches, concluding thus:

"Take your choice:—either labour to make yourself worthy of the crown, or embrace a monastic state. My health is upon the decay, so that I am impatient to know your resolution. I expect your answer, either in writing or by word of mouth. If you show me no satisfaction on these points, I will show you no regard, but will treat you as a common malefactor.

"PETER."

"Anything for peace," said Alexis, as he folded this letter, "and so farewell to my birthright! and yet, had he but cared for me, as he has done for thee, oh, Russia! I might have been worthy of thee!"

The young man bowed his head upon his folded arms, and mused, and wavered. "Shall I resign my rights,—pomp, power, and its enticing concomitants,—to a hateful boy? He has usurped my place in my father's heart, but he shall not usurp my throne! *I will be Czar.* But the close application—the laborious effort—the student's martyrdom of self! With kind encouragement, I would not falter through these. If the Czar would be patient!—Ah, 'tis in vain," he cried, as the image of his stern father rose dis-

couragingly before his mind; "any efforts I may make, will but expose me further to the violence of the Czar. Let Peter Petrowitz wear the crown—I'll to the cloister!" With this determination he indited the following:

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN AND FATHER:—

"I received your letter of the 19th of this month. My indisposition hinders me from writing to you at large; I am willing to embrace the monastic state, and beg your gracious consent thereto.

Your servant,

"ALEXIS."

The Czar perused the note without comment. It was such as he expected and desired; and feeling that the affairs of the government were now settled, he dismissed them from his mind, and turned his thoughts upon travel.

The improvement which Peter enjoined upon his son, he did not deem unworthy of himself; his motto was "*Excelsior*." He had long projected a tour through Europe, for the purpose of acquainting himself with various arts and sciences, and the present seemed a fitting period for the prosecution of his plan. Alexis saw his father depart with joy, and, relieved from the terrors of his presence, he conceived the idea of escaping from the distasteful life his fears had prompted him to choose. With this view, he fled to Vienna, and placed himself in the hands of Charles VI. That emperor extended his protection to his fugitive guest, and sent him for security to the Castle of St. Elmo, at Naples. Here he was followed by the emissaries of his father, who made use of every representation to induce him to return. To crown all, they placed in his hands a letter from the Czar, commanding his return, and promising in

the most solemn manner forgiveness for his fault. Nor time, nor distance, nor present security, could lessen the influence of the stern father over his son; the weak mind submitted to the will of the strong one, and Alexis returned to Moscow.

The great bell of the Cathedral tolled; the prelates assembled in their robes; the counsellors, ministers, and grantees, convened in the great hall; the guards, and garrison in arms, thronged the castle; and the heir-apparent of the empire, was led forth to trial. His fine form was bowed, his swarthy brow wan, and he ascended the hall with the uncertain steps of a child. The guards and their prisoner paused, on reaching the Czar, and silence settled over the assembly. Alexis raised his eyes to the cold countenance of Peter, and, bursting into boyish tears, threw himself at his feet, imploring mercy.

"Let the trial proceed," said his immovable majesty, and his stern tones thrilled in the heart of his child like the voice of doom.

Over the injustice, the oppression, the cruelty, of this atrocious proceeding, we will draw a veil. The ferocity with which Peter hunted his unhappy child to death has left a blot upon his greatness, which is ineffaceable.

The fatal sentence of death was passed, and signed by the various officers of the court, when the Czar, eager to play upon the apprehensions of his victim, ordered it to be read to him. Under this infliction his frail frame, worn down by the severities of imprisonment and mental agony, gave way, and he fell in a swoon at the feet of his judges.

"Water—bring water!" cried Menzikoff, eager to save

the victim from present death, for the pleasure of the execution.

"Hold! He revives!" said General G——, as the Czarrowitz opened his eyes, and gazed heavily around.

"Alexis, be calm, be strong!" whispered Tolstoy; "the Czar intends to pardon."

"Pardon," echoed the miserable Prince, "oh, pardon! my father, for your unhappy child! I will do anything, submit to anything, but grant me your forgiveness."

The Czar's lip curled. *He* pardon? he, who had scourged the wife of his bosom, would not pause in the immolation of his child.

"You seem to doubt your doom," said he scornfully, "let the Czarrowitz read the sentence himself, and perhaps he will comprehend its import."

The parchment was brought to Alexis, who turned away in horror.


"Read—read, I say!" exclaimed the imperative Czar.

Alexis essayed to obey. He fixed his eyes upon the fatal instrument, but they refused to perform their office. Why should he read? He knew that he must die,—that the glad bright earth o'er which he had bounded must soon heap her dust upon him,—that the joy of life had fled for ever,—and his mind was busy with its tortures. The cord swung before him, the axe gleamed, the stake uprose, and the chalice poured its poisoned draught. His brain reeled with its accumulated horrors, and he fell headlong to the earth. One convulsion succeeded another, until his terror-stricken soul was freed, and Alexis "*died a thousand deaths in fearing one.*"

AN INCIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."

IT was in the beautiful Vale of Vire, now near forty years ago, that François Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Mariette Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys, and his early love. It was a sad walk, as may well be imagined; for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken, had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow, yet the sunshine of the scene could not find its way to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; but, far be it from me to betray their private conversation. I would not for all the world—especially as I know not one word about it—except, indeed, that François Lormier vowed the image of Mariette should remain with him for ever—should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac—and that Mariette protested she would never marry anybody except François Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great Foulan, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and in short, that when his "seven long years were out," François



would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. "But if I lose a limb?" said François Lormier.—"What difference will that make?" replied Mariette.

They parted;—and first, to follow the lady:—Mariette wept a great deal, but soon after got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fête, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But still she did not forget François Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame her mother referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended. At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his moneybags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentle Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor François Lormier, that the old man went away with the tears in his eyes. Six months afterwards he died; when, to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette Duval!

In the meanwhile François joined the army, and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaigns in Poland and Russia; but still he never lost his cheerfulness; for, the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that miserable retreat, he made the best of everything. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a

dinner ; and when he met with a comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodging combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his recompense. François was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded ; but at length, in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier, in the midst of his gallant daring, was desperately wounded in the arm.

Pass we over the rest.—Mutilated, sick, weary, and ragged, François approached his native valley ; and, doubtful of his reception—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone ; and on inquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farm-house by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door.

“Enter !” cried the good-humoured voice of the old dame. François entered, and unbidden, tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushing to the stairs called loudly, “Come down, Mariette, come down !—Here is François returned !” Like lightning, Mariette darted down the stairs,—saw the soldier’s old great coat, and flew towards it—stopped—gazed on his haggard face, and empty sleeve ; and gasping, fixed her eyes upon his countenance. For a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence ; but there was no forgetfulness, nor coldness, nor pride about her heart—there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory in her very glance. “Oh, François, Fran-

çois!" cried she, at length, casting her arms around his neck, "how thou hast suffered!" As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his breast appeared the golden cross of the Legion of Honour. "No matter," cried she, as she saw it; "there is thy recompense."—"My recompense is *here!* *Here* is my recompense!" said he, as he pressed her fondly to his bosom.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

As sweeps the bark before the breeze,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway through the seas
The track no more is found;—
Thus, passing down Oblivion's tide,
The beauteous visions of the mind
Fleet as that ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.

But the pure page may still impart
Some dream of feeling else untold,—
The silent record of a heart,
Even when that heart is cold :
Its lorn memorials here may bloom,
Perchance to gentle bosoms dear,—
Like flowers that linger o'er the tomb,
Bedewed with Beauty's tear.

I ask not for the meed of fame,
The wreath above my rest to twine,—

Enough for me to leave my name
 Within this hallowed shrine ;—
To think that, o'er these lines, thine eye
 May wander in some future year,
And Memory breathe a passing sigh
 For him who traced them here.

Calm sleeps the sea when storms are o'er,
 With bosom silent and serene ;
And but the plank upon the shore
 Reveals that wrecks have been :
So, some frail leaf, like this, may be
 Left floating o'er Time's silent tide ;
The sole remaining trace of me ;
 To tell I lived and died.

F E M A L E " F R I E N D S . "

BY MRS. ALARIC A. WATTS.

GENTLE reader; hath it ever happened to you to have been domesticated, for any length of time, with a family belonging to the Society of Friends? If it have, you will be able to judge of the fidelity of my picture; if, on the contrary, they have flitted before your sight, leaving nothing on your memory but a vision of a plainly-dressed, plainly-spoken, and, it may be, plainly-featured people, the following little sketch may not prove uninteresting, from its novelty.

It hath fallen to my lot, in the earlier period of my life, to be thrown into the society of not a few of the most distinguished families of the sect. On my first acquaintance, I was greatly at a loss to distinguish any difference in the female part of the fraternity. In their instance, youth and age seemed to have lost their usual characteristics, when attired in the same sombre livery: and when at length I learned at a glance to distinguish the matron from the maiden, I found that it required a still keener perception to distinguish one maiden from another;—the same brown gown and poke-bonnet were common to them all; and it

was not until after a two months' residence among them, that I learned to separate the *smart* from the *staid*. By the end of that period, however, I became familiar with the nice distinction of a *plaited* and *drann*-crowned bonnet; between the bonnet lined with *white*, and the bonnet lined with the *same* colour; between the gaiety of white strings, as compared with the gravity of strings made of the palest drab!

On my first introduction to a Friend's family, the peculiarity that most struck (and I must confess, surprised) me, was the entire absence of all *finesse* in the manners of the ladies. To my sophisticated taste, there was something, as it seemed to me, too unveiled—too straightforward—both in appearance and manner;—a sort of angularity, which appeared to me to want rounding off. They asked questions without circumlocution, and returned answers without any softening qualification. It hath been said, that “a Quaker never gives a direct answer.” This saying appears to me to belong to that family of jests, which are more distinguished for their piquancy than their truth. I should say, that the reverse of this maxim is the fact; but that I fear to attempt, by my individual strength, to remove what has been considered so ancient a landmark.

Another peculiarity, which forcibly struck me in their conversation, is what Mrs. Malaprop would call, a “nice derangement of epitaphs;” in other words, an extreme propriety of diction—their strict attention to the strictest rules of Lindley Murray. With them, our excellent friend Hannah More could have no pretext for reiterating her favourite precept of “calling things by their right names.”

With them, "pink is pink, and not scarlet!" In their conversation, there is an utter absence of all exaggeration or embellishment; and I am almost tempted to believe, that their children are *born* with a knowledge of the degrees of comparison—of the distinction subsisting between positive and superlative. However this may be, I am quite certain, that a mere child would stand a chance of severe reprehension, who should be guilty of characterizing an *accident* as a *misfortune*.

But my reader must not imagine that I gained all this information as easily as he does. No, indeed! it required some tact to approach very near the gentle Sisters (of the Brothers, I profess to know nothing); for they have a profound horror of ridicule, and a shrinking sort of distrust for all who are clad in motley. This feeling does not arise from coldness, but is the result of a retired education and a secluded life. To a Quaker, the presence of a silly woman of fashion would inspire more restraint than that of a whole body of profound philosophers.

Their peculiarity of language, too, which they value as the hedge of their "garden enclosed," tends to place a great gulf between them and the rest of the world; they cannot ask you how you do, without feeling that they have not even words in common with their fellow-creatures. This prevents a free interchange of ideas, and may be one cause why they are so little known; they seldom, perhaps, feel quite at their ease, excepting in the society of persons of their own persuasion.

And here I cannot but remark how seldom a correct version of the Quaker phraseology is to be met with, even

in the works of such writers as have chosen members of that body for their *dramatis personæ*. Our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, has made worthy Joshua Geddes guilty of *swearing* at little Benjie; and his gentle sister Rachel manifests small respect for the rules of grammar. The sentiments imputed to these good people are, however, more in accordance with those of the "Society" than their phraseology; the acquisition of which would seem to be a matter of some difficulty, since their trusty friend and well-beloved champion, Charles Lamb, is not entirely guiltless of now and then murdering the Friends' English.

But if any adventurer, urged by curiosity, or a better feeling, will take the trouble to break the ice, and pierce beyond the veil, I do not think that he will find his labour ill-bestowed. He will immediately be struck with what I have already noticed—a startling candour of manner; the result either of great confidence or great singleness of mind—he must decide which; if he appeal to me, I shall without hesitation refer it to the latter cause. And now, supposing my reader to have advanced some steps towards an acquaintanceship—to have got over the chill which the **THEE** and **THOU** will not fail to throw over a first colloquy—he will stand some chance of being frozen back by a want of sympathy in the material of small talk. Music and places of public amusement (those staple commodities of the overture of conversation), will not avail him here; to them, dancing and music are forbidden things. Of all such tastes and sciences, our Protestant nuns are profoundly ignorant. Their education has unfitted them to decide on the respective merits of a Pasta or a Sontag. They cannot descant

on the talent of the rival composers, Beethoven or Rossini, or decide on the superior charm of the mazurka or the gallopade.

But though they can do none of these things, and are not versed in the art of elegant trifling, we will venture to predict that he will meet with no lack of useful or valuable information among them. If the superstructure be without ornament, the foundation is not without solidity. He will find none of that ignorance of matters which should be of universal notoriety, which is sometimes to be met with in the conversation of their more showy neighbours. No female member of the Society of Friends would ever be likely to mistake the Reformation for the Restoration; or confound *Scotland's* with *England's* last Catholic King James.

If our friend be a man of science, whether naturalist, geologist, or botanist, we will venture to promise that he shall not enter ten families without finding in five of them, ladies, neither old nor ugly, who are able to encounter him on his own ground; and this too without any assumption of extraordinary learning. With them, such knowledge is too much a matter of course to be made a matter of vanity; and if we must acknowledge that their elders are somewhat rigid in excluding them from the amusements that are to be found abroad, we must not omit to allow that they amply provide them with such as are calculated to embellish home.

Again, if our visiter be a poet, we will insure him abundant sympathy in his favourite pursuit. Poetic taste, which may almost be said to amount to a passion among the youth

of their sect, is, I fancy, the escape-valve through which their repressed musical talent evaporates. Among their most accredited favourites, are Wordsworth, Beattie, Montgomery, Cowper, and Campbell; and if the former have most of their praise, the last has, I suspect, most of their love. Campbell is, indeed, the Apollo of the Friends; and I scarcely know amongst them a damsel of seventeen, who cannot repeat the "Pleasures of Hope," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," from beginning to end.

Of prose-writers that are not of their own body, their theological favourites are Cudworth and Thomas à Kempis. Indeed, the writings of the latter are in such high repute among them, that had the Quakers a bishopric to bestow, he would undoubtedly have been called upon to fill its chair. Of their favourite novelists, I dare not say much, for this class of reading is strictly forbidden, under the designation of "unprofitable books." Notwithstanding this prohibition, however, I have usually discovered, that the younger part of the body contrive, by some means or other, to make themselves acquainted with the works of our most popular writers of fiction. I feel a tenderness in alluding to this subject, from a fear of getting my fair friends into a scrape. Nevertheless (*sub rosâ*) such is the fact.

Of their parliamentary favourite,—for each heart hath its own peculiar star,—Wilberforce was the idol before whom they bowed. This may seem odd in a sect whose policy is so evidently liberal; but in this instance, what they consider the smaller good, is made to bend to the one of greater magnitude, and thus they forgive his Toryism, for the sake of his philanthropy.

"So much for mind, and now for outward show."

As a lover of impartiality, I must not neglect to caution any unfortunate husband who may be smarting under the recent infliction of a bill from Madame Carson, and who is ready to wish that his wife had been of the sect that are limited in the choice of their dresses, from being over hasty in his judgment. I am of opinion that when the Creator, for the sins of our first parents, ordained that they should need clothing, he imparted to the original offender and all her female posterity, a taste, which converted the penalty into a boon; on this principle only, can I account for the love of dress so common to them all. Even the Quakeresses who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, "refrain from outward adorning," and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity, as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First there is white, pure unadulterated white; then there is 'dead' white, then there is 'blue' white, then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the grays: first there is simple gray, then 'blue' gray, then 'ash' gray, then 'silver' gray, then 'raven' gray, and, for aught I know, a dozen other grays. Then come the fawn, the 'light' fawn, the 'dark' fawn, the 'red' fawn, the 'brown' fawn, the 'hare's back,' and the 'brown paper'

colour ;—then follow (with their endless subdivisions) the families of the ‘Esterhazies,’ the ‘doves,’ the ‘slates,’ the ‘puces,’ the ‘mulberries,’ the ‘bronzes,’ and the ‘London smokes,’—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a lady Friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay: let him rest assured that his burthen is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen pence, but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also, and that the “Sisters” have a peculiar *penchant* for the latter priced article. It is true, that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufacture,—no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn!

And then their *chaussure*—in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people; it is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours—brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many.

And then their gloves—who ever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital coverings? And well may it be so; for, though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court

beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual fingers.

And then their pocket handkerchiefs—I verily believe that the fashion of the *Mouchoir brodé* must have proceeded from them. It is true, that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open work border on cobweb-like cambric; nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessities in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessities of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity.

So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was "curious in his linen as a Quaker:"—and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century, is fully in force at the present day.

One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire, yclept a shawl, we will match any pretty "Friend" against any fair one of the European continent, (always excepting a lady from Spain.) O, the smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders!—O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend, in the sweep of its remorseless folds!

All this have I witnessed ; yet if any sceptical reader doubt the fidelity of my sketch, and inquire how I became acquainted with all these mysteries, I may tell him that I do not know by what authority he presumes to doubt my veracity. If, however, a knowledge of the truth will lull his suspicions, I may as well confess the fact,

“ That the glance which I cherished most fondly and dearly,
Beamed from under a bonnet of drab-coloured hue ;”

and that though my fair one had the bad taste to prefer a husband from among her “ own people,”—that though I am in my forty-fifth year, and a bachelor for her sake, still I cannot forget the trepidation which the rustle of a certain drab-coloured gown used to produce, or the hopes which a placid, sister-like smile once excited in my heart. These are, it may be, dull reminiscences, still I can never see a covey of these human partridges in their annual migration, without a certain aguish feel, nearly allied to melancholy. Still I am unable to pass the plainest of the sisterhood without internally wishing her “ God speed,” for the sake of one who was the flower of the flock, and the queen of them all.

A friend who did me the favour to read the above pages, observed, “ Yes, it is a pretty picture, but how do you reconcile inconsistencies ? By your own account, there may be as much vanity in the russet stole as in the gold brocade.” I acknowledge the fact fully ; I know very well that vanity is indigenous in the human heart, and that if it

be to be rooted out at all, it must be by attacking the citadel, not the mere outworks. I might have commented on the monkish austerity of rendering the narrow path still narrower by the use of their peculiar dialect: I might have remarked on the absurdity of making that which was the ordinary attire of sober matrons of the reign of James the Second, the standard for those of the reign of Victoria, to prove the inefficiency of rules where the letter may be preserved and the spirit evaded. I might have observed on the tolerance of pink cotton and the *intolerance* of pink silk: I might have animadverted on their rejection of that pure source of enjoyment, music, on the sole plea that it was so liable to be abused; but I undertook, not to defend their principles, but to delineate their "outward seeming." I have not pointed out where they are vulnerable, neither have I borne my testimony (as well I might) to their great domestic virtues, to their solid intellectual endowments, to their meek endurance of "the world's dread laugh," nor to their active spirit of benevolence, for it was THEY who suggested that beautiful axiom of the first female writer of this, or perhaps of any age, that "the care of the poor is the profession of the ladies." Yes, if they are seldom recognised on the *highways* of charity bazaars, sure am' I that their presence is not wanting in the *hedges*, where unfriended suffering makes its pitiless abode.

I have furnished the *pour*, the *contre* I leave to be supplied by another hand.

THE POET'S SOLITUDE.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

THINK not the poet's life, although his cell
Be seldom printed by the stranger's feet,
Hath not its silent plenitude of sweet.
Look at yon lone and solitary dell ;
The stream that loiters 'mid its stones can tell
What flowerets its unnoted waters meet,
What odours o'er its narrow margin fleet ;
Ay, and the poet can repeat as well :
The fox-glove, closing inly, like the shell,
The hyacinth, the rose, of buds the chief ;
The thorn, be-diamonded with dewy showers,
The thyme's wild fragrance, and the heather-bell,
All, all are there. So vain is the belief,
That the sequestered path hath fewest flowers.

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PHANTASIA.

BRIGHT emanation of the poet's dream,
Reclaimed by Genius from the shadowy past !
Would that this world of sad realities
Could vitalize the picture !

There were once—

Yes, I remember once,—such gentle eyes
Melting in tenderness and sympathy,
Where the heart nestled warmly, summoning
From the new-furnished chambers of the brain
The young unsullied thoughts, to urge them forth
Upon the treacherous air, with feeble wings ;
Like a young mother-bird, untaught, and led
By natural instinct only, and, whene'er
The snare, the fowler, or the hawk are nigh
To threaten her young brood, springing, at once,
To guard, to guide, and shelter, *feelingly*,
With skill which cold experience never reached—
Judgment that baffles reason !

Is it that I


Am changed ? Or has the world itself grown gray,
Like to my time-blanchèd ear-locks ? Stiffly, now,
The attenuated limb answers the will's demand,

Yet my heart still is young ;—but should I seek,
Of Youth and Beauty, sympathy and love,
Beauty looks strange, and coldly turns aside,
And Youth, with glance averted, calmly smiles,
Toys with his purse-string, and inquires, "*for what ?*"
Youth *calculates*, and Beauty *coins the heart*.
Oh ! for the days, the golden days, ago,—
When the heart mothered what the brain had sired !—
It may not be ! Nature must die, when art
Engenders high refinement. In the youth
Of nations even Age sedate, is young,—
But, in their age, precocious Youth is old.

A BRIDE IN THE JUNGLES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL, ESQ.

PRETTY May Douglas! How well do I remember the first time I saw her, when, newly landed at Madras, in 1819, she came to make an exquisite addition to our then somewhat scantily supplied matrimonial mart! Since those days, the bridal bazaar has been overstocked with spinsters. The recent retrenchments in civil stipends, as well as in such monetary matters as served to render military life more endurable in its exile, far from diminishing the number of enterprising fair ones who seek in the sunny East that position which they may have vainly struggled for in the West, seem to have inspired them with a desire to prove that motives of interest have had little to do with their exodus from their native soil. But, at the period of which I write, not only had the late Pindaree war caused a lack of officers, but the Presidency was singularly bare of those sweet flowers of home-produce, whom, in defiance of all reasoning which the sceptical and the unkind may produce upon the subject, I do not hesitate to denominate the best supports and truest purifiers of English society in the colonies.



At the first ball which was given at Government House after the arrival of the eight hundred ton ship, David Scott, the whole fashionable world of Madras, St. Thomé, and the Mount, had assembled to see the new arrivals; amongst whom were one dozen of spinsters, from the boarding-school miss rising seventeen, to the mature woman of seven-and-twenty, and twice as many cadets. Not one of that goodly twelve stood any chance against pretty May Douglas, though some of them were in sooth fair to look upon, and not one of them but showed some good point; yet, strange to say, when a year and a day had passed, pretty May Douglas was the only one of the twelve who remained unmarried. Indeed, our fair heroine could scarcely be classed amongst the worshippers of wedlock who had visited the Orient for "an establishment;" for she was born there; her father being a respectable clergyman at Madras, where he had now lived twenty years. At an early age, she had been sent to England, whither, some years afterwards, in consequence of ill health, she was followed by her mother; under whose judicious and tender care she was reared, as few young ladies have the happiness to be reared—not only for show, but use; that use which qualifies a woman to be the assistant, the companion, the cheerer of man, as well as his idol to worship, or his pet to be proud of. Oh, false is the reasoning and narrow the judgment that would limit the capabilities of a sex, whose physical delicacy argues no intellectual deficiency! Man is a creature of stronger thews and sinews, but *education* makes of woman all that it makes of man, or may mar her, as it too often does, until to

man's foibles are added the artifices imposed by restraint, and pseudo-sanctified by the false religion of custom.

May was eighteen when the first arrow of grief reached her heart, in the death of her mother. But the tears of youth, though sincere, are transitory; and the necessity which, in the want of near relations, compelled her to return to her longing father's arms, led her buoyant and cheerful thoughts into a new channel, which carried away on the mounting waters of hope the first sad tears of a genuine sorrow.

Pretty May Douglas! When first I saw her, as, leaning on the arm of her venerable father, she entered the gorgeous saloon of Government House, dressed in a simple robe of white muslin, unrelieved by any other ornament than a single rose in her bosom, and a black lace scarf, she yet drew all eyes from the other novelties, who in gayer and gaudier attire paraded before the wife-wanting *lions* of Madras. Her beauty, though striking, was yet less so than it was insinuating; if, indeed, such an expression can be used, where every feature and look beamed with truth, candour, and sincerity. She was very fair. A skin of dazzling white seemed yet whiter for the sable scarf that touched her shoulders, while her abundant hair, soft and silken, fell in golden masses around her. Her eyes were of that dark gray, which, at times, assumes an almost violet hue, whilst her finely-pencilled eyebrows were darker than her hair. A well-shaped nose, and a mouth which might have been called a thought too large, but for its symmetry, its red-lipped, white-toothed beauty, and its dimpled smiles,

completed the picture. Her form was slight but elegant, showing no evidence of fragility. All was health, life, hope.

For the following six months, Miss Douglas was the unrivalled belle of the Presidency, and had *juvabed*, i. e., rejected,—Heaven and herself alone know how many suitors! Civilians, rolling in wealth and rotting in liver; generals, yellow as the turmeric with which their diurnal mullagatawny soup was flavoured; nabobs, from the opulent merchant, whose skin had become parchment, and whose legs had dwindled into drumstick proportions, down to the ambitious cornet of cavalry, or still humbler ensign of foot, who, forgetful of all but love and beauty, dared to make known his ardent passion for one who looked too gentle to frown, had received in turn the same courteous but positive denial. It was hinted that even the commander-in-chief's aide-de-camp, a sprig of nobility, had shared the same negative; and, though her worthy father might have gloried, with a pardonable pride, to see a coronet on his only child's handkerchiefs, he prized his treasure too fondly to urge her acceptance of even a titled hand, seeing that it was unwelcome.

A year passed, and she who had been so long the "observed of all observers," after enacting the bridesmaid to her eleven shipmates, remained still—as far as the Madrasses could see—unfettered and heart-free. But a change came, as changes will come. Mr. Douglas's health began to give way; and, with a prescience of that event which would leave his daughter without a protector, he candidly revealed his apprehensions, and the wish he cherished to bestow her on some worthy object before he left her alone in the world.

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With tears and blushes—roses amidst dew—but with the frank ingenuousness of her innocent nature, she then confessed that her heart had long been given to Eric Roslin ; “though, in truth, she had scarcely missed it until others had sought to claim it.”

“And does he appreciate my child ?” asked her father, as he kissed her fondly.

“Oh, dear papa, he loves me only too well ; for years he has loved me, but I always laughed at him ; for, indeed, I knew not that I cared for him as I do, until all these stupid fellows here pestered me with their nonsense.”

“Well, dearest,” said her father, with a happy smile, “Eric Roslin is my sister’s son, and if he is worthy of you, all is well. May it please Heaven to prolong my life until I resign you to his arms !”

“What, papa, shall we return to Europe ?” asked May.

“No, my child. Eric’s regiment is ordered to India. I received this letter from him to-day. Read it.”

And May obeyed him ; but, as she read that letter, oh, how deeply gushed the red rose-tints over brow and bosom, and how sweet were the tears with which she returned it to her father, as she hid her bright young face in his encircling arms !

When next I saw May Douglas, it was two hundred miles from Madras, at Bangalore, whither her father had been recommended to proceed for change of air ; and where indeed his health improved so rapidly, that little seemed wanting to complete his daughter’s happiness ; for more beautiful than ever she looked, and with a new and delight-

ful expression in her sweet eyes, as they were upturned to the fine black ones, which seemed to read in hers thoughts that they only could comprehend. I found, upon inquiry, that the tall, manly young officer, on whose arm she leaned, as they stood listening to a fine military band which was playing on the evening parade, was her cousin and affianced husband, Captain Roslin, who had arrived but a few days before, and to whom she was to be united in another week, when she was to accompany him to Bellary, where his regiment was stationed.

I know not whether the fact is so generally understood as to render repetition of it superfluous, but I may as well mention that, in those days, marriages in India were the simplest and least obtrusive affairs in human life ; as, methinks, they always should be. The solemnity inseparable from a sacrament which is so influential to the welfare, temporal and eternal, of two sentient beings, seems doubly sanctified by simplicity and privacy. Now, in our Eastern colonies, no sooner does the ceremony take place, than the married couple set off—generally attended only by domestics—for some remote village, some picturesque scene, away from the station, or cantonment, or garrison, where a week is passed in complete retirement. In certain cases, where circumstances do not admit of exuberant expenditure, they simply retire to their own mansion, where they are “not at home” until the following Sunday. Then, their appearance at church or in public is the signal for friends and acquaintances to commence a series of congratulatory visits, which, truly, must be one of the most certain means of embittering “*la lune de miel*.”

It appears that Captain Roslin had determined on starting *en route* to join his regiment on the evening of the bridal : and, as Mr. Douglas still required the cooler climate of Bangalore, he parted from his daughter neither sadly nor hopelessly ; for his medical attendants were sanguine that his case was no longer a dangerous one. In his son-in-law, he had found the very person best calculated to insure the felicity of his child ; and, as he handed her into her handsome palanquin, and saw them both carried away by their separate sets of *bhoys* (bearers), he thanked Heaven for having bestowed so worthy a son upon him.

Captain Roslin had forwarded tents and a riding-horse to Gurrumpett, twenty miles from Bangalore, where, with a relay of bearers, he counted on arriving the following morning ; and where, as it was a pretty and secluded village, in a woody country, the young couple resolved to spend a day or two.

Now, it so happened, that on the very morning of the marriage—though indeed the projected movements of the happy pair were quite unknown to us—four officers, of whom I made one, had obtained leave of absence for a few days to go on a shooting excursion ; and we were pleasantly encamped at Jugdal, a small hamlet out of the direct route to Bellary, surrounded with plains and jungles that absolutely teemed with game. On the early morning of the day after our arrival, while we were planning the amusements of the day, a party of villagers, in evident excitement, and led by the *thanadar*, or head of the native police of the village, approached us.

“Sahib,” said the thanadar, “a band of *lootties* (plun-

derers) from the hills have attacked an *Ingrezi surdar* and his *beebe* (an English officer and his lady), not far from Gurrumpett; two of them have been killed by the gentleman, but he is dangerously wounded, and his wife has been carried off. We are hastening to inquire into it, and an express has been sent to —, where there is a detachment of soldiers."

"And the lady?"

"The lady, sahib, has been, as I said, carried away, Alla only can tell how! No sooner had the gentleman fallen, than the lootties plundered the palanquin of its contents, and made off. The bearers, who had concealed themselves in the jungles, then returned, but, seeing nothing of the other palanquin, carried the officer to Gurrumpett."

"It must be Roslin," cried Graham. "Saddle, my lads, and spare not spur or whip."

"Neither let us forget our Mantons," said Youatt.

Now, Gurrumpett was only four miles across country, and ere five minutes were over, we were dashing through bush and briar, over flood and fell, our only path being the narrow foot-tracks, denominated somewhat characteristically by the natives of Hindoostan, *chowrrusta*, i. e., thieves' roads. Presently, however, we were forced to slacken our pace; for the jungle thickened; and, coming to a slough, we were obliged to make a detour to avoid it; Youatt and I taking the right hand side, whilst Graham and Slade took the left. We had rounded the quagmire, and were entering a woody pass, when the groans of a human being struck upon our ears, and the next moment we beheld, to our great astonishment, a handsome palanquin, fully equipped for a

journey, with the usual quantity of baskets, guzlets, et cetera, whilst beside it lay a bearer, covered with blood, and groaning, in great pain. We were soon on our feet, and, firing off a fowling-piece, in order to rally our friends, we tried to render some assistance to the wounded wretch, who was evidently dying. As we stooped over him, his eyes, already glazed, fell upon us, and the words, "*Bagh ! bagh !*" a tiger, were feebly pronounced. He was indeed torn in a dreadful manner by the claws of a leopard, or panther ; for we knew that tigers but rarely wandered in this direction. His throat was laid open, his chest fearfully rent, and altogether he presented an object from which the gaze turned away with horror. We moistened his mouth with water, for he appeared desirous to speak.

"*Sahib*," said he, "*muriata hown. Bagh beebeeko legga.*"—I am dying, sir ; the tiger has carried away the lady."

"Where are the other bearers?" asked I.

"*Sub bhay-gya.*—All have run away."

In five minutes we looked upon a corpse, and then we bethought ourselves of examining the palanquin. There were evident traces of its having contained a lady of some rank and elegant habits : the pale blue silk curtains and linings, the crimson morocco bedding, the downy pillows, silken fringed, the little handsome reading-lamp swung at the foot, the neatly panelled drawers, and a kerchief of the finest cambric on the pillow,—all denoted a European woman ; while outside the palanquin had fallen a little volume. I opened it ; it was a copy of Flavel's sweet, quaint "*Saint Indeed*," and on the fly-leaf were the words—

“MAY DOUGLAS,
From her loving father, on her birthday,
29th March, 1819.”

We lost not a moment in arranging our plans: Youatt and Graham would ride on to Garrumpett, to render what assistance they could to Roslin, to whom they had been introduced, whilst Slade should hurry out to Jugdal, to order our tents to be removed to Garrumpett, while *coolies* (porters), should be sent to convey the palanquin thither. We knew that within a few miles of where we now stood, a town, once of considerable importance, but now dwindled down into ruins and huts, existed; and as, on a former occasion, I had visited this place—Khanpore—I was deputed to procure what aid I could from the officials belonging to the Collectorate there stationed, to assist me in searching the jungles for the missing bride. We were now in the heart of a wilderness, which could scarcely be called a wood, since the jungle was straggling, and consisted of shrubs rather than trees. The road from Bellary to Garrumpett lay not a hundred yards in front of us, and we were right, as it turned out, in conjecturing that when Roslin's palanquin was attacked by the looties, the bearers of that which carried his wife had endeavoured to preserve her and themselves by retreating into the thickets, where a still more redoubtable foe awaited them in the tiger, or cheeta. On the narrow track which branched off towards Khanpore, I followed the evident traces of the beast of prey until they disappeared down a steep ravine, at the bottom of which brattled a noisy brook. It was evident that the animal had not retired without a victim. Blood, the trail of a heavy

substance, shreds of linen, and, last of all, the finger of a human being, lay on the track, as, cautiously advancing with pistols and fowling-piece loaded, I shouted out a good-bye to my friends. Was it an inhuman thing of me to perceive, with a strange feeling of relief and even joy, that the finger was that of a native! Hope sprung up within me. Might not Mrs. Roslin have escaped, and found her way to Khanpore? or, in the long stretch of intricate jungle, might she not have gone astray and perished? I had no fears of any peril reaching her through the looties. Satisfied with their booty, they would in all probability avoid her, if they met her.

However, instead of recounting what befell myself, I shall first tell my readers that Graham and Youatt found Captain Roslin at Gurrumpett. Though severely wounded from a shot which had perforated his wrist, rendering the use of his right arm and hand impossible; he was not in any other danger than that which might be occasioned by the extreme horror and despair, causing an exaltation of the brain bordering on delirium, which seized his faculties on finding, after the conflict, (in which he had killed one of his opponents and mortally wounded another,) that his bride was nowhere to be found. Notwithstanding the extreme pain from his wrist, he had insisted on mounting his horse, in order to go in search of her; but sickness came on, and he was forced to submit to the care of his servants, who put him to bed, where, indeed, my companions found him,—his senses rapidly becoming clouded under the anxieties of a tortured mind.

His servants were attentive; and the plunderers, satisfied

with a bag of rupees which they found in the palanquin, and a very handsome gold watch, had left untouched or undiscovered, a writing-desk containing many valuables. A medical man might be expected from Bellary before night, whither a despatch had been sent; and, whilst Graham remained with the suffering bridegroom, Youatt, attended by some armed peons, set off on a search that proved futile.

Meanwhile, I had almost reached Khanpore without interruption of any sort, when, as I came within sight of an ancient *kuberistan*, or Mussulman burying-ground, which told striking tales, in its gray mementos of death, of the abundant life that once had populated a now ruinous and unfrequented town, I beheld, sparkling amongst the long grass that skirted the road, a woman's bracelet, of the richest Indian gold. It seemed to me to be a bright clue to lead me where the Ariadne of my search was to be found. Dismounting and picking it up, I deposited it in my bosom, and soon reached Khanpore, where, alas! nothing had been heard of the accidents of the past night. I passed several hours in riding about the old dismantled place, and in exploring the jungle near it, but in vain; and at length, when the heat was no longer endurable, and both myself and my steed were completely knocked up, I betook me to the *chokee*, or police station, where I soon managed to procure grass for my horse, solacing myself with a mat, a few *chuppatees*, (unleavened cakes,) and a draught of butter-milk.

When, at last, coolness came with evening, I was again on my way to Gurrumpett, little satisfied with my day's

work. I had reached the spot where I had picked up the bracelet, and was pointing it out to the peon whom the thanadar of Khanpore had insisted on sending with me, when up from the bushes started so suddenly a strange, wild figure, that, scarcely knowing what I did, I levelled a pistol at it.

“*Ahista, sahib, mut maro !*” cried a sweet voice—“softly, sir, do not fire !” and half ashamed of my own vivacity, I examined the object before us.

In the picturesque and many-coloured garb of her race, her arms covered with bangles of silver, anklets of the same metal tinkling their tiny bells, a triple necklace of shells round her neck, her eyes, dark as night, flashing with energy, her soft, silken, jetty hair braided—a young Brinjarie girl not older than seventeen, stood beside us. The Brinjaries are the Bohemians, the gipsies of India ; probably they are the primary stock from which all the wandering tribes of the same name that exist have sprung. The Gitana, the Zingara, the Brinjarie of our sketch was a beautiful creature, light and graceful as a gazelle—and as I gazed on her, I forgot that I was not contemplating a picture.


“What is all this ?” said the peon gruffly.

But we shall anglicise, as best we can, the answer of our beautiful apparition, which, delivered in the richest *rekhta* of Hindoostan, seemed to me the sweetest music I ever heard.

“Sahib,” she said, with a salaam which Taglioni might have studied with profit in *La Bayadère*, “my mother and myself were in the jungles this morning, before the quail twittered or the wild cock crew ; as we were gathering the porcupine quills, dropped overnight on the brinks of the

brook, and dug for the roots which we sell to the *Punsari* (druggist), we came upon what we believed to be some Peri, who had rashly permitted the drops of the morning dew to fall upon her until she had fainted beneath their weight. It was a *Welaity* (European lady). We succeeded in recovering her from a deep swoon; but *ufsôs!* (alas!) her words were unknown to us, and her gestures were the gestures of the *devani* (maniac). Her grief was terrible to witness; but at length we conveyed her to our hut, where, by the aid of one of those sleep-compelling potions which my mother is skilled in composing, she now lies fast asleep. I have been to the thanadar, who directed a messenger to summon you back. Lo! where he comes; he is fat and foolish, and I have found my way through field and furrow, whilst he has been counting the steps of indolence on the straightforward path. Follow me!"

In a tent-like shed, scarcely larger than an immense beehive, thatched with palm-leaves, and constructed of bamboos—heavily sleeping, but pale, worn, haggard—her dress torn, and dishevelled—lay, on a mat, pretty May Douglas! An old woman—wild-looking, and repulsive, but for the real kindness which shone from her maternal eyes—sat by the poor lady, fanning her with a *vissery*, or hand-punka of *kuskus*-grass, which, having been dipped in water, gave forth at each waving a delicious odour. She beckoned us to be silent as we entered. I instantly despatched a peon to Gurrumpett for the palanquin; and Mrs. Roslin, still insensible from the potency of a heavy opiate, and unconscious of her own bliss, was conveyed to the arms of her husband, who was almost recovered by the sight of his restored treasure!



By her mother's directions, the Brinjarie girl ran by the side of the palanquin, bearing with her certain herbs, in order to prepare a beverage, which, she said, would speedily disperse the fumes of the narcotic that had been so judiciously given to the lady. And it was even as she said. Nor shall I dwell upon the rapture with which the newly wedded pair—so lately united, so fearfully separated, so providentially restored to each other—recognised the preserving mercy of an Omnipotent power!

A return to Bangalore was necessary for the perfect restoration of Captain Roslin; and it was on an evening not long after, when myself and my companions were seated in Mr. Douglas's veranda, beside the Roslins, that Mrs. Roslin thus spoke:

"It is impossible for me ever to forget the dreadful *dreamlike reality*—if I may so term it—of that incident. I had fallen asleep, and awoke under the impression that I was still dreaming; for, I heard the discharge of firearms, the clash of swords, and loud yells and cries, whilst the palanquin was violently jostled and hurried along at a rapid, but uneasy and unusual pace. At length, aroused to the consciousness that it was no nightmare that oppressed me, I drew aside the palanquin door. We were amongst rocks and trees, the branches of the latter brushing the litter as we passed. But, in another moment, before I could ask what was the matter, there was a piercing shriek—a fierce growl—and, darting from the woods, an animal, whose fiery eyes shone midst the pervading gloom, was upon us! The palanquin was dashed down. I know not what succeeded; I have a faint recollection of seeing a white-robed shape

dragged away by what I concluded to be a tiger—of rushing out of the palanquin, and stumbling over a wounded and moaning man—of springing into the woods in an opposite direction—and then I became senseless.

“When I recovered, the faint dawn of earliest morning began to gild the bushes amongst which I lay. The ground was wet with dense dew; the brakes, covered with elegant parasites, gave out a refreshing fragrance; and, even in the almost frenzy of my terror, I was inspired with indefinable sensations of joy at the coming light of day, which brought to my eyes buds and leaves, to my nostrils perfume, and to my heart hope! I prayed fervently, and rising, wandered in vain endeavours to extricate myself from the jungle. I know not how long I wandered—my arms and hands—look at them—when will they be fit to be seen?”—and her father and her husband each kissed tenderly the hand that was next to him. “At last I came upon a little track, and, wishing to follow it, I was dragging my weary limbs and wounded feet along, when, lo! right in front of me stood a strange ill-favoured animal, unknown to me, and, as it cowered and opened wide its jaws, grinning and uttering a sort of fiendish laugh, I then felt that reason was departing from me. I clapped my hands madly, and shrieked, and hooted—and the creature fled! What was it, Eric?”

“A hyena—the *dummelgundy*, as the natives call it,” said her father; “a cowardly animal at best.”

“I had not gone far, as I think, when, as I crept through some bushes, I stumbled and fell across something which felt cold, clammy—ah, I dare not think of it! I started up to look at what, at the very touch, had made me thrill with

horror. An enormous reptile lay coiled round a substance, the nature of which I could not distinguish, but I suspected it to be the half-destroyed remains of an antelope, or goat. I saw that I had actually fallen across the swollen and livid coils of a huge rock-snake, or boa-constrictor, which, gorged to surfeited stupefaction, scarcely stirred whilst I lay for a moment across it. I staggered away, faint unto death ; and then sense utterly deserted me. I knew no more than that there were kind and soothing accents in mine ears—kind and feminine hands about me—and then there came a long sleep, a long dream, and I awoke with *you*, dear Eric !”

The good and warm-hearted Brinjaries still continue to enjoy the rewards that were insured to them by the grateful Roslins and their father. As for pretty May Douglas and her excellent Roslin, they rank amongst my best and happiest friends.

SERENADE.

BY J. BIRD, ESQ.

LOVE, art thou waking or sleeping ?—
Shadows with morning should flee :—
Love, art thou smiling or weeping ?—
Open thy lattice to me !—
Sunlight each sorrow beguiling,
Youth should be fearless and free :—
Oh ! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me ?

Think on our last blissful meeting,
Sunshine dissolving in tears ;
Oh ! when love's pulses are beating,
Moments are precious as years !
Think on the hope that, soft-wiling,
Lured me, unbidden, to thee :—
Oh ! when all nature is smiling,
Wilt thou not smile upon me ?

Roses, thy temples once wreathing,
Now on my bosom lie dead;—
In their pale beauty still breathing
Fragrance of hours that have fled!
Thus, through my heart sweetly thrilling,
Memory whispers to me :—
“ Oh ! when all nature is smiling,
Ella will smile upon thee !”

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

A COUNTRY STORY.

BY MISS M. R. MITFORD.

IN a winding unfrequented road in the south of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque buildings of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing, and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river whilst pent up in the mill-stream, was no sooner let loose than it subsided into its peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout-stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard; especially when the accompanying figures—the jolly miller sitting before the door, pipe in mouth and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulder, carefully descending

the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter flitting about amongst her poultry—gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filberd walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds sloping into the very stream; so that the cows which, in sultry weather, came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, *that* was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the passers-by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would to be sure limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence; and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face with all its faults so plea-

sant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, on "the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the very hue of the glossy rind of the horse-chestnut, turning when the sun shone on them into threads of gold. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and childlike. Add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen without a lover. She had indeed had two offers: one from a dashing horse-dealer, who having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night, as they were chaffering about the price, and took the refusal in such dudgeon that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself, by cheating the offending papa twice as much as he intended in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a staid, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and parish clerk—an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still, from habit, "young Sam Robinson." He, one fine evening as they sat

together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence, with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being civilly refused, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual on the following Saturday, and, to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed entirely to have forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbourhood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet, respectable old couple, who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry-tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a young tenant from a distant county, the younger son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer Edward Grey, who being unmarried, and of a kindly and social disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was nowhere a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe altogether different from her usual shame-facedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out

not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally, a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion.


In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he insisted on being called, the compliment of running away as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she stayed in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness, and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fireside too lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood too boisterous; the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium—quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly; his spaniel Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesnes, and Katy's large tabby-cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had indeed occurred betwixt the parties. Once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May, Katy, having taken fright at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half led, half forced, into the booth, to look at the real living monsters, by her ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began. The second was about the colour of a riband—an election riband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manner of a county candidate, who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not her candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that that quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last, a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations her cousin Sophy Maynard had long

been her favourite. She was an intelligent, unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain, but there was such a natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing, and her conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times when most pleased with their new neighbour, How I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey ! And now that her cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were evidently delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity ; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that rank of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy, that poor Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable ; flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank away from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy ! she could not tell what ailed her, but she was quite sure that she was wretched,—and then she cried again.




In the mean while the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret;—could it be a love secret?—and the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations, and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture when, one fine evening towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasant walk it was through those newly-mown meadows just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges, now bordered with little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine and the briar rose, now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom; now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot, and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, the blue forget-me-not, and a "thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden. It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot,

and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox-glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower as country people hold did signify,"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering long wreaths of the woodbine and the briony and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers; quoting the well-known lines from the *Winter's Tale*, and the almost equally charming passage from *Philaster*.

At last Edward, who, during the conversation had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves into a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's country art, but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," added he, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole countenance. "The botanical name signifies the queen of the meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the



proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favour with *my* fair queen!"—Katy heard no more. She turned away to a little bay, formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat; and there she sate her down, trembling, cold, and wretched, understanding for the first time her own feelings, and wondering if anybody in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sate, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her and laid his rough head and his long brown curling ears in her lap, and looked at her with "eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech," eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face and licked her cold hand. Oh, kinder and faithfuller than your master! thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sate in that position as it seemed to her for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water-lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily and tremblingly and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water under those hazels—Come!" He put his hand

under her arm and led her thither ; and there, when she cast her eyes mechanically on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet—the identical queen of the meadow—waving like a plume over her own straw bonnet ! She felt herself caught in Edward's arms ; for, between surprise and joy, she had wellnigh fallen ; and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper—"I knew it all the time, Katy ! Everybody knew it but you ! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bridesmaid."—And the very next week they were married.

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THE SURPRISE.

SUGGESTED BY A PERSIAN POEM.

BY THE EDITOR.

VISION of brightness, speak ! Whence—what art thou—
Lightening the gloom of these deep woods with rays
Born of thine own inherent loveliness ! Turn not away,
Thou fairest of earth's daughters—fairer far
Than aught I dreamed of earthly excellence ;
Fear not !—I would—I—What shall I say to thee !—
Star of the wilderness—who art thou ?

Ha !

Wouldst thou fly !—Then, as the entranced bird
Follows the charmer's eye, though it be to death,
So will I thee ! Art thou indeed of earth ?
Or some bright spirit of the grove or stream,
Such as the poet's fable, leading us,
With looks of heaven, to—No ! that cannot be !
Nothing unholy dwells in form so bright. .
Those delicate limbs, round which grace floats as a veil—
That swan-like neck, pure as the mountain snow—
Those downcast eyes, unconscious of their charms—

Those ringlets of embodied sunshine !—Speak !
Alas ! what do I seek ?—Light of my eyes—
Who art thou ?

Silent still !—Why shunnest thou
The adoration that the heart must yield
The majesty of Beauty ?—By the light
Of Jove's all-penetrating glance—the torch of Love—
Honour's unchanging front—Death's fatal seal—
By thine own spotless purity, I swear :—
Life of my soul—who art thou ?

She is gone !
Henceforth, the day is darkness—and a dream,
Mocking the night with splendour, shall replace
The unnoted sun, to calendar a life,
Chilled to a shadow and a memory !—She's gone !

THE BIVOUAC.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It was in the gloaming of the second day occupied by the battle of the Pyrenees, that Lieutenant Sutherland, of the —— regiment, awoke to consciousness, after a long and deep swoon, occasioned by overpowering fatigue and a severe sabre wound in the head. His hands were firmly clenched, and in the left, he grasped a fragment of the colours of a French regiment, which he was in the act of capturing when he was cut down. He had been struck in the very heat and hurry of the fight; and the last sounds which fell upon his ear were those of violence and agony; but now, as he slowly unclosed his aching eyes, all was still about him. A cool and refreshing wind played about his forehead, and a sensation of voluptuous lethargy stole over his senses.

Suddenly, however, a sharp pang, which shot through his temples, aroused him with a spasm that destroyed all hope of further rest; and, thoroughly awakened, at once, to a sense of his maimed and helpless condition, he looked about him with considerable anxiety. No vestige of the battle in which he had so lately been an actor was to be distinguished in any direction. He was lying in a small cavity

created by the capricious formation of the mountain ; a pile of coarse weeds and withered leaves were beneath his head ; and, almost within his reach as he lay, a small bright spring was oozing through the rock, and impearling the few rock-plants which it had itself called into being with its pellucid moisture.

By an instinctive impulse, the wounded man stretched his hand languidly towards the tempting water, and carried a small quantity to his lips. Slight as was the refreshment thus obtained, it nevertheless assisted in the perfect restoration of his faculties ; and he soon ascertained, not without surprise and curiosity, that, whoever might be the unknown friend to whom he was indebted for his present safe retreat, the good office by which he profited had not been performed without considerable personal exertion ; for the plain lay far beneath him, and even the little village of Ronces Valles, near which the battle had taken place, was not in sight. On examination, he discovered, also, that his wound had been rudely but skilfully dressed ; and, young as he was, he had already sufficient experience in matters of the kind, to be aware that haste, and not want of skill, had presided at the operation.

Above his head, the rock formed a rude arch, which, diminishing in outline as it approached the opening, expanded at the other extremity into a species of cavern ; the little spring before mentioned flowed just beyond the mouth of the cave ; the breezes entered as they listed, and, nevertheless, the depth of the excavation was sufficient to secure its tenant from every probable vicissitude of weather.

The said tenant was a young man of some three or four-

and-twenty, with clustering curls of rich auburn, now matted by the damps of physical agony, above a high and expansive brow, evincing at once intellect and benevolence; his dark blue eyes, at the moment in which we introduce him to our readers, were dimmed and sunk, but it would have been easy for any one who had looked upon him even then, to decide that such was not their habitual expression; and that, in moments of physical exertion and awakened energy, their intelligence would do no dishonour to the noble forehead which rose above them.

But why seek to elaborate the description of the wounded hero, who lay within the Pyrenean cave! He was a fine young fellow, worthy of the garb he wore, and of the country for which he fought.

As he gradually recovered mental strength, he looked about him with increased interest. The stillness was unbroken, save by the occasional flight of an eagle, the scream of an inferior bird of prey, or the bounding passage of a wild goat; while, in the distance, sounded the mighty voices of the wilderness—voices which, unlike those awakened by mere mortals, only serve to make the silence of solitude and space more impressive—the voices of the bounding, lashing, foaming, headlong torrent, and the hoarse murmurs of the resisting rocks, the rustling of the storm-defying pines, and the roar of the desert beast, maddened by the far-off scent of human flesh.

Sutherland listened for a time to this diapason of savage nature, without a thought beyond its sublimity; but, ere long, with that human instinct which never forsakes man in whatever situation he may be placed, he grew anxious to

distinguish, amid this mountain melody, some sound of mortal vicinage. Whither had the tide of time rolled onward the mighty billows of battle by which he had been swept down? Where was the flying enemy? for Sutherland was too thorough a Briton not to decide instantly in his own mind that, as the fight had passed by, it must naturally have been the foe who fled. Where, above all, were his gallant comrades—his own idolized corps?

Vainly did he ask these questions of the solitude about him. What was man, even banded and in arms—struggling host to host—dealing death and ruin on his kind—what was he, and what were his mightiest efforts, amid such a scene as that on which the eye of Sutherland now fell inquiringly? The heart of the young man quailed, and he instinctively felt his insignificance. There, God was all in all, and human hostilities and human passions were too mean to leave their impress upon the grandly-opened page of Nature.

From a solemn feeling of this overwhelming fact, Sutherland was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching voices; and it was not without a sense of apprehension that ere long he discovered the strangers to be Spaniards. Conscious of his utter helplessness, and aware of the character of the mountaineers of the district, he cautiously withdrew to the depth of the cavern, in the hope that the new-comers might pass him by unnoticed; but he was not long suffered to remain in so agreeable an error. The entrance of the cave was suddenly darkened, and before him stood a couple of sturdy ruffians, half-bandit and half-contrabandista, precisely as he had apprehended.

"Hola, camarado!" shouted the foremost; "so you have found your legs, although, without my good aid, you could scarcely at this time have boasted of a head. Had I not been resolved to win my wager, I should have left you where you lay, for eagle's meat; but I saw that the life held on; and as you and yours had provided our flying friends with carrion enough in all conscience, I thought the trial worth making."

"And is it to you that I am indebted for my life?" asked the young man, in a faint and reluctant voice.

"Even so, signor; and I expect something from your gratitude."

"Would that I could better recompense the service," said Sutherland, hastily; "for the present, I can offer little save my thanks, but that little—" and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand into the bosom of his jacket in search of his purse.

A hoarse laugh followed the action.

"How now, camarado! What seek you there?" asked the man, insolently: "do you imagine that you fell into the hands of the French general, when you were taken prisoner; and suppose that you have been boarded, lodged, and cured, without a fee? If I am to find my only recompense in your purse, I have already secured it. What I earn, I take!"

"And you are right," said Sutherland, calmly. "I wish that the prize had been better worth the having, and the wages more proportioned to the work; but I still hope one day to have it in my power to acquit myself more fully of the debt."

"He talks fairly, if you can trust him," growled out his

companion, who was lounging listlessly against the entrance of the cavern; "he speaks Spanish, too, and that is something in his favour."

For all reply, the first speaker advanced farther into the cave, and, striking a light with the flint of the rifle which he carried, he ignited the mass of leaves which had so lately pillowed the aching head of the wounded soldier. As the flame rose, Sutherland for the first time discovered, behind a salient angle of the cavern, a pile of black turf, a quantity of which the bandit flung upon the blazing heap; and it was with a sensation of indescribable pleasure that the young man, on a gesture from his strange companion, cast himself upon the earth within its genial influence.

"Now, Firefast, bestir yourself," said the latter, who, after having carefully reared his rifle against the side of the cave, was busily engaged in drawing some coarse bread, a few heads of garlic, and a length of dried sausage, from a sort of haversack, which he had worn slung across his shoulders; "bestir yourself, man!—as the Inglese is alive, we must keep him so, and not mar our own work; the meal that we are about to share is none of the daintiest for a sick stomach, though it is honest food enough on the mountain side, when every man has strength left to carry his own rifle; I must first look to this ugly cut of his, by way of summoning an appetite, which may be slow in coming if he is left with this fevered blood about him." And, as he spoke, he removed, more gently than might have been expected from such a nurse-tender, the clumsy bandages which had been rolled about the head of his patient.

"And what want you from me, Cuthard?"

"Water, man, water; fill your canteen at the spring, if you think that it will hold water for once without leaking. You can easily rinse it out again with aguardiente."

Sutherland, whom the density of the smoke which filled the cavern had affected with a painful sense of sickness, caught eagerly at the last word.

"If you would really save my life, give me a draught of aguardiente," he said, eagerly.


"It is because I have a fancy to do so, that I will give you nothing of the sort," replied the bandit; "a fever to-night would finish you."

Conscious that expostulation would be useless, Sutherland did not persist. Refreshed by the cold fomentations which were liberally applied to his wound, and by a dressing of herbs which was subsequently added, he thankfully accepted the coarse cloak that was proffered to him as a pillow, and the morsel of bread which was tendered to him as his supper, little tempting as it was, rejecting with disgust its accompaniments of sausage and garlic. He was destined, however, to somewhat better fare; for, the man whom his comrade had called Firefast, a *sobriquet* evidently intended, like his own, to conceal his real name, displayed from some hidden store a piece of cold broiled izzard venison, which, with uncouth but ready courtesy, he pressed upon the invalid. This done, the two freebooters, in their turn, squatted down beside the fire, which had become one mass of glowing heat, and commenced their own meal, which they washed down with copious draughts of the fiery liquid that had been refused to Sutherland.

As their repast lasted much longer than his own, the

young soldier had ample opportunity to examine the strange companions whom the fortune of war had forced upon him. They were fair specimens of their ferocious class—of that formidable and treacherous race who were alike the enemies of both French and English, when hostility to either was productive of gain to themselves, and who, on the other hand, would assist either party when they could do so with advantage to their own circumstances. Of medium stature, but muscular, active, and athletic, with long, wiry, black hair, large flashing eyes, and strongly-moulded limbs, they wore short jackets of coarse brown cloth, and wide trousers reaching midway from the knee to the instep, where they were drawn tightly round the leg by a string; shoes of untanned leather strapped to the feet by sandals of the same material reaching to the pantaloons, and girdles of crimson silk, which supported their pistols and the indispensable stiletto. They had flung off their broad-flapped sombreros, when they commenced their repast; and these now lay on the floor of the cave, gay with their streaming ribands tagged with metal, and each ornamented with a small leaden medallion of the Virgin, carefully fastened to the felt. A similar symbol was hung about the neck of each, by a black riband; and upon these effigies they were wont to swear, whenever they pledged themselves to any deed of violence for hire.

Such was the exterior of Sutherland's guardians, and it was by no means calculated to inspire him with any particular confidence in their good faith: indeed, their proceedings, so far, had been to him inexplicable; for as, upon further examination, he ascertained that his watch as well as his



purse had disappeared, and that he had consequently no ostensible means of rewarding their services, he could conceive no probable motive for their present conduct. He was not, however, fated to remain in suspense.

"We have now eaten and drunk together, signor," said Cuthard composedly, as, having finished his meal and washed it down with a closing draught, he stretched out his sinewy limbs into a better position for enjoying the heat, and at the same time commanded a more perfect view of his prisoner's countenance; "we have the night before us, and all our plans to arrange. You are a fine young fellow, after the fashion of your pale-faced countrymen, but you are not boy enough to believe that I brought you out of the reach of danger for the sake of looking at your light eyes. Woman's work was not made for men of my stamp. You know well what we are, signor; so we will waste no time in explanations that are useless. I have seen you before. I know that you are able to pay well for the life that you owe me; the question is, are you willing to do so, if I, on my side, undertake to guide you safe, life and limb, to the British lines?"

"Name your terms."

"A hundred dollars."

"You rate my value low," said Sutherland, with a smile; "there are two of you—say a hundred each."

"Will you give it?"

"Willingly."

"Will you swear?"

"If you do not consider my pledged word a sufficient security, certainly."

"Swear then," persisted the man, eagerly, withdrawing the medal from his neck, and extending it towards him.

Sutherland waved it back: "That would be no oath to me," he said, gravely; "but I swear to you, upon the honour of an Englishman and a soldier, that no sooner shall I be within the British lines, as you propose, than the money shall be paid."

The men listened suspiciously, and spoke apart in low but vehement tones for a while, after which Cuthard again turned towards the anxious young man, and said, somewhat sulkily:

"So be it; we will trust you until we suspect foul play, and then the account will be easily settled."

"But, if you are satisfied, I am not," said Sutherland, resolutely; "I know the honesty of my own intentions, and I have sworn to you an oath which to me is binding as any that you can utter—now it is your turn to give me a pledge. How can I penetrate your actual intentions? I know that I am wounded, unarmed, and helpless: you may murder me here if such be your will; do so; you will incur no danger, and I shall be spared all further fatigue and uncertainty; but I will not be dragged over the country like a felon, only to be cheated at the last."

The bandits stared at each other in astonishment; they were altogether unprepared for such a display of spirit on the part of their captive, and for an instant they were silent. But Sutherland had judged shrewdly; by degrees their mistrust vanished before the determined tone and words with which he had addressed them, and ultimately, as if convinced of the validity of the pledge that he had given,

they each bound themselves by their own more demonstrative oath.

This affair terminated, the brigands looked carefully to the priming of their fire-arms, and with their stiletos under their heads, composed themselves to sleep; but, with the first streak of light on the ensuing morning they were again astir, and, having aroused the wounded man, who still slumbered, and instructed him to fortify himself with a crust of maize bread and a mouthful of aguardiente, they prepared to set forth.

Their tedious and difficult path lay through the gorges and ravines of the mountain, where they were beyond the reach of surprise from any detached party of either army; and as the extreme weakness of Sutherland made it impossible for him to travel under the fierce beams of a midday sun, rendered doubly pernicious in that elevated region from their contact and contrast with the keen and snow-laden blasts which swept through them, much time must necessarily be lost in their advance.

Anxious only to find himself once more among his comrades and countrymen, Sutherland put forth all his little remaining strength; but he soon painfully discovered that, without the assistance of his powerful guides, he must have lain down and perished by the wayside; and it was with sincere thankfulness that he hailed their first halt. To all his questions relative to the present position of the contending armies, his companions pleaded entire ignorance; but they nevertheless moved forward like men who were in no difficulty as to their way, although, to the surprise of Sutherland, they had already been two days upon the

march without perceiving a vestige of either force. when, in the evening of the second, as they were about to select a resting-place for the night, they were startled from their security by a cry of - *Qui vive !* not a hundred paces from them. For a moment the mortified young soldier suspected that he had been betrayed ; but there was no mistaking the fierce wrath of the two Spaniards, as they flung their rifles to their wrists, and prepared to offer a resistance as idle as it was hopeless. In the next instant, a portion of the French picquet by which they had been challenged, turned the angle of the rock that had concealed them from the travellers, and they instantly found themselves prisoners.

"Our bargain is at an end, signor," said Cuthard, doggedly, addressing Sutherland ; "and the worst is, that we have lost ourselves without saving you, for we are likely enough to swing for it."

"Heaven forbid !" exclaimed the young soldier ; "you shall not do so, if my influence can save you."

Meanwhile, the officer in command of the picquet having recognised the uniform of a British officer, approached Sutherland with great courtesy.

"You are my prisoner, sir," he said, "and might, from your companionship, have run some risk of passing for a spy, did not your almost helpless condition, and the witness of your wound, prove otherwise. I need not request that you will deliver up your arms, for I perceive that you have been eased of them, as you probably have of everything else of value. However, *fortune de la guerre !* you know. You could not have fallen upon a better chance, my party being one of several thrown back to protect the rear of the

army, where, as you will have no difficulty in believing, you will find many even greater sufferers than yourself, and plenty of medical assistance. As to these gentlemen, I shall without delay turn them over to the care of the provost-marshal, who has a long account to settle with them and their comrades."

"If I might be permitted to urge"—Sutherland commenced; but the French officer, with a polite bow, turned aside, and gave an order to one of his men, purposely to prevent a continuance of the request which he anticipated.


The freebooters were accordingly disarmed, surrounded by the picquet, and marched off; while Sutherland, whom the exertions and emotions of the day had nearly exhausted, followed slowly, leaning upon the arm of his captor.

On turning the angle of rock already mentioned, and descending a rude and difficult declivity, the young Englishman suddenly found himself within sight of a scene always interesting and exciting to the eye of a soldier. In a deep gorge of the mountain were posted the men of the outlying picquet by whom he had been made prisoner, while, in the distance, where the gorge widened into a narrow valley, hemmed in on either hand by tall and precipitous rocks, gleamed out the cheerful fires of a bivouac. A soldier had already been despatched to the officer commanding the rear guard of the army, to apprise him of the capture of Sutherland; and the wounded man, whose hurt had become fevered and irritable from his late physical exertion, was grateful for the consideration which supplied him with wholesome refreshment and a cloak to

rest upon, while he awaited the decision of the superior officer as to his destination.

In about an hour, a rude litter of pine boughs, which had been constructed for the accommodation of their own wounded, was placed at the disposal of Sutherland, with four French soldiers as bearers, to convey him to the temporary hospital which had been established in the valley, and which consisted of a row of sheds, roofed with reeds, and backed against the face of the rock ; and, after exchanging an earnest and grateful farewell with the officer of the picquet, Sutherland stretched himself upon the litter, and resigned himself to a train of bitter thought. He was a prisoner. His career was probably marred for life. Till the close of the war, during which he must continue useless and inactive while his comrades were hewing out their way to fame and honour, he would probably be confined on his parole, in some insignificant French town ; and that, perhaps, for years—those very years in which life should be spent in action and in enterprise. How earnestly did he wish at that moment that he had expired where he fell, among his brothers in arms. The regret was, however, vain ; and he roused himself, lest he should exhibit any traces of unmanly weakness in his meeting with his captors.

His bearers meanwhile pursued their way slowly and carefully towards the valley ; and, immediately at its entrance, they came upon a group, which, illuminated as it was by the bright light of the fire about which it was formed, struck him by its picturesque character, even pre-occupied as he was. It consisted of a party of men who had just arrived, in charge of some wounded comrades,



and were preparing to refresh themselves after their march, under the superintendence of a *vivandière*, who stood in the midst of them, dealing out the fiery brandy of the country in mugs and glasses.

The men, evidently travel-worn and weary, had most of them flung aside their weapons and a portion of their dress; and several, who had already received their *petite goutte* from the ready hands of *la grande Marie*, were lying stretched upon the earth, with their heads pillowed upon their knapsacks. They had halted under the only tree of which the valley could boast—an old, storm-riven ilex, whose mighty trunk was shivered almost to the roots—which had revenged itself upon its destiny by putting forth a strong growth of underwood. A fatigue party, a little in the rear, were busied in removing the baggage which had accompanied the invalids; and, a strange, uncouth-looking figure, with a vacant countenance upon which the fire-light flashed brightly, was endeavouring in vain to induce the busy *vivandière* to bestow upon him a ration of the “fire-water” that she was so liberally dispensing.

The appearance of the woman at once attracted the attention of Sutherland. She was very tall, with coarse features and red hair; her dress was a close gown of the coarse blue cloth worn by the soldiery, and she also wore, like them, highlow shoes strongly nailed. Her limbs were muscular and even masculine in their proportions, and there was a fire in her eye which betrayed the will as well as the power of self-defence. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, there was still something singularly prepossessing in the whole aspect of the woman. Her cotton cap,

without any border, and the kerchief about her neck, were as white as snow ; and there was an expression of sisterly affection in her countenance as she moved among the jaded and travel-soiled troops.

Further to the right, Sutherland could distinguish the hospital sheds, with an officer or two standing in the cheerful blaze of a fire, and parties of guards and orderlies moving about on their errands of duty and mercy ; while the savoury steam of half-cooked viands announced the approaching advent of the evening mess.

" *Hola ! La rousse !*" shouted one of the bearers of the litter, as it suddenly halted before the first-mentioned group ; "bring your canteen this way, and let us suck in a little breath, for we are wellnigh spent with our burden ; and monsieur here will not grudge us a *pour-boire* for our pains."

"You are quite right, *mon brave*," said Sutherland ; "and had the brigands into whose hands I fell, left me withoutal to follow my inclination, it should have been no niggard one. As it is," he added, addressing the *vivandière*, who had approached the litter, and withdrawing a signet-ring from his finger, "I must ask madame to accept this trinket in payment of your draught, for I have been robbed of every *sou* that I had about me."

"Never fear, *mon capitaine*," said the man ; "*la grande Marie* is reasonable, and has no objection to merchandise where money cannot be had : *à votre santé commandant !*" and, having helped himself, the speaker handed the canteen to his comrades.

The *vivandière* had, meanwhile, been examining the

ring. "There is hair under the stone," she said, in a musical voice, which contrasted strangely with her masculine appearance. "May one ask whose hair is it, monsieur?"

"Bah! what a child's question do you put there, *la rousse!*" laughed one of the soldiers; "whose should it be but that of a pretty woman! A brave heart is always full of a mistress."

"It is my mother's hair," said Sutherland, in an accent of emotion, as he saw that the *vivandière* stood awaiting his reply. "She gave it to me the day she became a widow."

"Take it back," said Marie, peremptorily: "it is a holy relic, and should not be bartered for a draught of aguardiente. The men are welcome to the liquor."

"But I possess no other means of requiting you," objected Sutherland.

"*En avant!*" exclaimed the woman, authoritatively, to the bearers of the litter. "You have no business to be lingering here with the prisoner."

"One word, Marie," persisted the foremost. "What of the two Spaniards who were taken at the same time?"

"A stout rope, and the leafless limb of this tree to-morrow morning at gun-fire," replied the woman, composedly.

"Is there no hope of saving them?" asked Sutherland, with anxiety; "brigands though they be, they have saved my life, and I would do much to repay the debt."

"The provost-marshal has a long arm and a quick hand," was the unmoved reply. "*Bon voyage*, monsieur: a speedy cure to you, and a safe return to your mother."

The litter again moved on, and was soon challenged by a sentinel, stationed on the outskirts of the hospital ground.

The reply was no sooner given, and the prisoner carried forward, than an officer approached to receive him. After greeting the wounded man somewhat coldly, he remarked—

“ You have fallen into our hands under unpleasant circumstances, monsieur ; the character of your companions, and the fact of your isolation from the British forces, point to you as a spy, and as such it is our disagreeable duty to consider you, until you can free yourself from the suspicion. What proof can you adduce to the contrary ? ”

“ My wound, sir,” said Sutherland, indignantly—“ received in fair fight upon the field, only three days back, near Ronces Valles.”

“ That may have been the result of an accident,” observed his interlocutor, in the same forbidding tone.

“ This, then ! ” exclaimed the young man, with a temporary vehemence, that shook his enfeebled frame, and gave a false fire to his eye ; and he tore from his breast, where he had deposited it, the fragment of the French colours, of which he had so nearly possessed himself. “ I was cut down in the very act of seizing the standard of which this is a portion.”

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when the hand of the Frenchman was frankly extended towards him, and he heard a soldier’s welcome warmly poured forth.

“ I have done my duty to my general,” said his new acquaintance, “ and am satisfied of your loyalty ; and now, with much greater satisfaction, I will make arrangements for your comfort. You will be but poorly housed, for we possess no materials here for founding a city ; but you will find skilful attendance, and every inclination to make your

captivity more endurable. And now, I will detain you no longer from the surgeons. Your wound may require tending."

In a short time Sutherland found himself installed, with two wounded French officers, in one of the reed-thatched huts, luxuriously lying upon a bed formed of dried fern, and covered with cloaks, while a practised and careful hand was busy with his wound; and the relief which he experienced was so great, that ere long he fell into a deep sleep. In a couple of hours he was again awake, but feverish and unrefreshed; for his dreams had been full of his late companions across the mountain, and the scene of their coming execution had haunted his visions with a vividness that forbade rest. As he lay upon his uneasy couch, he revolved a thousand schemes, each more impossible than the last, for delivering them from the hands of their captors; but eventually, the bitter conviction of his utter helplessness compelled him to exert himself to dissipate the emotion which was preying upon his strength; and the rather that, when he remembered the suspicion with which he had himself been regarded, he at once felt the extreme hazard of appearing to take a marked, and what the enemy might consider an inexplicable interest in the lives of his fellow-prisoners. Still, he could not forget that to these men he, in all probability, was indebted for his life; and the idea of their losing their own in his service, whatever might be their actual views and motives in devoting themselves to his escape, tortured him so keenly, that he began to feel his mental powers give way under the struggle; when, chancing to glance towards the opening of the shed, he saw

the light of the watch-fire without shaded for a moment by the figure of a man, who, entering stealthily, looked rapidly around him, and then, with cat-like steps, approached his bed.

More curious than alarmed, Sutherland silently awaited the issue, and in another moment he felt a small paper crushed into his hand. This done, as though there were no longer any occasion for concealment, the new-comer advanced to the centre of the hut, and there, crouching down, began to hum the monotonous air of some long-remembered ditty.

"*Diable !*" murmured one of the sufferers ; " here is that idiot Antoine once more ! *Dites-donc, imbécile*, why does not Marie come herself to see if we have need of her, instead of trusting your fool's head with such an errand ?"

" Do you want water, *camarade* ?" asked the half-witted creature, whom, as he sat in the light of the watch-fire, Sutherland recognised to be the man who was standing beside the *vivandière* when he entered the valley. " If you want water, Antoine can reach it. If you want brandy, Marie keeps the canteen."

" The old story," said the wounded man, who had before spoken ; " all the poor fool's thoughts run upon *aguardiente*."

" Marie is too busy to come," resumed the intruder ; " there is a fête to-morrow, and she must make her *toilette*. We are to hang two of them when the sun rises."

Sutherland could not repress a groan.

" Ha ! there is one who wants water !" exclaimed the idiot joyously ; and, springing from the ground, he raised

the head of the sufferer with more gentleness than could have been expected from him, while he held a glass of water to his lips. The draught was welcome, but Sutherland could not overcome his agitation. He still grasped the paper which had been given to him, but he dared not glance at its contents. What could it portend? He was in the midst of strangers, with the exception only of the two freebooters, who were in no position to enter into a written correspondence with him. One of his companions was thoroughly awakened, and the poor sufferer knew from experience, that the deep sleep of pain once broken, it requires hours to renew it. What was to be done?

As if conscious of what was passing in the mind of the Englishman, the idiot had no sooner carefully replaced his head upon its pillow, than he approached the querulous invalid on the other side of the hut, in order to render him the same service which had just been so gratefully received by his wounded companion; and, as the French officer declined the courtesy which his voluntary nurse was resolved to confer upon him, an altercation ensued, during which the fire-light was unobscured, and the face of Sutherland concealed from all observation. Hurriedly he unfolded the paper, and there, in a handwriting and an orthography far beyond our feeble powers to describe, he read as follows:—"Sleep in peace! Those you would save will be on the hills at gun-fire. They once did me a good turn, and may do me another. The troops must have aguardiente, and I must not quarrel with the merchants. Your bargain holds good. I have guaranteed it to them,

on the memory of your mother. Sleep in peace, and destroy this paper."

Instantly the truth flashed upon Sutherland. The *vivandière* had had dealings with his late companions in their capacity of *contrabandistas*. She had conceived some plan of escape for them ; and, with a true woman's feeling, conscious that he was anxious to save them from their impending fate, and that his anxiety might tend to inflame his wound and endanger his ultimate safety, even if it did not induce him to the commission of some imprudence likely to affect his own fortunes, she had sent the idiot upon this mission of mercy. His first action was to carry the paper to his mouth, and to masticate it into pulp, after which he closed his eyes in thankfulness ; and, for the first time since he recovered consciousness in the mountain cavern, he fell into a calm and refreshing sleep, from which he was not awakened till daybreak by a commotion in the little camp.

The curiosity of his companions soon caused the satisfaction of his own ; for, on their first question to an orderly who entered the shed, he learned that, during the night, notwithstanding the strong guard which had been placed over them, the two Spaniards had effected their escape ; and that, although several parties had been despatched in pursuit, little hope was entertained of their recapture, from their acquaintance with the intricacies of the surrounding country. The event proved the justice of the doubt. Detachment after detachment returned without having discovered any trace of the fugitives. The provost-marshal

was cheated of his prey, and the riven tree remained unpolluted.

There remains little to add to our sketch. After a long and weary period of suffering, Sutherland was restored to health ; and, more lucky than many of his fellow-prisoners, he had the good fortune to be exchanged for a young French *aide-de-camp* of noble family, who had fallen into the hands of the British. Before he left the country, however, he was enabled to fulfil his pledge to the freebooters, and amply to repay the kind-hearted *vivandière* and her idiot brother for the good service which they had rendered him in his hour of need.

THE RIVALS.

BY G. W. L.

I SAW an old man, a gray old man—
He sat on a mossy stone,
While the world's swift current before him ran ;
But he sat and watched it alone.
Grimly he smiled, and all the joy
Of his dull life seemed to be,
Hope's pictures of beauty to mar and destroy—
Oh ! that old man pleased not me.

There was a city, stately and fair ;
He waved his withered hand,
When a moment laid its foundations bare,
And showed that they only were built on air,
And the city could not stand.
Young flowers of spring were budding nigh,
And bright was the promise they bore ;
But his pointed finger revealed to the eye
A canker in every core.
And Beauty was there, in her loveliest grace ;
But a touch of the old man's art

Showed, lurking beneath the smiling face,
A cold and a hollow heart.
Then I turned, that old man's name to crave,
And they called him "Experience," sage and grave.

I saw a boy, a laughing boy,
His face was heavenly fair,
And his sparkling eye danced bright with joy
As he shook his sunny hair.
A waste and a dreary desert spread
Where the old man's art had been ;
But beneath the stripling's lightsome tread
Each flower again raised up its head,
And all was fresh and green :
New walls arose, as lofty as they
Whose foundations had crumbled and melted away ;
And Beauty's daughters a loveliness wore
As bright and as stainless as ever before.
Sweet child ! I cried,—with this power divine,
Let me be a follower ever of thine.

The cruel old man, with a frown severe,
Touched the spot where the boy was treading ;
And the poor child wept a bitter tear,
As he saw his blossoms fading.
But short was the triumph—short and vain,—
For, in spite of each cold endeavour,
The boy on their ruins built up again
His bower as bright as ever !

Then I asked his name, and the people smiled,—
It was “Expectation,” young Hope’s child.

And so, from the day of the world’s first birth,
Those two have been striving together ;
And Expectation has brightened the earth
With blossoms of beauty and seeming worth,
Which Experience touches to wither !
Each has its train of followers true ;
The one has the sad and wise,
And the other the young and ardent crew,
Whose hearts are still moist with the early dew
That drops from the morning skies.
Yet, which is the better, sweet child, to be
Triumphant with him, or deceived with thee ?

THE BROTHERS OF AUBONNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

I WAS travelling (as Switzerland ought to be traversed by every young man of robust health and active habits) on foot and at leisure, along the beautiful road between Geneva and Lausanne. I had thought the former place, during my sojourn in its environs, the *ne plus ultra* of lake scenery; and was equally astonished and delighted as every step of my approach to the latter added sublimity to beauty; as the silver crescent of the Leman widened before me into a magnificent expanse, whose crystal mirror reflected, instead of the tamely beautiful hills of Cologni, the bold rocks of Meillerie, and the fantastic peaks of the Valais. I half wondered, with the waywardness of youth, that I could ever have tolerated Geneva,—tasteless, flat, and unprofitable as its neighbourhood was hourly becoming in my eyes; how I could have vegetated amid the dust and heat of Sêcherons, while Nyon breathed freshness from its castle-crowned height, and Morges bathed its white and primitive buildings in the long sweeping waves of no ignoble sea.

If, while pursuing the beaten road, slightly elevated above the level of the lake, comparisons began thus to be

odious, how much more did Geneva, that city of philosophers and watchmakers, lose in my estimation, when the promise held out in my guide-book, of a magnificent view from the *Signal de Bougi*, carried my wandering steps from the high road towards that lofty eminence, at no great distance from the flourishing village of Aubonne! My enjoyment in Switzerland, as elsewhere, has generally kept pace with my elevation, not on the "topmost round of fortune's ladder," but on the surface of the material world; and every step I took, on this brilliant and beautiful afternoon, seemed to waft me into a region of purer breezes, brighter prospects, and more delicious sensations. I was, in short, quite primed for happiness; and only wanted human beings to share my exuberant joy, and sympathize with me in my admiration of the scene before me.

I had been much struck, on nearing the village of Aubonne (which, however, I did not pass through), with its air of primitive neatness, and substantial comfort. My "*Livre des Voyageurs*," had informed me that it was the chosen abode of rural wealth and plebeian prosperity; and truly this brief history was legibly written on every stone of its white cottages, and every terrace of its flourishing vineyards. I was just pondering by what means I might (on my return from contemplating sunset at the Signal station,) achieve billeting myself for the night on some rustic *proprietaire*, or hospitable *vigneron*, when all was made easy by my rencontre with a group whose mood of mind as evidently harmonized with mine, as their condition and character coincided with my wishes.

The *Signal de Bougi*—or the verdant plain afforded by

the summit of an isolated hill overlooking the finest part of the *Pays de Vaud*, which is from thence, to borrow a Scripture expression, “as the Garden of the Lord;” with its dark background of the Jura, its glittering mirror of the Lemman, and its *Fata Morgana* looking tracery of Alps and clouds, commingled in rosy loveliness in front of the spectator—is a favourite resort of the Swiss themselves for pleasure parties on festive occasions; and many a pic-nic repast, and a bottle of *La Côte* has derived double relish from being discussed with the pride of a Vaudois’ heart, spread out for a feast before his eye.

If these sensations are experienced even by the denizens of the neighbouring villages, what emotions must swell the bosom of *him*, who, long expatriated by fate or necessity, has carried the *Mal du Pays* into the snows of Russia, or the bowers of Italy, or the corn-fields of merry England; who, amid the siren songs of the northern enchantress, or the Æolian whispers of the long mute, classic lyre—nay, even amid the cordial greetings, and, in many respects, congenial feelings of a British fireside—has listened in vain with indescribable yearnings for the sound of the *Kuh Reihen*, and felt that to his Swiss heart one rude blast of the *Alpen horn* were richly worth them all!

These were not here wanting: I was slowly proceeding up the acclivity, turning at every step to wonder and admire—to see man and his works diminish, and those of the Creator expand before me,—when, from the summit, as yet unseen, a melodious voice began to chant the Vaudois, the most popularly known *Ranz des Vaches*; and, often as its wild and touching harmony has soothed

my morning or evening perambulations among its native echoes of *les Ormonts*, never did it sound sweeter, or seem to be sung with more feeling than now. It came, softened by distance and the intervening brow of the hill, if not just like the "sweet south o'er a bank of violets," yet pure as the mountain breeze by which it was wafted, and pastoral as the scenes amid which it died away.

But the song itself was nothing to the burst of passionate nationality with which it was received; and the clash of glasses in pledge of amity that succeeded it, showed that the Swiss exiles, if such they were, had not forgotten amid strangers, the land or the produce of the vine.

"By my faith, Monsieur," said a peasant of Aubonne, whom I had picked up as a guide to the Signal, "these are people who enjoy themselves with all their heart!"

"Do you know who they are," said I, "who are so merry?"

"Indeed I do," was the ready answer; "these are the brothers Courtin;" and, as if this was solution sufficient, my sturdy comrade walked on.

"Are they celebrating any family festival, these brothers Courtin, my good friend?" said I, my curiosity whetted by his laconic reply.

"Is it a family festival? Good heavens, yes! There are four brothers on that hill, from the four quarters of the globe; and if that is not a family festival, I wonder what is!"

"How did they come to be so disposed," asked I; "was it necessity or accident?"

"*Pardi*, neither," answered my companion; "for they

could have staid at home had they chosen so to do, and their going away was all a piece of proper spirit and family pride. We are spirited, we men of Aubonne !—Maitre Jean Courtin, the father of these lads, had a fine house and a pretty little vineyard as any man in the village ; but, with his large family (for the daughters were as many as the sons, and well married, thank God ! with a suitable portion), he could lay by no ready money for his boys, and just concluded, the poor man ! that as the custom of our country is, the house and chattels which he had inherited from his great-grandfather, must be sold at his death and divided among his four sons. This grieved Maitre Jean, for what was a handsome establishment for one, was little enough among four ; and he loved the house and vineyard as dearly as any of them ; and well he might, for he had known it a great deal longer. It went to his heart that it should go out of the family ; and André, the eldest, could no more keep it without the consent and assistance of his brothers, than he could move Mont Blanc with his little finger. Every one had a right to his share ; and that the old man knew ; so he said nothing about it, but it fretted and grieved him, and he could scarcely sleep soundly in his pretty house, or labour with any heart in his vineyard.

“The young men saw it ; they were brave boys, the brothers Courtin ; and they said to each other, ‘Bah ! why trouble our father about a matter of two thousand francs apiece ? Better go seek our fortunes ! André,’ said they, ‘it would vex us to see the house and land go to a stranger : stay you and look after it and our father. When he is taken from you, do not sell till you hear from us ; we will never

ask you to do so if God prospers our industry. In the mean time, borrow us a hundred francs apiece on the property to carry us into the world, and, God willing, let us meet seven years hence at the *Signal de Bougi*."

"Maitre Jean was sorely divided between his wish to keep his land and the sorrow of parting with his children; but he was still hale and hearty, though an old man, and after all, what could they do better than see the world? So they all got their hundred Swiss francs, and their little pack, made up for each by his favourite sister, and with the blessing of Maitre Jean, and the good wishes of the whole commune, they set out on their travels."

"And what befell each of them?" asked I, much interested in the fate of these spirited pilgrims.

"Faith, I can't tell you the particulars, for they only came home the day before yesterday, and their story is not to be told in such a hurry; but you are near the top of the hill, and if Monsieur, who is so much interested, and who understands French so perfectly, asks leave to join the party, they would ask nothing better, and you can have it all from their own lips:—I'll make all easy!" cried he, running forward to pave the way for my reception.

When I came in sight of the group, whose laughter (that of the *heart*—as peculiar in its sound as in its source) guided me to their precise station, they were sitting in all the *abandon* of joyous hilarity, on the short fragrant herbage. There were females with children of all ages, some dark and sprightly, some fair and pensive as their respective mothers; there was the patriarchal-looking figure of old Maitre Jean, brought up in a litter by his four sons; and

lastly, those village heroes themselves, with a few privileged comrades, and a couple of maidens, whose bashful glances and peculiarity of costume sufficiently distinguished them from the young matrons of the party.

My rustic master of the ceremonies had not, apparently, much etiquette to get over, for "See, they are delighted," was his encouragement to me; and "This is the gentleman who loves all the Swiss," was his introduction of me to the group. No one rose, because it would have been a restraint upon me and themselves; but room was made for me in a trice in the joyous circle, and a bumper, filled by the fairest of its matrons, was handed to me with that delightful nod of familiar companionship which says, better than words, you are one of ourselves. I was sensible I owed much of this to Justin's patronage, who was cousin (like all the world of Aubonne) to the parties, and an evident favourite with all, —so I had again recourse to the same high interest for the gratification of my somewhat indiscreet curiosity.

The travelled brothers hung back with the modesty of real worth; but André, who had no such motive for silence, gladly came forward to tell me in a few words what I had already heard from Justin of their fraternal enterprise, only referring to themselves for the various details.

"Come, my children, now tell the gentleman your story!" cried old Maitre Jean, to whom this twice-told tale of his sons' honourable exertions was evidently not tedious. "It is your place to begin, Jacques, you are the eldest of the three."


Jacques, a fine, stout, soldier-looking young man, had an eventful career to relate. The regiment of Meuron, into

which he had entered, had proceeded shortly afterwards to the East Indies. He had been at the storming of forts, and the spoiling of Rajahs; had shared in blows and booty; and, after seven years' service, had been dismissed by his colonel (to whom his story was known), to cheer the old man at Aubonne, and fulfil the family compact.

I had distinguished, among the female group, a pair of brighter eyes, a complexion less fair, and a costume less national than the rest. These belonged, I found, to a little French girl from Pondicherry, whom Jacques had picked up for a wife in India, and who, with her little outlandish-looking *marmot* of a child, seemed the wonder and admiration of the good untravelled Suissesses. "Behold me returned at last!" ended Jacques, with a careless, soldierly smile. "My hundred francs have become two thousand, and I have only to settle with my father. Lise is not too good a manager, but there is room in André's house and heart for us all."

A bumper went round, to Jacques' good health, and his bride's better housewifery (an art not much to be acquired in camps), and then Antoine was called upon by acclamation, to narrate his adventures.

Antoine had been all his life of a wandering disposition, and his earliest ambition led him to see distant countries. It had been fully gratified; for, as courier to an English traveller of unbounded enterprise and curiosity, Antoine traversed Italy, sailed to the Levant, visited the Pyramids and the Cataracts of the Nile, and at length (having unfortunately lost, and buried his amiable master on the confines of Nubia), had been forwarded home by his countryman



Burkhardt, with a liberal legacy, bequeathed to him by his dying master's hand, in almost illegible characters, but sacredly fulfilled by his sorrowing relatives.

Antoine had brought home a mummy instead of a wife! but this dingy helpmate was evidently rivalled, and about to be supplanted, by a fair blue-eyed girl of Berne, who, all the time Antoine was speaking, played with the ribands of her long plaited tresses, and twisted the silver buttons of her *corsage* in a very ominous manner; even had not tell-tale blushes been still more explicit, and had not a round, happy-looking matron (Antoine's favourite sister), given her fair neighbour such a gentle push towards the speaker as rendered a kiss an inevitable consequence, just as he ended his narration.

A loud laugh followed, and another bumper was drunk, to the reinterment of the mummy, and the speedy betrothal of Antoine the traveller!

Thus far, all had been joyous and exhilarating. Light hearts and robust frames, had made the journey of life a pastime, and its hardships a jest. But when Louis—the mild, pale, gentle Louis—was called upon, all faces assumed a cast more congenial with his, and a composure bordering on melancholy, took the place of careless merriment.

Louis had been from infancy a student. You might as well have sought grapes on the Schreckhorn, as looked for manual labour or daring exploits from Louis Courtin. Books, books alone, were his delight; and, yielding to his son's bias with a pride common to the richer Swiss peasants, Maitre Jean allowed his son to study at Lausanne. He had passed honourably through the course required to

qualify him for a pastoral charge in his native country ; but even for this trifling benefice, mighty interest was requisite. Louis Courtin had none ; and he could not remain longer an idle student, without being a burden to his father and brother ; so he listened to the golden rumours of wealth to be acquired by tuition in the frozen North, and engaged himself as tutor to a family at St. Petersburg.

Louis was as successful in communicating, as in acquiring knowledge—but the pride of his haughty employers crushed his mountain spirit, and the frosts of their ungenial climate nipped his tender frame. He fled hastily from the gold of St. Petersburg, to seek equal wealth, and a milder winter, in England. Here Louis regained his usual slender stock of bodily health ; here also his mind expanded beneath the influence of friendly and congenial treatment—but alas ! there had only been too much kindness somewhere ; and Louis lost his heart, where his hand could neither be tendered nor accepted. England became a wilderness to him, and the *Mal du pays*, replaced the *Mal de l'Ame*. He struggled on, however, till he had achieved the modest independence which he aimed at, and could meet the brother-band with his hard-earned pittance, to supersede the curacy if it never came, and to furnish the *presbytère* if it did !

Half of Louis's tale (and the half most to the purpose), was communicated to me in a whispered commentary by his youngest sister, whose superior expression and polished address, proved that she had in early life profited in no small degree by his instructions. She closed it with a sigh—but it was echoed by one far deeper, and more heartfelt, from behind us ; I looked round, and saw a big drop on the

soft cheek of just such a maiden as ought to be Louis Courtin's wife. I remarked it, in a whisper to my neighbour.

"Give him time," answered she softly, "and all will go just as it should do! Nanine, the schoolmaster's daughter, of our village, learned to read out of the same book as poor Louis, and learned to love him at the same time. He thought little about her then, and less since; but he loves her now, though he does not yet know it. He does not know either, that he is appointed pastor of Aubonne (thanks to the best of men, Monsieur R.), but we are going to tell him, and see if he does not look straight over at Nanine, the moment he hears the news!"

"Good!" cried old Maitre Jean, as his last son finished his simple and slightly-sketched tale;—"One health more! Fill your glasses to the brim—all standing!" and in a moment, young, old and middle-aged, scrambled on their feet, and brandished their glasses in the air. "Here, said the old man—his hand shaking, and his lips quivering with strong emotion—here's to the health, in this world and that which is to come, of Louis Courtin, the new minister of Aubonne!"

Louis's eye was first turned towards heaven—it then sought to meet that of the faithful Nanine—and I remember no more!

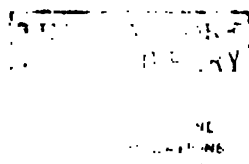
SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

In her bosom deep,
Love was once lying,
Hid all in odorous sleep :—
Now—Grief which cannot weep
Is always sighing.

The bright day is fled,
And eve is flying,
Over the mountain's head ;
And winged Faith is dead ;
And Hope is dying.

She who loved thee so
Is a pale ruin ;
And on her maiden brow,
And in her eye, doth show
What comes of wooing !





RUSTIC NOBILITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

EMILLE LABOCAGE was the only son of an old gentleman of the middle class of French citizens, who were of the vast family of the "Nobodies" before the Reign of Terror, and thus escaped extinction in the moral whirlwind that partially cleared the atmosphere of France from the accumulated dust of ages of misrule, and left the true gold of human excellence to peep out here and there, in the national character of a land of tyrants and slaves.


The old man was still young, and therefore capable of ready adaptation to the new order of things, when it became no longer treasonable to prate of *liberty*, under the *empire*. At that period, Frenchmen began dimly to perceive that personal freedom, and independence from the insane domination of either ignorant majorities or vicious monarchs, were among things possible; although, from the excesses committed by the masses, suddenly and unnaturally transformed from a condition little above that of serfs to that of a sovereign and irresponsible mob, France still believed in the paradox that the only sufficient security for popular freedom was to be found in the principle of absolutism, secured

from too great abuse, by the sacred right of Revolution. The great and philosophic nation which boasts itself at the head of European civilization, had not then arrived at the conclusion, now apparently so well established, that true liberty consists in absolutism, periodically changed by the voice of "a free and enlightened people!"

Good M. Labocage, to tell the whole truth, was one of those fortunate individuals who, though they are constantly crying "*en avant!*" and "*ça ira!*" have at least a shrewd suspicion that they are by no means fitted wisely to advise which way the great army of "*progress*" ought to march; so he sagely determined to attend to his own affairs, while echoing the popular cries of the day (perhaps, in France, we should say, *the hour*); and, provided he found himself safe and prosperous, he felt little real concern whether the nation advanced backwards or forwards. With much Christian resignation, and the most approved good citizenship, he commended all such cares to "*le bon Dieu*," and "*la police*."

Having wonderfully escaped a long series of conscriptions, he quietly devoted himself to trade; and while the First Consul and Emperor was advancing to glory, he was advancing to wealth;—so that, by the time Napoleon had succeeded in reaching the throne of St. Helena, M. Labocage had attained the reputation of a *millionaire*, and was reputed one of the richest bankers of Paris.

Men of this character, unless they possess the genius and the means to control events, are always *conservatives*, because they feel that they have much to preserve. Of course, then, M. Labocage had always shouted "*Vive*



l'Empereur" on all suitable occasions; until the consequences of the retreat from Russia rendered it conservative to exchange the cry for that of *vive le Roi*! On the descent from Elba, sheer consistency required a return to old habits, rendered additionally agreeable by pleasant recollections and some little real love of liberty, however vague were his ideas of the nature of that blessing.

But, alas! one hundred days are soon told; and when, at the end of that short period, M. Labocage was condemned, by his own *conservatism*, once more to testify his unalterable adhesion to the Bourbons, he could not avoid putting his handkerchief to his face, and the nervous sharpness with which he tapped his snuff-box betrayed no little embarrassment.

"*Encore des revolutions!*" cried he; "the wheel of Fortune turns so rapidly that I am growing giddy:"—and on his return to his private office, after witnessing the final exit of the tyrant by the popular will, on the entry of the tyrant by divine right, he remained closeted for full three hours,—his mind in a whirl of distraction.

The Labocages were "nobodies" before the Reign of Terror; but since that awful agitation of the elements of humanity, a power of a totally novel nature had been born and had reached maturity: the money power—the aristocracy of wealth, which had replaced the nobility of the *ancien régime*;—and some years had passed since the rich banker of our story had found himself, much to his own surprise, a man of consequence—a money-prince! The sudden recollection of this circumstance now brought to a happy termination the whirl of thought in which he had

been involved, when driven to speculate upon the probable interval that must elapse before an emperor, or his counterpart, an absolute president, might again supplant the king.

“Why should a money-prince deprive himself of the safety and enjoyment of private life, as these poor devils of monarchs are obliged to do?” said M. Labocage, rising from his chair: “Progress is the law of the age; but, as France has taken to running round in a circle, and at each turn I find my resources diminished or curtailed, *my progress* demands that I should get out of the vortex.”

Economy is the life of business; and therefore M. Labocage had never married: but now he determined to invest his surplus means in the most stable manner, and to grow richer by moderate and secure means. His heart yearned towards the vine-clad hills and plains of the district where he was born; so he purchased an ample, but not immoderate estate in the south of France, and placed the large residue of his fortune in the securest funds.

This led M. Labocage to a change of views in relation to matrimony; but the parsimony generally resulting from a life of accumulation led him to a more truly philosophical conclusion in the premises than is usual with Frenchmen. Instead of chaffering for a wife, after the fashion of a merchant in buying goods,—weighing the relative advantages of youth and age, social position and the almighty dollar, respectability of blood and soundness of constitution, and then striking an exact balance of account by the reciprocal regulation of jointures,—he determined that, as a woman was almost indispensable in a country establishment, he would choose one for her practical availability. Accord-

ingly he looked around for an agreeable young companion, prepared to barter the charms of twenty years and an acquaintance with the details of country life, for a domestic partnership in forty, fortune and gray earlocks.

Happily for him, his choice fell upon an amiable little piece of rustic simplicity, without any peculiar marks of character, who nevertheless inherited the Saxon pertinacity and prudence best calculated to temper the mercurial and unduly excitable turn of the genuine Gaul.

Thus provided, and his farm well stocked in other respects also, he retired from the capital, leaving his principal financial concerns in the hands of M. Lagrippe, *avocat*, and contrived, by the aid of an honest old *procureur* of all work, whose equally honest wife officiated as *concierge*, to make satisfactory "progress" for many years, without being once called upon to exercise the "gymnastics of the voice" in favour of king, emperor, or president, except when Charles X. effected, very unintentionally, the establishment of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons upon the throne.

Emille Labocage was born in the third year succeeding the general pacification of Europe; and his earlier life was passed in the midst of scenes of rural innocence and simplicity, uninterrupted by even the echo of civil strife. There, his young heart was suffered to expand with all the natural emotions. The rigid prescriptions of society, and the broad barriers which wealth and rank interposed between the various classes, are necessarily softened, and partially, at least, broken down in rural districts. There was nothing in the history or character of either parent to poison his

mind with those irrational notions of social grades which, once imbibed, seem to be almost incapable of eradication.

Childhood knows no unnatural distinctions; and the earliest associate, the inseparable companion of our hero in his boyish days, was Adelaide Lacharrue, the daughter of an humble tenant of his father, a pretty little brown-haired, graceful child, with all the French vivacity singularly combined with almost English fairness of complexion, and an angelic sweetness of disposition. They romped together at the cottage, cultivated together the little bed of flowers appropriated to their use by the kind-hearted old gardener at the mansion, led the dance together on the village green, and trotted off, arm in arm together, towards the ivy-covered chapel on Sunday morning. Before Emille was nine years old, he would smile with gratified vanity when the *procureur* asked laughingly after his *belle fiancée*, and Adelaide would blush when the gardener's wife slyly inquired where she had left "*son petit homme*." If the cautious mother did venture sometimes to question whether such close association was likely to promote the future happiness of either, the indulgent father merely replied, "Let the children have their way! They are mere infants, and will forget each other in three days, when Emille goes to the academy."


At length Emille entered the eventful era of the *teens*, and was conveyed to the capital for the completion of his education. It was not without tears that these two unsophisticated beings heard the dread decree that parted them for years—perhaps for ever. Notwithstanding the difference in social position, they had been permitted, for a long time, to share in common the elementary instruc-

tions of the benevolent old priest employed as private tutor at the mansion; but M. Labocage was not much in error;—their childish attachment proved as evanescent, to all appearance, as the most prudent parent could desire. At Paris, Emille soon smothered his regrets beneath a load of algebraical formulæ, geometrical diagrams, and “heathen Greek;” and Adelaide found herself reduced, at least within reasonable bounds, by the pressure of the “*res angusta domi*.”

Let us leap over the commonplace routine of academic life. Ten years passed rapidly by, and Emille had reached maturity, an accomplished pupil, for one so young, of *l'Ecole des Mines*. His rare and short vacations had been devoted to pedestrian excursions as a student of Geology. His meetings with his parents had taken place in the capital—not at the homestead—and his epistolary inquiries after “*son belle fiancée*” became continually less constant, and soon finally ceased.


Arrived at man's estate, the heir of ample fortune, he resolved to visit foreign lands; and, as he had become thoroughly imbued with the democratic fever of the age, historical associations came to the aid of his scientific tastes in directing his steps towards the young mother of Liberty in the West. He longed to witness the condition of humanity where it had been permitted to develop itself without restraint, upon a soil which has never felt the footprint of a monarch.

The feelings of the elder M. Labocage for his son were more akin to pride than affection. He was flattered with the idea that his son was likely to adorn the escutcheon



of the millionaire with the laurel of science; and Emille departed for America, endowed with ample means.

The French, above all other people, possess the power of adapting themselves to the manners of those among whom they move; and our hero readily fraternized with all classes and sections of this vast republic, entering with readiness into the spirit of those institutions, which, by the magic of sound reason, unite in one firm brotherhood—one code of common principles—men of the most opposite origins, tastes, habits, and opinions. He feasted, hunted, and debated political abstractions with the high-souled, hospitable, and reckless cavalier of the South—listened, amidst the clatter of machinery and the whirring of ten thousand wheels, to many a lecture on the rights and dignity of labour from the hard-handed but intelligent and well-educated mechanic of the North—discussed mooted points in theology, and the moral obligation of labour as a divine dispensation, with the keen and thrifty, though rigid puritan of the East—and hung with eager attention upon wild tales of border warfare, and desperate feats of forest adventure, with the hardy but gasconading pioneer of the unmeasured West. Progress, practical, unceasing progress, surrounded him on every hand. He passed through forests resounding with the howl of the wolf, and the yell of the cougar—he returned, and fields groaning under the weight of the harvest, surrounded the populous towns:—he crossed the course of mighty rivers, winding through the scarce untrodden wilderness—he returned, and the locomotive thundered through the tunnel, or swept over the many-arched viaduct:—he almost trembled at the indomitable,



the awful energy of genuine freedom. Yet, in this land of boasted equality, he saw with wondering eyes, that talent and education, wealth and even social position, drew lines as broad between the different classes, as those which he had wildly spurned when Paris resounded with the frantic cries of *Liberté et Egalité*. He saw these various distinctions acknowledged and conceded in a land whose first, great, glorious declaration announces "all men born free and equal." Yet no one seemed dissatisfied—no one degraded by a sense of his inferiority, or outraged by the acknowledged eminence of his superiors:—the dreams of the socialist, and the stupid selfishness of the agrarian, were alike condemned by the lofty and the humble!

Unmeasurably perplexed by this apparent paradox, Emille became enamoured of the problem. His love of natural science gave place to his love of the science of freedom. Even the death of his mother failed to recall him to the country of his birth. He became almost an American, mingled with the people, and turning from the palaces of the rich, he contended with the woodsman in felling the giants of the forest, and joined in the boatman's song as he plied the oar on the upper Mississippi.

Who that has seen the rolling prairie in its pride, has ever resisted the witchery of the wild life of the West? Meeting with a company of fur-traders, Emille plunged into the grassy desert and stood alone with nature. Here the very air is redolent of freedom—the goddess was desert-born! He had parted with his companions in a buffalo hunt, and having stricken a noble bull, he dismounted, and standing

with one foot on the neck of his prey, fell into a revery upon the great moral object of his search.

“Here there is no bound to thought, as there is no bound to vision,” said he, mentally; “the prejudices of civilized life evaporate upon these plains. If ever the riddle of practical freedom without anarchy or armies can be read, it should be deciphered here:—this desert sphynx beneath my foot should give the clue.”

Suddenly, as if by inspiration, this idea struck his mind:

Who would regard a fence, over which all may leap who can? Are we jealous of those who are separated from us by a natural mountain? God makes that barrier, and even the infidel consents to it as the decree of fate. If the poor be not rich—if the weak be not strong—if the plain in mind lack skill—if the depraved lack worth—all see that these misfortunes spring either from Providence, self-will, or circumstances. If from God, the infidel does not quarrel with fate; and shall the Christian quarrel with his fellow for that which Providence ordains? Or shall self-will revenge on others the results of its own gratified free choice? Impossible!—Distinctions in talent, skill, and the ability to acquire, inevitably lead to ranks and grades:—but circumstances?—“Ay, there’s the rub!” Well! when circumstances are inevitable, men yield without complaint!—But when *art* makes the circumstances?—what of the circumstance that springs from law or custom?—“Eureka!” he exclaimed; “man yields to Providence, and braves the ills of his own making, but will not brook the evil that another’s will imposes. That imposition makes *the tyrant*—to submit to it, *the slave*!”

He saw that, in America, neither *law* nor established *custom* has created distinctions in society, though *nature* has;—that when true merit finds itself depressed by circumstances not to be controlled, self-love, instead of turning rebel to the state, feeds on the consciousness that heaven, not man, imposes the restraint. “Eureka!” he exclaimed; and all his vague dreams of *German* freedom, all his wild ideas of *French* equality, were given to the prairie winds. He bent his course once more towards the far distant cities of the East.

Evil news awaited our hero in New York. Two letters to his address had remained for months in the hands of his banker, from ignorance of his movements. One of them was from M. Lagrippe, informing him of the death of his aged father, and his arrangements in the absence of the heir. The other, from old Jean, the *procureur*, announced the death of M. Lacharrue, whose daughter had found shelter and protection under his own roof, with the now superannuated *concierge*. It also informed Emille, in terms that brought tears into his eyes, of the dismissal of all the old servants, and the cruel oppression with which the tenantry were treated by a newly appointed *procureur*.

These letters reawakened all his attachments to the place of his birth; and, forwarding orders to the agent, by the first packet to Havre, directing him to put the mansion in complete repair, he hastily arranged his affairs, and took steamer for Liverpool.

In less than three weeks, and before the arrival of these orders, the new *procureur* was startled by the appearance of a young man calling himself Peter Walstein. He presented

a note from M. Labocage, directing that officer to supply the bearer, a young American whom he intended to employ as a gardener, with suitable accommodations among the tenantry, there to await his arrival.

However unwillingly, the officer proceeded to execute the command ; and for the characteristic purpose of annoying a predecessor whom he hated, and who had lost his aged wife but a few days previously, he quartered Pierre upon the venerable guardian of Adelaide.

Very neatly dressed in the cap and blouse proper for a man of his class in France—young, handsome, and sporting a most unexceptionable moustache—his appearance was above his condition, and it is not surprising that the presence alone of this young stranger produced a flutter in the innocent heart of Adelaide ; but when the music of his manly voice was heard, both uncle and niece, (that being their adopted relationship,) started, as at the echo of some familiar tone.

To make himself as one of the family was the work of a few hours ; and as many days sufficed to render him the favourite of the neighbourhood. He listened with sympathy to every tale of oppression exercised by the present *procureur*, as narrated by his host, now tottering with years and beginning to fail in mind ; and he visited many of the suffering cottagers in company with Adelaide.

On these missions of mercy he contrived to perform a thousand little acts of kindness ; and while thus winning the affections of all, his benevolence produced a still deeper impression upon the gentle witness of his goodness. Her look of silent admiration was his richest reward ; and often,

as they sat beneath the old walnut tree that stood half-way between their cottage and the village, listening to his spirit-stirring descriptions of wild adventures in a distant land, the glance of his dark eye would bring the colour to her cheek, or send the ruddy tide back to the heart with a mysterious feeling of awe. But why repeat the oft-told tale? They loved—at last they spoke—and the sun and the stars were brighter, and earth and sky glowed as they glow but once in this wide vale of tears.

Alas for the old adage on the course of true love! More than two months had passed, when, one bright evening, the family group was startled by the sudden entry of the evil genius of the neighbourhood.

“A word with you in private, Dalembert,” said the knave in authority; and with feeble tread the old man attended him into the adjoining apartment.

The interview was short; but the partition did not conceal entirely the pleading tones of a tremulous voice, and the more stern replies of a younger speaker. When the parties re-entered the room, the old man was in tears, and the *procureur*, walking towards the door, said, with an inimitable sneer, “One word with you too, *M. le jardiniere*.” Pierre, with a frowning brow, immediately followed him to the green.

Presently he reappeared alone, holding in his hand an open letter. He was about to speak, but stood silent for a moment, on observing the old man bending on Adelaide a look in which tears of gratitude succeeded those of grief, while on her beautiful face sorrow seemed to have wrought in a few moments the work of years.

"Come to the trysting tree, dearest Adelaide," said Pierre; "I see we have both need of sorrowful explanations;" and he led her gently away.

Arrived at the scene of so many happy hours, he seated her upon a stone, and said, as he stood calmly gazing upon her, "Prepare yourself for an inevitable trial! I have received a letter from M. Labocage, discharging me from my engagement. I have now no means of supporting you, and for the present our dream of happiness is ended!"

For an instant her features were illuminated by a flush of pleasure—at the next they reassumed the calm dignity of settled sorrow.

"Pardon me, dear Pierre," said she, "if for a moment I forgot what has just passed at the cottage, and was proud to think that I could repair thy misfortune. 'The two thousand francs which my poor father saved would have purchased thee some other profitable post; but the *procureur* has discovered an error in the accounts of my poor old uncle, and would have turned him out upon the cold world, had I not provided him with the means of payment."

"And thou hast given thy all to thy protector, at the bidding of this vile tool of power!"

"Could I do less for one who shielded me when I was alone?"

"Most noble girl! And fate decrees that I must lose this jewel! Adelaide, I will strain every nerve, I will endure every privation, but *I will be rich!* Wilt thou not wait for me?"

"Till I am gray, dear Pierre! But seek not to be rich. We are equal now. They say unequal matches never

prosper. Do not get rich, dear Pierre; for then the daughter of a cottager would be no match for thee."

"Does the miser question, when the bright diamond comes within his grasp, whether it is culled from the golden mine or the muddy stream? Thy father was an honest man—what is there nobler? And thou!—Had real worth its due, thou wert the mistress and the proud lord of these estates—this M. Labocage—would be thy slave. This very night I will repair to Paris, and tell him all. I think he loves me, and this vile *procureur* must have traduced me to him, through M. Lagrippe. Speak, then; if I succeed in becoming gardener at the mansion, wilt thou be mine at once, sweet Adelaide?"

She rose slowly, without speaking, and walking to a neighbouring hedge, gathered a few flowerets of the wild white rose. Then reseating herself by his side, she presented the little bouquet.

"Take these," said she; "their bloom is not purer, nor their odour sweeter than thy memory, that lives in my heart. Treasure them! Their bloom is soon over, like my hope, but their odour never departs—it is like that memory, which will never die. Bring me a leaf—a fragment of these flowers in any future year, and Pierre—command, and I will obey."

One long embrace, and they parted,—Adelaide to the cottage, and Pierre to the village, where within the hour he entered the *diligence* for Paris.

Pass we the first long week of broken-heartedness—pass we the chagrin of the *procureur*, when he found his malice thwarted by the generosity of this humble villager. On

the evening of the tenth day after the separation, as uncle and niece were engaged in reading by the light of their dull lamp, they were startled by the unwonted rattle of a coach driven rapidly to the door of their cottage. It stopped, and Pierre, clad in the well-remembered cap and blouse, rushed into the apartment.

"Dress yourself in your best Sunday attire, Adelaide; there is not a moment to be lost," he cried: "M. Labocage has arrived at the mansion, and has pledged me the post of gardener, if he approves of my choice. Make haste, and let us go!"

Recovered from her overwhelming surprise, poor Adelaide at first blushed deeply; then, turning very pale—"Would it be proper? He is very young," said she, "and—and—I should have told long ago, but forgot it when *you* were by!—he knew me when I was a little girl—he called me his little wife!"

"And you loved him!" exclaimed Pierre.

"He was the lord of the manor, and I a simple cottage girl. How could I love him, then? But sometimes I wondered that the *bon Dieu* should put such a wide fence between the humble and the great."

"*Le bon Dieu* is made accountable for much that he never warranted," replied Pierre, while his countenance displayed a singular mixture of emotions; "but though M. Labocage be young and handsome, I have never heard his morals questioned; so, get ready! we are losing time."

In half an hour, Adelaide, clad neatly but plainly, sat trembling by the side of the cap and blouse, and in a few minutes the coach drew up at the portals of the great

house. They were met at the very threshold by the thin-limbed, parchment-cheeked, but highly dressed M. Lagrippe, who, with a multitude of bows, very ill adapted to the quality of the visitors, and with a strange satirical expression, begged leave to assure them that M. Labocage would be rejoiced to receive *son ami M. Pierre et sa charmante fiancée*. On entering the drawing-room, she was still more embarrassed by finding herself in a large apartment brilliantly lighted at the farther end, the lights being concealed by two side-screens, between which was a table, where sat a young man in the robes of a divine!

Towards this figure, Pierre half bore, half led, his faltering companion; but at the distance of three paces, he suddenly stopped.

"If any one," began the man in black, "knows of any just cause or impediment why Emille Labocage and Adelaide Lacharrue, both of the parish of——"

"Save me!" cried the affrighted girl, seizing the arm of Pierre with convulsive energy. Then, as a suspicion of *his* possible treachery flashed upon her mind, a groan reverberated through the apartment, and she sank fainting to the floor.

When Adelaide returned to consciousness, she found herself reclining on a rich ottoman, in a small, but exquisitely furnished apartment. The first object that met her eyes was her own little bouquet of wild roses! Some of the flowers had fallen, but fresh buds supplied their place, and, in the most musical tones, a well-known voice was heard to say:

"Forgive me, dearest girl, that he who addressed you as

an humble cottager, should wish also to marry you in the cap and blouse. To judge from my own observation, the abuses charged against my agents, I came disguised to my estate, and the love which I won as a penniless dependant, will be doubly dear to the wealthy proprietor. My letter of dismissal was *my own*: the false charge and malicious persecution of the *procureur*, were of *his* device; and he is already expiating his villany, in deserved disgrace. Our license is prepared, come then, '*my little wife*,' and let our troubles end! The daughters of Lagrippe—your bridesmaids—are waiting in the adjoining room, while our witnesses stand concealed behind those ominous screens. Thy emblematic bouquet is still blooming, dearest. The flowers are changed—so are thy virgin hopes—but the newly opened buds are not less bright, nor has the odour left those which have fallen. To thy honest old uncle, I leave the selection of my future servants, but reserve to myself the station of chief gardener. And now, bowing to the superior worth that palaces so rarely furnish, but that I have found beneath the lowly shed, I kneel, and claim thy pledge!"

Who shall describe the look with which her arm was thrown around the neck of the kneeling figure? Who shall describe the grimace with which, when the service was finally performed, amid the smiles of the unscreened witnesses, good *Monsieur l'avocat* tapped his jewelled snuff-box, and exclaimed, "*Comme il est drôle cet élève de l'école Américaine!*"

"Henceforth," said Emille, when the priest had completed his duty, "these halls are open to all who acknowledge no aristocracy but that of merit, and render obedience

only to the demands of duty. I have been educated in the land where liberty destroys not order, and where, though no citizen acknowledges a master, the natural distinctions of grade and rank are fostered and held sacred. I found this jewel misplaced and overlooked.—I have placed it in the sphere for which God formed it, though blind society condemned it to the shade. Frenchmen! ye prate of freedom, but before a nation can be free, it must repudiate alike an ‘equality’ which nature will not tolerate, and social barriers which are but landmarks of the tyranny of law. Reform *yourselves*, and your rulers will no longer seek in an alternation of tyrannies the secret of an orderly republic. In this bloodless revolution, I have set you one example—follow it!”

THE RED FLAG AT THE FORE.

BY "THE OLD SAILOR."

NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first ascending the side of the ship in which I commenced my career as a sailor. It was just about the time when Nelson and the Nile was the universal theme of conversation; our theatres echoed to the shouts of "Rule, Britannia," and the senate-house rang with plaudits for the achievements of naval valour. But, ah! how few who rejoiced in the triumphs of victory gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions, under which the gallant seaman laboured! Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life; and, when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating at the peak, and the bulldogs (cannon) peeping from their port-holes, I felt, "ay, every inch a hero." Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons bearing the impress of the anchor, and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook's skewer by my side, and a leathern belt with two fierce lions' heads in front, and, that summit of a schoolboy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation? So I e'en kissed my poor mother—who used to compare the

rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt, to the roaring of the waves, and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me, by calculating the expense, more careful of my clothes—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, whilst she slyly thrust something into my waistcoat pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash—and away I started, with glory in my eye, to leave “home, sweet home,” far, far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join was a fine dashing frigate, commanded by a friend of my father’s friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father’s friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of *independent* voters; and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that “I was cut out for a sailor”—that “he had interest at the Admiralty,” and made no doubt that, by diligence and attention, I should soon carry the “red flag at the fore.” I thought so too; but what the “red flag at the fore” meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock making. Nevertheless it sounded well; the candidate became an M. P., and I was sent on board, a stranger among strangers, and about as much patronised as a widow’s pig upon a village green.

I had never seen a ship—I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows in majestic grandeur, I began to think that

they were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but when the stupendous bulwarks of Britain appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected in the water, and their bright ensigns flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing—

- I'm a jolly roving tar,
Fearing neither wound nor scar,
And many a squishy breeze, then, have I seen."

But, bless your heart! I had seen nothing then; nevertheless, I thought of the "red flag at the fore;" and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark-blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast—henceforth I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which everywhere presented themselves almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster about my own age accompanied me to the cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of daylight never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination; and the motley group of all ages, from ten to twenty-five, that filled it, did not inspire me with much confidence.

At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible, except by his white teeth and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson Crusoe's monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a midshipman was venting imprecations on

him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *dwarf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle. A companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket-comb between two pieces of paper, and, applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the farthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their dispute in a boxing-match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and, leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table, two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing in no very gentle terms on their own proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table, an old master's mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good *stiff* glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing-desk before him, and on it lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red; and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him; for, sheet after sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the

combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features; he cast his eyes towards the youth whose thoughts were with the pole-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me, as I stood at the door undetermined whether to advance or to recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and—but why need I recount every particular?—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often, when the pale moon at midnight has thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the wave, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriads of glories, have we two stood together holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame! Yes! hand in hand, we have stood like brothers, talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh God!—the vision is even now before me, when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death—those features full of mild benevolence, still more deadly in their hue, and hideous in convulsive writhings—the hand, that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship, dyed in the life-stream from his heart, as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit! It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes! there he fell, and the ocean was his grave.

But to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, the quarter-master came

down, and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two-and-twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quarter-master, "with the Admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices in the front."

"Eh, eh, Johnson!" replied the young officer; "the old story, I suppose. The door of promotion is shut, and, by and by, I dare say, they will send me word that the key is lost. But let us see, you old sea-dragon, and don't stand turning it over and over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations!"

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum that stood upon the table; and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who, I now perceived, had his right arm in a sling, in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations, or no cantations, sir," replied the old quarter-master; "this here letter weighs heavy, and I've been close-hauled for these two days past; and it's dry work, sir, that tack and half-tack."

"Well, well, Johnson," rejoined the midshipman; "you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so, steward, give him one, d'ye hear? And now hand over the scrawl."

"Eh, eh, sir!" said Johnson; "and if it arn't freighted with a pair of white lapelles—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that's all." Moriarty laughed; but it was evident that he took the

letter with some degree of tremor, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as "*Lieutenant Moriarty.*"


"Hold your prating, simpleton!" said he; "you won't find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you."

The old quartermaster had been wrangling with the black steward for another drop, and then, holding up his grog, exclaimed, "Your health, Lieutenant Moriarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry the 'red flag at the fore.'"

"With all my heart, Johnson," replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; "and see here is the first step up the ratlines, sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the mast-head or not is another thing."

It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore and receive his commission; and every one crowded round him, full of congratulations.

I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the "red flag at the fore;" for I considered *that* as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant of what it meant. But I was soon enlightened on the subject; for, being naturally communicative, I mentioned my expectations of getting the "red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned that "the red flag at the fore" was the distinction of a vice-admiral of the red; a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and



even then only through very distinguished merit or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless I was nothing daunted, and "the red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week, when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such a commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean, at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging, so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen, while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us; and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy of heavy laden Indiamen and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks upon the verge of the horizon.

Night came, and brought its frowning horrors. A pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-

reefed main-topsail; but towards midnight the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us, and threatening to engulf the frigate; but, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell, and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and I more than once wished the "red flag at the fore" at the——

"Stop!" says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence."

But really, gentle reader, I must—for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room, with my poor mother to tie my nightcap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian, or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast deal of difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little piebald pony.

Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed, and the ship was once more hove-to. But if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel, which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows; like the soul of the mighty, struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of

the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvass, when a tremendous sea came, like an Alpine mountain, rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immovable; so did the seamen suspend their labours when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave—it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its ponderous burden on the deck. A crash, mingled with a wild, tumultuous yell, ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away, till one alone was left. We could see him—we could speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempest in his hand could rescue him from death. There he struggled—blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. Of what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of

age; and even at this moment, so strong are first impressions, the crash, the yell, and the agonized contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated. A juremast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glassy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate was whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to the seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind. It occasions a sensation which a landsman can never feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity still before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming on the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory—its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired together and for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though now it was only the heaving of the sea,

without its breaking violence. Still, we approached nearer to the object of our search; for the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismasted ship was distinguished, rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made, to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected—in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress; for nothing obstructed the union of sky and ocean, and “She’s gone! she’s gone!” was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes, she was gone, and the gallant ship that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame, and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour—the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck, that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name **ATLAS** on the stern of the launch informed us that nearly

two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter of conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some floating spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft; and, on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element which was at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing: what became of her I never heard; but, after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous. A succession of fine weather soon deadened the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape de Verde, the “red flag at the fore” had once more gained the ascendancy.

Having refitted and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed, we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days—weeks, passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and, not unfrequently, severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks, we were gratified by the sight of a ship steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken

a fine Indiaman, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her; but the irreparable devastation among our crew rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to Madras; and thither we hastened.

We remained three years in the East Indies without anything material occurring, and then the cry was—"Huzza, for old England!" But it would be an almost endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my strenuous endeavours to attain to the "red flag at the fore." Before my six years had expired I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds (one of them severe), been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coast of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured everything for the sake of the "red flag at the fore."

At the expiration of six years, I passed my examination for lieutenant, and received my certificate of qualification, which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the house of peers. His answer was, that "things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my promotion; indeed he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service, and apply myself to some other profession." I cannot describe my disappointment and vexation. Through the representations of this man, I had given up the sweets of childhood, to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my

duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could show my honourable scars; and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me!—my pride and every feeling of my heart revolted against it. I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker of some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when I was honoured, after thirteen years' servitude, with a lieutenant's commission. But even then, it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart, but simply by obtaining, through the present of a handsome Cashmere shawl, the interest of a fair lady highly esteemed by the first lord of the admiralty. However, I got the white lapelles; and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this, things went on tolerably ill, among some sharp fighting and many hard knocks. My poor mother slipt her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property, and then cast her adrift upon the world. The old gentleman's gray hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave; my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast; and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire-ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Road; had the command of a gun-boat at the storming of Saint Sebastian; and was with the army at the sortie from Bayonne, in which I got a crack on the head—not big

enough to jump in, to be sure; but it set my brain spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner, charged with despatches for Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty-gun ship, that had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; and, having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel, in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders, as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came: Bonaparte was elbowed off to Elba; and the "red flag at the fore" was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years of activity I entered upon a life of indolence. But, as Dr. Watts very wisely observes, in one of the hymns which I was compelled to learn at school when a child,

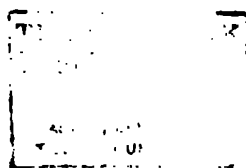
"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do"—

so I e'en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church by the broad and bright red ribands that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the "red flag at the fore," and an inglorious sigh escaped. Now, everybody knows that a sigh is the beginning of love, for Byron says—

"Oh, love! what is it in this world of ours
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why
With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,
And make thy best interpreter a sigh?"

Well, but to make short of it, I got married; but no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen, to man the great guns in the army under Wellington, on the plains at Waterloo, and the "red flag at the fore" once more opened on my view. It was on the very morning after the decisive battle that, between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand, officers and men, most of them wounded, and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated; and with their stiffened limbs sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre-cuts, they still shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The battle of Waterloo ended the war—Bonaparte was despatched to Saint Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless, indeed, I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been "*red at the fore*" for some years past; but, excepting the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a church-warden's charity-box.





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INNOCENCE CONTEMPLATING NIGHT.

BY THE EDITOR.

INNOCENCE standeth by the sounding sea—
Her foot on the firm rock planted, but her eye
Turns upward—homeward. Mute beneath her hand
Resteth the lute, and her unconscious ear
Drinks in the murmur of the billowy deep.
Wide, vast, eternal, with a mystic voice
Sweeping like inspiration o'er her soul—
The source unnoted but the power confessed.
Gazing upon the stars—her sister stars
Look down with sympathy ;—but her high thoughts
Rest not with them. Beyond ! beyond ! These orbs
Are but the ladder-rounds of the mounting soul—
Mere stepping-stones upon the beach of Time,
Leading to that fair landing where the soul
Launches its frail bark on the dusky waves
Of an unmeasured ocean—infinite !
Night is around her. The impertinent sun,
Whose keen rays, dwelling upon pretty things,
Force into view each wrinkle and defect
Time-worn on Nature's face, is far away.

Night is around her—the impalpable veil
Shadowing all but the star-eyes of Heaven,
And as her glance bends upward, there remains
No bar between her and her father—God.

Science! Proud Science! Thou thatapest the sun—
Thou that but seest in the magnificent stars
The wheels and levers of some vast machine—
In the firm rock, the unstable, upheaved crust
Of a volcanic fire—and in the dash
Of the wide sea, hearest the grating vile
Of saline atoms—Out upon thy lore!
Oh! for the days when in my untaught youth
I wandered forth in converse with the soul
Of this grand universe, in ignorance more blest
Than all thy vaunted knowledge, wrapped and lost
In holy musing, while my spirit bowed
Before the awful majesty of night!

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

THE Fabii make not a more distinguished figure in the history of the ancient Roman, or the Medici in that of the modern Tuscan state, than do the family of the Geraldines in the troubled tale of Ireland's miseries. Whenever the annals of the island shall be treated by a competent pen, they will not fail to be classed by all impartial judges amongst the most remarkable families in history. Their errors, and perhaps in many instances their crimes, were great; but their undaunted courage,—their natural eloquence,—their vigorous genius, and their hereditary open-heartedness, are qualities which will be as certain of awakening admiration, as their misfortunes of exciting pity. The story of the Earls of Kildare constitutes such a piece of history as Sallust might be proud to write, and the genius of Plutarch would have delighted in the pithy sayings, heroic actions, and touches of character, in which the annals of the family abound.

During the reign of the Tudors, a deadly feud had raged for many years between one of the Earls of Kildare and a chieftain—a branch of the Geraldines, residing in a distant part of Munster. The Geraldine conceived his rights, as well as those of his country, invaded by the excessive rigour and even injustice with which Kildare, who was Lord

Deputy, administered the government; and the Earl was so highly incensed by what he called the turbulence and malice of his kinsman, that he protested his determination not to lay down his arms, until he had compelled him to make submission, "albeit he should have him as a common borderer, cut off by the knee." In this resolution, he received the entire sanction of the English government, who seldom bore hard upon their deputies for an excess of zeal.

Outworn by continual defeats, and feeling deeply for the sufferings which his fruitless resistance had brought on his dependants, the gallant Geraldine testified, at length, his willingness to make terms, and offered to come in person to the metropolis, in order to make a formal submission to the viceroy. He was not so despicable an enemy that even the haughty Earl was not rejoiced at his proposal. He was received in Dublin with the highest testimonies of respect and joy. The Earl gave splendid entertainments, to which many, not only of the substantial citizens of the Pale, but of the native Irish chieftains, were invited; and the public places of the city for several days were thronged with a motley company of revellers, mingling with a confidence as enthusiastic as if they had not been, for centuries, enemies as bitter as oppression on the one side, and hate and outrage on the other, could make them.

On the second night after the arrival of the Geraldine in Dublin, a party of horse, bearing the marks of long travel, in the jaded aspect both of the animals and their riders, appeared upon the borders of the Pale, which they had entered by one of the northern roads. They were commanded by a young man, of an appearance at once delicate and martial. The peasants and humble artisans doffed their

bonnets as they passed him on the road, and the sentinels saluted, and suffered him to go unquestioned. As they approached the city, the sounds of rejoicing which were distinctly heard in the calm air, awakened the attention and curiosity of the group.

"Ride on before, Thomas," said the young officer, addressing the page who bore his shield and helmet, "and ask what feasting is toward in the city."

The page spurred on his horse, and after making inquiry at the booth of a rosy-looking vender of woollen stuffs, returned to say that the Geraldine was in the city.

"The Geraldine! what! hath he taken it, then?"

"Nay," cried the page, "if it were so, I question whether the Pale would be so orderly. He has come to make submission to the king."

"To make submission! The Geraldine make submission!" repeated the young man. "This seems a tale no less improbable than the other. Alas! such wisdom is rare in a Geraldine. The poor isle has suffered deeply by the pride of the Fitzgeralds. Poor miserable land! Give me the helmet. We must not pass the Geraldine unarmed. How long is it now since this quarrel has begun?"

"Near sixteen years, my lord."

"Thou sayest aright. I remember to have heard it on my mother's knee. I well remember, how Kildare returned to the castle on an autumn evening, all black with dust and sweat, and how she flew to meet him, while I marked his rusty javelin, and puzzled my brains to comprehend its use. I am not so ignorant now. Ill-fated country! How many lives, dost thou compute, have already fallen in this feud?"

"It is thought, my lord, some seventy or eighty soldiers

of the Pale, with about seventeen thousand of the Irish in various encounters; besides castles sacked, about fifty; towns and villages demolished to the number of nineteen; and private dwellings of the common sort, to the amount of some thousand roofs. The Pale, too, suffered loss of property; a woollen draper's booth destroyed, besides some twenty cabins in the suburbs, laid in ashes."

"I pray you, Thomas, who might be your accomptant?"

"My cousin Simmons, my lord, the city bailiff;—your lordship may remember him?"

"Ay, I thought the computation had been made within the Pale. And what was the beginning of the strife?"

"The insolent Geraldine, my lord, had the audacity to turn a troop of the Lord Deputy's horse—"

"Out of a widow's house upon his holding, where they would have taken up their quarters for a fortnight in the scarce season. The insolent Geraldine! I long to see the disloyal knave. Know you if the Lady Margaret, his daughter, be with him in the city?"

"My lord, the woollen-draper spoke not of her."

"I long to know them both. Report speaks loudly of her, no less than of the Geraldine himself. But here is the city. Good morrow masters! Thank you heartily, thank you all! O'Neil is quiet in the north, my masters! Long live the King! Huzza!"

The last sentences were spoken as the young warrior passed the city gate, where he was recognised and hailed by a holiday throng of the loyal citizens, with shouts of welcome that made the houses tremble around them. "Kildare for ever! Long live the King! huzza!" was echoed from the city gate to the very drawbridge of the

castle. The young nobleman, who had, amid all his gallantry and gaiety, a certain air that showed him to be above the reach of party spirit, received their congratulations with spirit and cheerfulness, but without losing a moment's time either to speak or hear. The streets, as he passed, presented an appearance singular and altogether new to his eye. The Irish green hanging bonnet seemed as common as the cap of the Pale; kernes who spoke not a syllable of English were gaping at the splendours of the city; and citizens, standing in their booths, stared with no less amazement at the unshorn locks, wild looks, and woodland attire of their new allies. Passing on to St. 'Thomas's Court, where the Lord Deputy, at that time, transacted the business of the government, Sir Ulick Fitzgerald, the young knight whose course we have been following, alighted from his horse, and sent one of the officers to inform the Lord Deputy of his arrival. He was received by Kildare in the king's chamber; and gave an account of the state of affairs in the north, where he had occupied, for some months past, the place of the Lord Deputy himself.

"Thou art welcome, Ulick, from the north," said Kildare, reaching his hand to his son, who kissed it with reverence and affection. "And, now, how hast thou done thy work, my lad?"

"Like a true soldier of the Pale, my lord," replied Sir Ulick. "I taught the rascals what it was to have to do with a friend of England. Thou and our royal master, I am sure, will love me for it."

"What said O'Neil at the conference?"

"O, my good father, bid me not repeat his insolence. He said his lands and castles were in the keeping of his ances-

tors, before the very name of Ireland had sounded in the ear of a Plantagenet,—that we used our power cruelly—(we, my lord, cruel! we! and I could aver upon mine honour as a knight, we have not piked above twelve-score of the rascally Irishry, except on holidays when we wanted exercise for the hobblers. We cruel!); he complained also of trespass on the property of his dependants (what! had we touched their lives, my lord?); he said all men were naturally free; that he derived his possessions from his progenitors, not from the royal gift; and many things beside, for which I would have set his head upon his castle gate; but as your lordship recommended clemency, I only hanged a cousin of his whom we caught in the camp after dark.”

“Ulick,” said the Earl, “thou art a bantering villain; and I warn thee, as the Geraldines stand not over well with Tudor, how thou sufferest such humours to appear, and before whom. It has been remarked, and by those who might not pierce thine irony, that thou art rather a favourer of these turbulent insurgents. Thou art over mild with the rebels.”

“It is a mending fault, my lord,” said Sir Ulick; “in the service of Tudor it will soon wear off.”

“I tell thee,” said the Earl, “it is thought by many that thine heart is less with the people of the Pale, than might become the descendant of those who have grown old in the royal confidence and favour, and transmitted both as a legacy to their posterity.—Thou hast learned the language of these rascal Irishry.”

“I confess my crime, my lord,” replied the knight; “I know my country’s tongue.”

“Thou lovest their braggart poetry, and villanous anti-

quities; and art known to keep in thy train a scoundrel harper, who sings thee to sleep at night with tales of burnings and rapines, done by their outlaw chiefs upon the honest subjects of the crown."

"I confess my fault, my lord. I love sweet music."

"Thou hast even been heard at times," continued the Earl, "to sing a verse of their howling ditties in the very precincts of the castle."

"Nay, nay, good father," cried the knight, "if you will impute my tuneful voice as treasonous, blame nature and not me, for I had it of her. I confess myself guilty in that point also. There is a rebel melody in my voice that I cannot well be rid of."

"Ay, banter, banter, villain," said the Lord Deputy. "I tell thee, in a word, to treasure up what I have said, nor presume so far upon thy loyal deeds to excuse disloyal words. Princes are jealous of a smile. Thou must bear in mind that it is a conquered race thou hast to deal withal, and add a ferule to the rod of government."

"I shall learn, my lord, I hope, as aptly as my predecessors. Ere I am twice Lord Deputy I shall amend."

"And now," said the Earl, "to thy chamber, and prepare to meet the Geraldine at evening. In a few days he makes formal submission to the king before the lords of council at Kilmainham Castle, and to-night he must be entertained as becomes a Geraldine of his birth and breeding. Farewell."

Spirited, lively, and yet filled with generous affections, the young knight was no less calculated to attract admiration in the hall than in the field. He was early at the festival, and met the Geraldine in his father's presence. The latter was a swart, stout-built man, with a brow that

spoke of many dangers braved, and difficulties withstood, if not overcome. Unaccustomed to the polished raillery of a court, the stubborn chief was somewhat disposed, at first, to be offended with Sir Ulick, who addressed him in a tone of ironical reproof, and upbraided him in eloquent terms with the unreasonableness and selfishness of his withholding from the conquerors possessions and immunities which he and his ancestors had now so long enjoyed, and which it was but fair that they should yield at last to those poorer adventurers whose services the Tudors had no other means of rewarding. "Did the Geraldine, or his confederates, consider what the Tudors owed those men to whom they were indebted for the subjugation of so large a province?—and would he be so ungenerous as to withhold from the sovereign the means of recompensing so palpable a public service, etc.?"

The Geraldine, who did not understand irony, was observed two or three times to bend his brows upon the youth, but had his ire removed by some gracious turn in the harangue, introduced with timely promptitude. The hall of the festival was now thrown open, and Sir Ulick, standing at the farther end, summoned to his side his favourite attendant, Thomas Butler, from whom he inquired the names and quality of such guests as, in entering, had attracted his attention.

"I pray thee, gentle Thomas," said Sir Ulick, "what man is that with a cast in his right eye, and a coolun as thick and as bushy as a fox's tail, and as caroty-red withal; and a sword that seems at deadly feud with its owner's calves?"

"Who? he, my lord? That is O'Carroll, who thrashed



MacMorrough, at the Boyne, for burning his cousin's castle, and piking his children in the bog."

"And who is she who hangs upon his arm?"

"His daughter Nell, my lord, who eat the tip of MacMorrough's liver, with a flagon of wine, for dinner, on the day after the battle."

"Sweet creature! And that round, short, flashy, merry little man with the chain?"

"That is the mayor, my lord."

"And the lofty lady who comes after, like a grenadier behind a drummer?"

"The lady-mayoress, my lord, who took her husband upon her shoulders, and ran off with him to the city, when he would fain have fought, single-handed, with an enormous O'Toole, who set upon them as they were taking a morning walk to Cullenswood."

"Her stature stood him in good stead. And who are they who follow close behind?"

"Burke of Clanricard, and O'Moore, who hanged and quartered the four widows in Offally, for speaking against the cosherings on the poor."

"And the ladies?"

"Their wives and daughters, who were by at the quartering."

"A goodly company! But hush!"

"What is it, my lord, that you would ask?"

"Hush! hush! Canst thou tell me, Thomas, what lady is that in yellow, as far beyond the rest in beauty of person as in the graceful simplicity of her attire?"

"That, my lord," said the attendant, "is your cousin,

Margaret Fitzgerald, and the only daughter of the Geraldine."

"Fame, that exaggerates all portraitures, fell short in hers. My cousin Margaret! Away, good Thomas, I care not to learn more."

Approaching the circle, of which the fair Geraldine formed a chief attraction, Sir Ulick was introduced to his young relative. The evening passed happily away in her society; and before many days they were better friends than, perhaps, themselves suspected, or the parents of either could have readily approved. Both freely communicated their thoughts and wishes on the condition of their families and country. Both mourned the divided interests that distracted the latter, and the wretched jealousies which seemed destined to keep the well-wishers of the island for ever disunited in themselves, and therefore utterly incapable of promoting her advantage. Such themes as these formed the subject of conversation one evening, while the dance went gaily forward, and the hall of the banquet seemed more than usually thronged with brilliant dresses.

"Now, at least, cousin Margaret," said Sir Ulick, in a gentle voice, "we may promise ourselves brighter times. Our fathers seem better agreed at every interview, and so nearly do their tempers harmonize, that I am sure it needed but an earlier intimacy to render them as fervent friends as they have been strenuous—Hark! What is that noise?"

While he spoke, the sounds of mirth were interrupted, in a startling manner, by loud and angry voices at the end of the hall, which was occupied by the Lord Deputy and other chieftains of every party. Before time was given for question or reply, the wordy clamour was exchanged

for the clash of weapons, and in an instant the scene of merriment was changed to a spectacle of horror and affright. The music ceased, the dance was broken up, the women shrieked, while, of the men, some joined the combatants, whom others sought to separate by flinging cloaks, scarfs, caps, and various articles of dress across the glancing weapons. A truce was thus enforced; and Sir Ulick learned with indignation that the hot-blooded Geraldine had struck his father. The news soon spread into the streets, where a strife began that was not so easily to be appeased. The followers of the Geraldine, whose hearts were never with the treaty of submission, seemed glad of the occasion to break it off. They fell upon the citizens, who were not slow in flying to their weapons, and a scene of tumult ensued which made the streets re-echo from the river-side to the hills. The Geraldines were driven from the city, not without loss, and their chieftain found himself on horseback without the walls, and farther from the royal countenance than ever. He was with difficulty able to rescue his daughter, who, on the first sound of strife, had immediately placed herself by his side.


The war now recommenced with redoubled fury. The Lord-Deputy received orders from London to have the Geraldine taken, dead or alive, and set his head, according to the fashion of those times, upon the castle gate. In obedience to these instructions, which needed not the concurrence of his own hearty good will, Kildare marched an army to the south, and after several engagements laid siege to the Geraldine in one of his strongest castles. The ruins still occupy a desolate crag, surrounded by a rushy marsh, at a little distance from New Auburn. The place

was naturally strong, and the desperation of the besieged made it altogether impregnable. After several fruitless efforts, attended by severe loss to the assailants, to possess themselves of the castle by storm, it was placed in a state of blockade, and the Lord Deputy, encamping in the neighbourhood, left famine to complete the work which his arms had failed to accomplish.

With different feelings, Sir Ulick, who held a subordinate command in the army of his father, beheld the days run by which were to end in the surrender, or—as was more probable, from the well-known character of the Geraldine—in the destruction and death of the besieged. Two months rolled on, and there appeared no symptom on the part of the latter, that indicated a desire to come to terms. Such, likewise, was the fidelity with which those feudal chiefs were served by their followers, that not a single deserter escaped from the castle to reveal the real state of its defenders. They appeared upon the battlement as hearty and as well accoutred as on the first day of the blockade.

Meantime there was no lack of spirit in the castle. The storehouse was well supplied for a blockade of many months; and the Geraldine depended much on a letter he had sent beneath the wings of a carrier-pigeon to a distant part of Desmond. The days passed merrily between watching and amusement, and the frequent sounds of mirth and dancing from within, showed that the besieged were thinking of something else beside giving up the fortress.

One evening, Margaret, retiring to her chamber, gave orders to her woman to attend her. The latter obeyed, and



was employed in assisting her lady to undress, when the following conversation passed between them.

"You have not since discovered by whom the letter was left in the eastern bolt-hole?"

The woman answered in the negative.

"Take this," said Margaret, handing the maid a small wooden tablet, as white as snow, except where it was marked by her own neat characters. "Take this, and lay it exactly where the former was deposited. Yet stay. Let me compare the notes again, to be sure that I have worded mine answer aright.—'Sweet Margaret,—Be persuaded by one who loves thy welfare. Let thy sweet voice urge the Geraldine to give up the fortress which he must yield perforce ere long, and with sorer loss perchance than that of life and property. Thy friendly enemy, unknown.' Well said, my friendly enemy, not quite, perhaps, so unknown as thou esteemest—now for mine answer. 'Kind, friendly enemy. Thine eloquence will be much better spent on Kildare, in urging him to raise the siege, than my poor accents on the stubborn Geraldine. Wherefore I commend thee to thy task, and warn thee to beware of my kinsmen's bills, which, how shrewdly they can bite, none ought to know better than the Lord Deputy and his followers. Thy thankful foe.'"

The tablet was laid on the window, and disappeared in the course of the night. On that which followed, while Margaret and her maid were occupied, as before, in preparing for rest, a noise at the window aroused the attention of the mistress, and struck the woman mute with terror. Dismissing the latter into the sleeping chamber, which lay

adjacent, and carefully shutting the door, the daughter of the Geraldine advanced to the window, and unbarred the curtained lattice. A brilliant moon revealed the lake, in the midst of which the castle rose upon the summit of a rock, the guarded causeway by which it was connected with the shore, the distant camp of Kildare, and the tranquil woods and hills extending far around. Beneath her, on the rock, appeared a figure, the identity of which she could not for an instant mistake; but how it came thither, to what intent, and wherefore undetected, was more than she had skill to penetrate. Perhaps, like a second Leander, he had braved the waves with no other oar than his own vigorous limbs! But the stern of a little currach, peeping from beneath the overhanging rock, gave intimation that Sir Ulick (for he indeed it was) knew a trick worth two of Leander's. Waving his hand to Margaret, he ascended the formidable crag which still separated him from the window of her apartment, and came even within whispering distance. He did but come to be sure that she at least was not in want of food. It so happened that this side of the rock alone was unguarded, being supposed impregnable from the steepness of its ascent, as well as of that of the opposing shore. Sir Ulick, however, gliding under the shadow of the distant cliff, and only venturing to dart for the isle when the sky was darkest, had already visited it for three successive nights, and seemed, at every new venture, more secure of his secret. The alarm of Margaret, however, was excessive. The discovery of an intercourse would be certain death to one or both—for the Geraldine, in a case of treason, whether real or apparent, would not spare his nearest blood. The

same, as Sir Ulick was himself aware, was true of the Lord Deputy. Made bold, however, by impunity, he quieted the lady's fears, and without much difficulty communicated to her mind the security of his own. His visits were continued for a week without interruption; after which period the fair Geraldine observed, with perplexity and uneasiness, that they terminated abruptly, nor did she, for an equal space of time, see or hear anything that could account for this sudden disappearance of her accomplished friend.

One night as she sat in her window, looking out with the keenest anxiety for the little wicker skiff, she observed, with a thrill of eagerness and delight, some dark object gliding close beneath the cliffs upon the opposite shore. The unclouded brightness of the moon, however, prevented the approach of the boat; and her suspense had reached a painful height, before the sky grew dark. At length a friendly cloud extended the veil beneath the face of the unwelcome satellite; and in a few minutes the plash of oars, scarce louder than the ripple of the wavelets against the rock, gave token to the watchful ear of Margaret, of the arrival of the long-expected knight. A figure ascends the rock; the lattice is unbarred; there is sufficient light to peruse the form and features of the stranger. It is not Sir Ulick; but Thomas Butler, the *fidus Achates* and only confidant of the youthful knight.

"What, Thomas, is it thou? Where is thy lord?"

"Ah, lady, it is all over with Sir Ulick!"


"How sayest thou?"

"He is taken, lady, by the Lord Deputy's servants, and stands condemned in the article of treason."

These dreadful tidings, acting on spirits already depressed by a sudden disappointment, proved too much for Margaret's strength, and she fainted away in the window. On reviving, she obtained from Thomas a full detail of the circumstances which had occurred to Sir Ulick since his last appearance at the island, and the cause in which they had their origin.

About a week before, the Lord Deputy was sitting at evening in his tent, when a scout arrived to solicit a private audience. It was granted; and the man averred that he had discovered the existence of a treasonable communication between the inhabitants of the island and the shore. In his indignation at this announcement, Kildare made a vow, that the wretch, whoever he was, should be cast alive into the Raven's Nest; and appointed a party to watch on the following night, on the shore beside the cliffs, for the return of the traitor from the rock. Having given the men strict injunctions to bring the villain bound before him, the instant he should be apprehended, he ordered a torch to be lighted in his tent, and remained up to await the issue.

Towards morning, footsteps were heard approaching the entrance of the tent. The sentinel challenged, and admitted the party. The astonishment of Kildare may be conceived, when, in the fettered and detected traitor, against whom he had been fostering his liveliest wrath, he beheld his gallant son, the gay and heroic Ulick! The latter did not deny that he had made several nightly visits to the island; but denied, with scorn, the imputation of treasonable designs, although he refused to give any account of what his real motives were. After long endeavouring, no less by menace than entreaty, to induce him to reveal the truth, the Lord



Deputy addressed him with a kindness which affected him more than his severity.

"I believe thee, Ulick," he said; "I am sure thou art no traitor. Nevertheless, thy father must not be thy judge. Go, plead thy cause before the Lords of Council, and see if they will yield thee as ready a credit. I fear thou wilt find it otherwise; but thou hast thyself to blame."

A court was formed in the course of a few days, consisting of Kildare himself, as President, and a few of the Council, who were summoned for the purpose. The facts proved before them were those already stated; and Sir Ulick persisted in maintaining the same silence with respect to his designs or motives, as he had done before his father. It seemed impossible, under such circumstances, to acquit him; and having received the verdict of the court, the Lord Deputy gave orders for the fulfilment of his dreadful vow.

On the night after his sentence, his attendant, Thomas Butler, obtained permission to visit him in his dungeon; and received a hint from Kildare, as he granted it, that he would not fare the worse, for drawing his master's secret from him. Ulick, however, was inflexible. Fearing the danger to Margaret's life, no less than to her reputation, he maintained his resolution of suffering the sentence to be executed, without further question. "The Lords of Council," he said, "were as well aware of his services to the king's government, as he could make them; and if those services were not sufficient to procure him credit in so slight a matter, he would take no further pains to earn it."

Disappointed and alarmed, on the eve of the morning appointed for the execution, Thomas Butler, at the hazard of his life, determined to seek the Lady Margaret herself,

and acquaint her with what had occurred. The daughter of Geraldine did not hesitate long about the course she should pursue. Wrapping a man's cloak around her figure, with the hood over her head, (for in those days, fair reader, the gentlemen wore hoods,) she descended from the window, and succeeded in reaching the boat. A few minutes of rapid rowing brought them to the shore. It was already within an hour of dawn, and the sentence was to be completed before sunrise. Having made fast the cur-rach in a secret place, they proceeded amongst crag and copse in the direction of the Raven's Nest. The dismal chasm was screened by a group of alder and brushwood, which concealed it from the view, until the passenger approached its very brink. As they came within view of the place, the sight of gleaming spears and yellow uniforms amongst the trees, made the heart of Margaret sink with apprehension.

"Run on before, good Thomas," she exclaimed; "delay their horrid purpose but a moment. Say one approaches who can give information of the whole."

The fetters, designed no more to be unbound, were already fastened on the wrists and ankles of the young soldier, when his servant arrived, scarce able to speak for weariness, to stay the execution. He had discovered, he said, the whole conspiracy, and there was a witness coming on who could reveal the object and the motive of the traitors, for there were more than one. At the same instant Margaret appeared, close wrapt in her cloak, to confirm the statement of Butler. At the request of the latter the execution was delayed, while a courier was despatched to the Lord Deputy, with intelligence of the

interruption that had taken place. In a few minutes he returned, bringing a summons to the whole party to appear before the Lords of Council. They complied without delay, none being more perplexed than Sir Ulick himself at the meaning of this strange announcement.

On arriving in the camp, the unknown informant entreated to be heard in private by the Council. The request was granted; and Margaret, still closely veiled, was conducted to the hall in which the judges sat. On being commanded to uncover her head, she replied:—

“My lords, I trust the tale I have to tell may not require that I should make known the person of the teller. My Lord Deputy, to you the drift of my story must have the nearest concern. When you bade the Geraldine to your court of Dublin, he was accompanied by an only daughter, Margaret, whom your son Ulick saw and loved. He was not without confessing his affection, and I am well assured that it was not unanswered. On the very evening, my Lord Deputy, before that most unhappy affray which led to your disunion, and to the dissolution of our—of Sir Ulick’s hopes, a mutual avowal had been made, and a mutual pledge of faith, (modestly, my lords,) exchanged, always under favour of our—of the noble parents of the twain. My lords, I have it under proof, that the visits of Sir Ulick were made to the Lady Margaret,—that to no other individual of the castle were they known,—and that no weightier converse ever passed between them, than such silly thoughts of youthful affection as may not be repeated before grave and reverend ears like those to which I speak.”

“And what may be thy proof, stranger?” said the Lord

Deputy, with a tenderness of voice which showed the anxiety her tale excited in his mind.

"The word of Margaret Fitzgerald," replied the witness, as she dropped the mantle from her shoulders.

The apparition of the Geraldine's daughter in the council chamber, gave a wonderful turn to the proceedings. Kildare was the first to speak. He arose from his seat, and approaching the spot where the spirited young maiden stood, took her hand with kindness and affection.

"In truth, sweet kinswoman," he said, "thou hast staked a sufficient testimony. And to be sure that it be so with all as it is with Kildare, I promise thee to back it with my sword; and it shall go hard, but thy honest-hearted speech shall save the Geraldine his lands and towers to boot. My lords, I think I see by your countenances that you deem the lady's tale a truth. Then summon Ulick hither, and let a flag of truce be sent to the Geraldine, to let him know that his child is in safe keeping. The Raven's Nest has taught me what he feels."

The chroniclers of New Auburn conclude their story by relating that the promise of the Lord Deputy was fulfilled,—that the affection of the heroic pair received the sanction of their parents,—and that whenever, afterwards in their wedded life, a cloud seemed gathering at their castle hearth, the recollection of the Raven's Nest was certain to bring sunshine to the hearts of both.

THE END.

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for





June 3, 1942

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